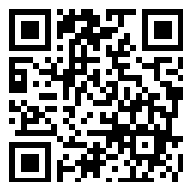

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>



THE LIBRARY



Periodical Collection

6-7c

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.—No. I.

BOSTON, JULY, 1855.

WHOLE No. 7.

BUILDING A HOUSE.

BY ALEXANDER W. LAUDERDALE.

I do not know whether the famous gentleman so wittily described by Le Sage under the title of Asmodeus, was pursuing his impertinent amusement, of uncovering people's houses, for the sake of observing the *interieur*, upon the night of the 1st of May, 18—, but if he was, I do not think he found in all his researches, a happier family circle, than that of Philip Richmond, whose only daughter, May, had that evening, welcomed home from Canton, her *fiancee*, Mr. Charles Ellis, who had undertaken the voyage, as supercargo for the opulent firm of Brown Brothers, in whose employ he had long been, and who had engaged upon his return to admit him as junior member of the firm.

"And so now, sir," said the happy lover, addressing Mr. Richmond, "I shall claim your promise, that as soon as the sign over our counting-house should be changed to Brown Brothers and Ellis, you would give your consent to our marriage at as early a date as May can be induced to name?"

"Yes, Charles," answered the old merchant, in a rich, round voice, which told of good and luxurious living, and a mind at ease. "Yes, Charles, you have earned your prize, and the matter now lies between that little blushing hussy and yourself. Come, puss, speak up, and say when you will desert your poor old father and mother?"

"O, I am sure, dear papa, I am in no sort of hurry; two or three years—"

"I protest, May—"

"Why, you poor innocent fellow," cried the old man, chuckling; "what makes you look so blank?—don't you see the girl means that she is ashamed to have as early a day as she wishes, and so leaves it to you?"

"Papa, papa, how can you!" and May fairly burst into tears, and was running hastily out of the room, when her father caught her, and said with more gravity:

"Why, my little girl, what does this mean? Who that knows and loves my May, as well as her doting father and mother and her future husband, could suspect her of cunning, or of unmaidenly haste. You must let papa laugh at you a little now, for before long we shall be dull enough here, eh, wife?"

Mrs. Richmond who had not hitherto spoken, perhaps, because she could not trust her voice to discuss the marriage, and consequent departure from home, of her only and adored child, merely said in answer to her husband:

"O, Philip!" and turning toward the window hid her eyes in her handkerchief.

Mr. Richmond with the air more of a lover than of the husband of twenty years, went and stood by her side and whispered soothingly in her ear; Mr. Ellis apparently thought this a praiseworthy example, and placing himself upon the ottoman close to May, they kept up an animated conversation in a low voice for some minutes, during which the lover was apparently urging some proposition which the young girl was disposed to combat. At last Charles start-

ed up, and coming toward Mr. Richmond and his now smiling wife, he said, gaily :

"I have the pleasure to announce to you, my honored friends, that upon the 24th of June next, being the nineteenth birthday of Miss May Richmond, that young lady has consented to become Mrs. Charles Ellis, always with your approval and consent."

"Now, Charles," exclaimed May, blushing more than ever. "You know I never said—"

But here Mr. Ellis suddenly closed her mouth, in a manner which I suppose he thought he had a right to do; and when he released her, her father stood ready to repeat the performance, and then her mother opened her arms and May threw herself into them, perfectly buried in smiles, tears and blushes, to that extent that no one could say which predominated.

And so the matter was settled, and in view of his newly recognized claim, Mr. Ellis sat down close beside his beautiful *fiancee*, took her little hand in his, and—yes, actually put his arm around her waist!

"And now," said he, as soon as tranquillity was fairly re-established; "the first thing I shall do, will be to select a pleasant spot, some little distance from the city, and build a house. Wouldn't you like that, my little wife?"

"O, yes, I love the country so much, and you must build a sweet little stone cottage, such as we saw in England last year, papa; and we must have ivy and woodbine creeping all over it, and a conservatory, and an aviary, and a beautiful flower-garden, and we will have cows and sheep and a nice house—"

"Why, May, how your little tongue does rattle on," interrupted her father. "You must remember, child, that you are young people, just setting out in life, and that youth is the time to lay up money, that old age may be easy and free from care. Now, if I was to advise, I should say, hire a house, and before you begin to look for one, settle in your own minds the rent you can afford to pay, and do not let yourselves be tempted to go above it. Then, after awhile, if you like the town, and find that you can build advantageously, look for an honest carpenter, that will occupy some year or two longer, then find a good lawyer and have a rigid contract drawn up, with an estimate of the cost; after putting down every item, double the sum total, and if you are fortunate you may get your house for that."

The young people laughed, but Charles did not look convinced, and May said :

"It would seem so odd to have an odious, prying landlord, who would feel as if he had a

right to intrude at all hours and seasons, and to be making all sorts of impertinent remarks and objections—"

"Insufferable!" exclaimed Charles, firing up at the very idea of his May being subjected to such annoyances as she so feelingly depicted. "That would never answer; we must decidedly have a house of our own. Mr. Richmond, I have a small sum which my father left me, about thirteen thousand dollars; ten thousand of which I have engaged to invest in the business of Brown Brothers, and the remaining three I should think ought to build just such a little bower as May describes."

"Green-house and aviary, stable, barn, cow-house and all?" queried the father, smiling satirically. "Well, well, young people, I shall say no more. I have offered you my experience for nothing, but you prefer to give three thousand dollars for some of your own, and lucky will you be if you get it for that; but take your own way, as you and I took our's, Julia, at their age."

"Perhaps, Charles will meet with more honest mechanics, and a better architect, than we did," said Mrs. Richmond, good-humoredly, for she saw a shade of disappointment stealing across May's sweet face at her father's opposition to this cherished plan, which had been already privately discussed by letter, during the three years' separation of the lovers, and had come to be a settled part of their future life.

Mr. Richmond said no more, for he saw that opposition would produce no good effect, but in the retirement of the conjugal chamber he prognosticated to his attentive wife ruinous consequences to what he called—"these children's silly plan."

The next day commenced a series of rides, the real object of which was to select a spot sufficiently retired and romantic to suit the lover-like fancy of the two young people; but none such was to be found within the limits of a ride, and they had begun to fear that they had indulged in Utopian dreams impossible to realize, when Charles was dispatched by the senior member of his firm, to a town some twenty miles distant from the city, to transact some business with a person named Smith.

This town, appropriately named by the first settlers, Drowsydale, was nestled in a mountain valley, and surrounded by wild and picturesque crags and woods. It was so small, so sparsely settled, and so inaccessible a place, that although a recently constructed railroad brought it within an hour's travel of the city, it was rarely visited by strangers, and only known to the public generally, as a station on the Blank Railroad.

After finishing his business and declining Mr. Smith's hospitable invitation to dine, Mr. Ellis spent the remaining hours, until the time for the last train, in wandering over the picturesque crags and stony ravines surrounding the hamlet of Drowsydale. More than once did he exclaim either mentally or aloud. "Here is precisely the spot for a house;" but finally he came upon a site which effectually banished all others from his mind, and he determined at once that here should his future dwelling be built, and that with all possible speed.

It was a broad terrace, on the mountain side, beetling crags frowning above it, and a steep, grassy slope, thickly studded with granite boulders, lying between it and the wood which wound picturesquely along at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the spot which Ellis had fixed upon for the house. The plateau comprised about two acres; it was well sheltered at the northeast and west, while to the south lay a view of immense extent and unparalleled magnificence.

The young man stood long entranced until the long slanting rays of the setting sun warned him of the hour, and he hastened to the station which he found to be about a mile distant.

The next day, our hero (to whom his senior partners granted great latitude in view of his approaching marriage) took May with him to visit his new-found paradise.

She was equally delighted with himself, and they at once proceeded to inquire for the owner and secure the treasure, trembling every moment lest some rival should appear and forestall them in the coveted purchase. Mr. Smith, to whom Ellis naturally applied, directed them to the house of Deacon Sykes, of whose large farm, "Upland Terrace" (as the young people as prospective possessors had already named it) was a part.

The deacon was a keen, sharp, cautious—Yankee; he had not talked with Mr. Ellis five minutes, before he understood the whole state of affairs between the young people, although Charles was entirely unconscious of betraying it. He also settled in his own mind that the "young chap from down below" (he didn't mean any worse place than Boston), was very young, very ignorant of the value of land, very desirous of purchasing the rocky mountain pasture, very rich, and lastly and most important, that it was his duty to make a very good bargain out of him.

Deacon Sykes had purchased his hundred and fifty acres some ten years previously, at an average price of twenty-five dollars an acre, and this

particular two acres was some of the least valuable on the farm. So when Charles Ellis pressed him to name the sum per acre with which he would be content, the deacon, after much circumlocution, and very trying diversions from the subject, concluded that:

"Séein' as heow it's kindir rocky, up there, and it may be some costly to fix up round the housenspot, why, I guess I must let you hev it for a hunderd and fifty dollars a acre."

"Very well, Deacon Sykes," answered the young man, who had not yet lost the romantic belief that all men, and especially country farmers, were as honorable and honest as himself. "I trust implicitly to you, for I know nothing about the price of land except in the city, and there, as I suppose you know, it is always sold by the foot."

"Yis, I've heern tell so," said the deacon, mentally wishing that his customer would beat him down a little, for even his bargain-hardened conscience smote him for such extortion, and to accede to the first demand, was a tactic unknown in the annals of Drowsydalian purchase and sale.

However, our unsuspecting young merchant, proceeding on in the "one price system," to which in business he had always been accustomed, closed the bargain upon the spot for the two acres, at the above named price.

The next day Mr. Ellis went to an architect and had a plan drawn of a handsome and picturesque cottage, with all the "modern improvements." The specifications stated that it was to be built of the very best lumber, and in the most thorough manner. Charles then consulted a city carpenter for the purpose of making a contract with him, but Mr. Jobling assured him that it would be quite as cheap and much more satisfactory to have the work done by the day, which was accordingly agreed upon.

The house was commenced immediately, and May proposed that as it would so soon be finished, the wedding should be postponed until they could move directly in; but this was decidedly negatived by Charles, who insisted upon the previous arrangement, and much did he felicitate himself upon his firmness, in the event, for the wedding took place upon the twenty-fourth of June, and when the frost came, the mason was just ready to plaster the interior of the bridal home. As this latter personage declared it utterly and entirely impossible to do anything till warm weather, the half-finished home was locked up, to spend its first winter alone, Mr. Stone promising to "be on hand sartain, the first thing in the spring."

Spring came, and after many weary journeys after the recreant mason, whom Charles declared to be emphatically a "rolling stone," he at last set to work. His business finished, our young husband began a series of daily promenades, to the workshop of Messrs. Black, White and Yellowley, upon whom devolved the finishing touches to the new house, in the shape of painting and papering.

These artists were the most dilatory of any yet employed, and more than one week passed after the building was pronounced ready for them before they could be brought to commence.

The young couple remained for the present at the house of Mr. Richmond, who would have been glad could he have induced them to make his house their permanent home. Being of a magnanimous turn of mind the elder gentleman did not exult more than he could avoid, at the verification of his prophecy, but he had somewhere found an old distich which he frequently hummed over, when Charles was complaining of the backwardness of his workmen, of the unconscionable time they took for their labor, of the difficulty of inducing the masters to hire a sufficient number of workmen, etc.; this doggerel which soon became the terror of both the young people was:

"Work by the job, has almost done,
When work by the day has just begun."

At last, however, the last paint-pot and paste-brush had disappeared, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellis gladly proceeded to install themselves at Upland Terrace, cordially inviting their father and mother to return as soon as possible the long visit which they had been in a manner compelled to make them.

Charles at once proceeded to lay out his grounds, and devoted to this delightful employment all his leisure and all his money not absolutely needed in the household, that he could command. The dilatory workmen proved to be as dilatory in presenting their accounts, as in doing their work, and it was not till the succeeding January that Mr. Ellis could form any estimate of the cost of his house. Then, indeed, the bills poured in; the carpenter's, the lumber-man's, the hardware-dealer's, for locks, hinges, etc., the mason's, the painter's, the glazier's the paperer's, and a number from people who professed to have been employed to team and dig, etc., until Charles in despair inquired if the crowd of idlers whom he had always found warming themselves in cool weather, and cooling themselves in hot weather in his unfinished house, did not intend to bring in bills for their time?

This petulant speech, addressed to one of the soi-disant teamsters (who it turned out had once brought up a keg of nails from the depot, as he was going by Upland Terrace), was reported at once to the very men who had been in the habit of lounging on the carpenter's benches, and painter's steps, and more than one of Charles's neighbors with the malevolence inseparable from a narrow mind, chose after this to consider himself at enmity with the young man.

When all the bills had come in, Charles, to his horror and astonishment, found that his land, his house, and the improvements made and commenced upon the place, would come within a few hundred dollars of his whole little fortune. True, he possessed enough to meet all demands, but this would involve withdrawing the ten thousand dollars which he had invested in the firm, and without which he would be obliged to sink again into the rank of clerk.

May proposed to ask her father to lend them the sum required, but from this both the pride and the delicacy of her husband revolted. He preferred rather to mortgage his new place. He did so, and from that moment began for Charles Ellis the harassing doubts, the gloomy reveries, the troubled dreams, and anxious forebodings of an honorable and sensitive man who has allowed himself to become involved in debt from which he sees no means of release.

Charles had at first thought, that by strict economy, they should be able to lay by something every year, and perhaps in this way meet the mortgage—which was at a long date—when it should become due. But he soon found that this was out of the question. May, although she would have yielded her life inch by inch for her husband, was the principal, although unconscious agent of drawing him deeper and deeper into difficulty. The only child of rich and indulgent parents, she had never in her life been obliged to deny herself anything which money could procure. She had a refined and exquisite taste in dress, and it did not once occur to her that there was any other course possible in ordering her wardrobe than that which she had always pursued.

She knew nothing of housekeeping, except that it was necessary to have a cook—who could not possibly go so far from the city under three dollars a week—a chambermaid, and when the baby was born, about a month after the moving, a nurse, at the same wages with the cook, was engaged for his lordship.

Then Mr. Ellis found his journeys up and down every day and his dinners in town, both lonely and expensive, and at the end of the year,

upon balancing his expenses and income, he found that the former, including the interest on the mortgage, overrun the latter by some fifty dollars.

He did not mention this to May, as her health had been delicate ever since the baby was born, and he could not bear to lay any part of the burden upon those unaccustomed shoulders; but he strangled a bitter exclamation which rose to his lips as she showed him that very night a large quantity of rich and very expensive lace that she had just purchased to trim an India muslin mantilla that her mother had sent her for a present.

Time went on, and with all his efforts Ellis could barely meet his expenses and pay the interest on the mortgage, and the time for paying the principal was close at hand. The day arrived, and Charles called on his mortgagee, Isaac Ben Samuels, with a heavy heart.

"Good morning, Mishter Ellish, you are very punctshuals."

"I know, I know, Mr. Samuels that this is the day on which my mortgage falls due, but I hope you will consent to wait a while. I will continue to pay the interest punctually, but it is entirely impossible for me to pay the principal at present, without withdrawing all that I possess from the firm of which I am a member, but of which I could not expect to continue one unless I contributed something to its support."

"Ver goot, ver goot, Mishter Ellish," said the old Jew, rising; "dere ish den one plain course for me to purschu."

"And that is," said Charles, quickly.

"To forecloshe my mortgage,"

The debtor turned quickly and left the apartment. He pulled his hat over his eyes and strode hurriedly to the counting-room. Here he shut himself up in his own office, rested his forehead on his folded arms, and gave himself up to a paroxysm of rage, grief and despair, which would have moved to pity the coldest and stoutest of hearts.

"Ruined, ruined, ruined!" groaned he. "O my wife, my child," and the unbidden tears gushed from the eyes of the strong man, not refreshing dews, such as support and strengthen the flower-like nature of woman, but fierce, scorching drops, such as fall from the bosom of the thunder cloud, searing and frowning the face of fair mother earth until she looks as if sorrow for the sins of her children had brought on that appearance of old age, which tens of thousands of years had failed to imprint on her blooming face.

Charles Ellis came forth from that room,

stern, harsh and cold. He went mechanically through the routine of his duties during the day, and at the usual hour proposed to leave the office. As he was putting on his hat and coat he was passed by the elder Mr. Brown, the senior member of the firm.

"Good-night, Ellis," said he, "I quite envy you going out to that pretty home of yours. A bachelor like myself cannot supply the want of a home, even with the luxuries of the Tremont House." And Mr. Brown went on, not hearing the bitter groan which issued from the lips of the junior partner as he followed him.

"A home indeed! Whose home will it be when that miserable Jew has drawn a little tighter the meshes of the net in which I have placed myself!—a comfort surely, and one which should reconcile me to losing all that I shall lose."

And Charles Ellis laughed aloud in the bitterness of his heart. When he reached Upland Terrace, May came running to meet him.

"O Charles, dear, I am so glad you have come; there has been a man here, I'm sure I don't know who, but I think he must have been crazy, unless he came in hopes of stealing; he knocked, and Nora opened the door and asked him who he would like to see, and he said:

"I don't care about seeing any one, but I'll come in," and then Nora was frightened and told him that you was not at home, and that I was engaged, but he crowded by her and walked into the entry and up to the door of the parlor where I was sitting with the baby. I had heard what he said, and looked up at him, I suppose, in a frightened sort of a way, for he laughed, and said:

"You needn't be scared, ma'am, I'm only taking peaceable possession of these premises, and you can mention it to your husband, and you and the girl here can testify, if necessary, that I've done it." And then the odious creature with a grin and a chuckle that frightened me more than ever, went away. Now, Charles, dear, what did he mean?"

"Mean, woman?" said her husband, sternly, "it means that we are houseless, homeless, wretches, that what my own folly has not done to ruin me, you have done, and that at this moment I am infinitely poorer than when your father first refused me on the plea of my poverty."

Little May had never been used to language such as this, and so she did what almost every woman would have done—she said:

"O Charles!"—and throwing herself on the sofa, began to cry as if her very heart would break. Her husband looked at her for a moment, and then raising her head gently, he placed it

on his breast and applied himself to the task of soothing her; no difficult matter, for she had a loving heart, and kisses and sweet words could make it happy at almost any moment.

Restored to tranquillity, the young people proceeded to talk gravely and confidentially of their situation. Charles told his wife for the first time of the mortgage, acknowledged his fault in having concealed difficulties from her even partially, and explained to her what taking peaceable possession meant.

"But never mind, love," said he, in conclusion, "the old sharper can do nothing for three years, and when that time comes, if no other means presents itself I will withdraw from the firm, pay all my debts and begin life again as a clerk."

Charles spoke cheerfully, but the fond wife's anxious eyes read too plainly the sharp pang of despair and humiliation that crossed his face, as he said this, to be deceived.

She said nothing, however, and they by mutual though tacit consent, talked for a little while of other and pleasanter matters before retiring.

The next day May wrote a long letter to her father, and the ensuing morning Mr. Richmond visited Upland Terrace. May and he were shut up for a long time in the little library, and as they came out, Mr. Richmond said half playfully and half-seriously:

"But if you tell Charles one word of the matter, I'll take it all back, only be sure and let me know if he thinks of withdrawing."

That night May told her husband that she felt it a duty for both of them to begin to make economy more of a study than they had done, and to try to acquire habits that should be useful to them in the dark days to come.

"Three years, is a good while, dear Charles, and I think by that time I can become fully equal to undertake both the superintendence and attendance of our little city tenement. What salary do you hope to get, dear Charles?"

There was a roguish twinkle in her eye, that belied the anxious tone of her voice, but Charles was too full of trouble to mind it, and answered gloomily:

"I'm sure I don't know. It will be a sad change for you, my poor May."

"I sha'n't let it be so much of a change as it would be, now, for I have given both my chambermaid and nurse warning this morning. Betty will be willing to undertake general housework, and I shall take care of the baby myself. Is that well, my husband?"

A warm kiss and embrace answered her, and

although Charles tried to dissuade her from the plan, she persisted, nor did she find that health or mind suffered in consequence of her increased duties.

Time went swiftly on, and the three years were nearly over. So nearly, that Ellis had determined to give his partners notice of his intention to withdraw, and mentioned this resolve to May, but she asked him so earnestly to wait for a few days that he consented.

The next day May wrote again to her father, and this time she was answered by a large packet containing a letter addressed to her husband, and a long one to herself, besides a formidable legal looking document.

She read her own letter with tears and broken exclamations of joy. Then she put both letter and document in her desk, and laid that addressed to her husband on the hall table, where it was customary to put whatever letters and papers arrived through the day from the post-office at Drowsydale.

Charles, upon coming home, took it up listlessly and opened it, but as he read, his cheek flushed, his eye lighted, and a look of hope and joy which had long been a stranger to his face, once more gladdened the eyes of the delighted May, who was peeping from behind the parlor door.

As the letter was short and pithy, I will give it to my readers as a conclusion, leaving it to their imaginations to supply the effect which it produced. It ran thus:

"SON CHARLES:—You may remember that at the time you first mentioned building a house, I expressed my ideas upon the subject. The event has proved that they were correct.

"Now, young man, you could not complain if to pay the penalty of your obstinacy, you were to lose, as you expected to, not only the home for which you have paid so dear, but the position which you have so laboriously gained in the world; but I cannot but feel as if the three years of anticipation which you have just gone through may answer as a lesson, without the actual suffering, which, were you left to yourself, would surely follow. So I will at once inform you that nearly three years ago I purchased of Mr. Isaac Samuels all right and title that he possessed to your estate, and that I have this day forwarded to your wife a title deed of the house, vested in her own name, and I the more readily do this, that by giving you once more a home of your own, I save you from all danger of ever again committing that suicidal folly of 'building a house.'"

TO MEMORY.

BY E. G. DENIO.

Back through the dim and shadowy past,
Fond Memory loves to stray;
And call from out her buried store,
Those visions, bright and gay—
Which cheered us in our youthful hours,
When life seemed all too fair;
Ere grief had come to blight our hopes,
And chill our hearts with care.

She brings to view those first bright dreams,
When life was in its spring—
Ere the withering hand of time had wrought
Such change o'er everything.
O sweet and halcyon days of yore,
Your memory, like some witching strain,
Will linger round our hearts for aye,
Though ye will ne'er return again.

Again we hear those haunting tones
Which charmed us in our earlier days,
When love and hope our spirits bound,
And bright were passion's rays;
But where, O, where are now the friends
We loved in days of yore;
Some scattered to the world's wide ends,
Some sleep to wake no more.

Yes, thy spell, fond Memory, brings
Back the joys of "other days,"
When flowers were out, birds were singing
Sweet and gladsome songs of praise.
Time, nor care, cannot efface them,
Though the soul be tempest-tost;
O how sweet, how dear to trace them,
Wandering on life's rock-bound coast.

Naught that hath laid unheard and hidden,
But thy magic stirs it up;
For thou canst e'en revive the story
Of life's sweet and bitter cup.
Yes, thy charms are round me flinging
Back the bliss of happier times—
And thy "dream-like glory o'er me,
Comes like love from heavenly climes.

THE RUNAWAY SHIP.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

I HAD command of the old "Evershot," a good ship, and one which had put much money into the hands of her owners. She was built for the India trade, and with the exception of one voyage to Smyrna, she had stuck to the purpose for which she was put together. On the present occasion, I was bound for India, and my cargo was made up of a curious variety. I had for passengers, an old gentleman, whose head was white, and his form bent with years, and his three sons, the youngest of whom was about five and-thirty, and the oldest not far from fifty. Then there

were several women, and some half dozen children.

We had doubled the southern capes of Africa, and were just poking our nose into the Indian Ocean, when a circumstance transpired which was destined to try our nerves somewhat. One afternoon, one of the men in the foretop reported a sail very near ahead in the line of our course.

"Some homeward bound Indiaman, probably," remarked Mr. Lee, my mate.

I nodded assent, and then went to the cabin and told my passengers that if they had any letters to send home, they had better have them ready, for perhaps we were about to meet a ship bound to Old England. They went to work upon my suggestion at once, and in the course of half an hour we had a letter-bag neatly sewed up and directed.

The wind was now a little south of east, so that we stood upon our course northeast with freedom, and the coming ship was heading very nearly upon us, though as we came nearer she kept away a little further to the westward.

"Is it an English ship?" asked my white-haired old passenger.

"I think it is," was my reply; and just as I spoke, my second mate came down from the foretop, where he had been with a glass. I noticed that his face looked troubled, and also that he kept back some remark which he was upon the point of dropping, at the same time regarding the old passenger with a look which seemed to indicate that he was in the way. I took the hint, and carelessly walked forward. Mr. Becket, the-mate in question, followed me. At the gangway I stopped.

"What is it?" I asked, now turning and looking into his face.

"Why sir, that ship is the old *Dorset*."

"The *Dorset*?" I replied. "Impossible."

"But I am sure," persisted Becket. "There's not another ship in England with such a figure-head. Those two girls are n't to be mistaken."

"But are you sure she has that figure head?"

"Certainly. You'll be able to see it from here in a few moments."

"But," said I, "the *Dorset* has not yet had time to reach Sydney, let alone getting back as far as this."

"Of course not," answered Becket, with a keen glance about him; "but don't you think a ship could *run away* without doing the errand she had in hand?"

"Eh?" That's all I uttered at the moment, for a strange thought was beginning to work its way to my mind.

"You remember what sort of a cargo the Dorset had, don't you?" my mate remarked.

Of course I remembered, for I met the captain of the Dorset the day before she sailed, and had a quiet dinner with him at Cowley's. He was an old friend of mine, and named Bumstead—Harry Bumstead—and as good a sailor as ever trod a deck at sea. Now the facts, as they came crowding rather unpleasantly upon my mind, were these: The Dorset sailed just two weeks before I did, and took out twenty-three convicts who had been sentenced to transportation. These, of course, he was to drop at Sydney, or Port Jackson, and as he had part of a cargo for that place, he was to go there first. So I knew that the Dorset had no business to be running away from the Indian Ocean now.

"What do you think about it?" asked Becket, who had been watching me.

"Let me take the glass," said I, without seeming to notice this question.

He handed me the glass, and I at once leaped upon the horse-block and set the focus. The coming ship was now so near that her hull was nearly all up, and my first look was upon the figure head. There could be no mistake now. I could distinctly see the two female forms clasping each other by the hands, which I knew to be the adorning feature of the Dorset's cut-water.

"Mr. Becket," I said, after I had satisfied myself upon this point, "that is the Dorset, and no mistake."

"Yes,—but what do you make of it?"

"What do *you* make of it?" I asked.

He pondered a few moments, and then said:

"I think the convicts have taken the ship!"

"So do I," was my rejoinder.

As I thus spoke, I walked aft to where my first mate stood by the wheel, and drawing him on one side, I told him my fears. He leaped upon the rail and gazed off upon our neighbor, and when he reached the deck again, he was of my opinion.

"It must be so," he said. "What shall we do?"

That was the question. What should we do? The ship had now come to within half a mile, and all doubts respecting her identity were at an end. I now knew that she was the Dorset, and of course felt confident that the convicts must by some means have gained possession.

"She did n't have the best crew that ever was," remarked Lee, nervously. "I knew some of her men, and they were as precious a set of scamps as ever breathed."

This made the matter worse still. Of my

whole crew, I could muster but thirty men, counting the three able passengers, having set five men on shore at St. Helena sick with fever, and being unable at the time to make their places good. On board the Dorset, of course, there would be the three-and-twenty convicts, and, in all probability, a good part of the crew—perhaps forty men in all. What should we do? To let the ship pass on under such circumstances seemed hardly the thing for an Englishman, and to engage with such a renegade crew seemed sheer madness. I asked my officers what they thought—and they thought just as I did. I explained the matter to my three passengers, and they said they would help if they could be assured there would be any use.

But during all this time the ship in question had been nearing us, we having steered so as to speak her, and now she was not more than two cables' length distant upon our lee bow.

"Ship ahoy!" I shouted, through my trumpet.

"Hallo!" came from the other ship.

"What ship is that?"

"The *Ben Franklin*," answered the same voice, the owner of which wore a Scotch cap and red shirt.

"Where are you bound?"

"To New York."

"Belong there?"

"Yes."

At this moment she had ranged ahead far enough so that I could see she had the American flag at her peak, which had been before hidden by her canvass. There were certainly forty men leaning over her rail, and I knew at once that we could not openly overcome them. At that moment, had my ship been near enough, I could have jumped on board and engaged with those men single handed. What had become of poor Harry Bumstead, thought I, and the few men who might have remained faithful to him!

While these thoughts, and a thousand others, were wildly rushing through my mind, the Dorset passed on. I knew it was my old friend, for all the lies they had told in answer to my questions. I had no thought or conjectures on the subject; but that that ship was the Dorset, I knew just as well as I should have known my own brother. As the ship passed on, I saw a face at one of the quarter windows. I seized the glass and levelled it. It was the face of Harry Bumstead, as sure as fate! And he waved a handkerchief towards me with the most frantic gesticulations.

The sense of pain was just sinking into my whole soul, when an idea flashed across my mind that caused me to fairly leap from my

feet. All was now hope and bustle in my brain, and as soon as possible I got my wits into working order.

"Put the ship upon her course again," I ordered.

"We can do nothing?" said Becket, interrogatively.

"Wait," said I in return. "It is n't too late yet."

"But—"

"Stop. Wait until I have shaped out a plan, and then you shall know it."

It was now quite late, for just as poor Harry Bumstead waved his handkerchief at me the last time, the sun was sinking into the western waters. I watched the Dorset until distance and gloom combined to hide her from me, and I knew that she was bound for the 'Atlantic. I saw her take in her lofty sails in preparation for the night, and I felt my hope increase. The last I could see, she was steering southwest.

As soon as it was dark, I had the helm up, and ordered the ship to be worn around upon the other tack, and as soon as this was done, I set the course due south, and crowded on all sail. The officers and men gathered round me and wished to know what all this meant.

"It means," answered I, "that I will have those villains in irons again, if I can."

"But how?" came from half a dozen.

"I'll tell you. Our ship is by all odds the best sailer, even with equal sail set; but now that the Dorset has only topgallant sails over double-reefed topsails, we can shoot ahead fast. By midnight, I calculate to be further south than she will be, so I'll keep on this course until I am sure, and then I'll run to the west'rd and lie in waiting for her."

"And what then?"

"I can tell you better when the time comes. But be not afraid, for I won't run into danger."

The breeze held fair, and we carried our royals and studding-sails below and aloft. At midnight, I knew we must be considerably further south than the Dorset, but instead of running directly west, I changed the course to west-south-west, knowing that thus we should come upon the other's track soon enough. At three o'clock I made a careful reckoning of our log for the last nine hours, and also of the point the Dorset must strike, if she kept her course southwest, and I felt sure that we were just where we should be.

My first move was to heave to and take in sail; and then I sent the topgallant masts on deck and housed the topmasts. Next, I had all our arms brought upon deck, and I found we

had more than enough for a brace of pistols and a cutlass to each man. After this I had the pumps rigged, and hardly had this been accomplished before the lookout reported a sail. I hastened forward, and could plainly see the outlines of the top-hamper of a heavy ship looming up darkly against the sky. I had the lanterns hoisted, and then set the men at work at the pumps. Ere long, the ship came near enough to hail. She put down her helm, and laid her course to run under our stern.

"Ship ahoy!" came from the Dorset—for I could make out the drapery of the figure head.

I made my mate answer at my suggestion, for fear the villains should recognize my voice.

"Hallo! send a boat on board!" yelled Lee, just as the Dorset passed under our stern.

"We've sprung a leak, and our ship is sinking."

"What have ye got aboard?"

"Furniture and provisions, and *forty thousand pounds in money.*"

The Dorset hove to, and lowered a boat, which was soon alongside full of men. The villains quickly began to come over the side.

"Have n't settled much yet," one of them remarked, as he noticed how high we stood.

"We've kept the pumps going well," I said.

"Where's your gold? Let's have that first."

"This way," said I, moving to the poop.

When half way there, I motioned for the men to stop pumping.

"Down!" I uttered, and as I spoke, I gave the man nearest me a blow with my cutlass across the head that knocked him down. Only fifteen of the men had come from the other ship, and as my crew were prepared, these fifteen were down and gagged almost before they could realize that anything was out of the way. They were unprepared, and nearly all of them were unarmed.

"Ship ahoy!" I cried, through my trumpet, speaking as grumly as possible, to imitate the voice of the fellow I had knocked down.

"Hallo!" came in reply.

"Send another boat. We can't bring half. Send quickly, for the old thing is sinking."

The Dorset soon lowered one of her quarter-boats, and came alongside, with ten men in it. They came hurrying over the side, and as soon as they were all in the gangway, we fell upon them—not wildly, but with regular system—and in a short time they were secure.

My course was now simple. I first saw every man so firmly bound that he could not even move, and then I called twenty-four men into the two boats, still alongside, leaving only six men on board of my ship. We pulled for the

Dorset as smartly as possible. When we came to her gangway, I saw several heads peering over the rail, but we had taken the precaution to put on the Scotch caps of the convicts, and they had no suspicions. Becket was the first on her deck, and I followed next.

"Got the money?" asked a coarse fellow.

"Most of it is in the boats now," I replied.

"Rig a whip, and we'll have it aboard."

The villain had not noticed my weapons. I recognized in him at once the boatswain of the ship, a man who had been hired, at Liverpool, and whose character was not among the best. As he turned to order the whip rigged, I saw that my men were all on board, and drawing my weapon, I sprang upon him and cut him down. At the first onset on board my own ship, I had been careful not to kill any one, for fear I might be mistaken; but I was not doubtful now, for some of the prisoners had confessed the crime. There were seventeen men aft on board the ship for me to capture, and we captured them without losing one of our own men, and only killing four of them. As soon as our prisoners were safe, I made my way to the cabin, and in one of the quarter galleries I found Capt. Bumstead.

In the hold of the Dorset we found fifteen of the crew in irons. Bumstead explained to me, in a few words, what had happened. Only five days before, the boatswain, who had shown much insubordination during the voyage, headed nineteen of the crew, who had joined him, and having set the convicts free, they fell upon the rest of the crew at night, and made an easy victory. The first and second mates they had killed, and the boatswain would have killed all hands, but the rest of the mutineers refused to have it done. So it had been arranged that the captain and his friends should be confined, and set on shore on the first out of the way island they could find.

It was soon arranged that Bumstead should proceed to Sydney with his fifteen faithful men, feeling sure that the convicts could be so confined as to be safe. So I saw his prisoners faithfully ironed, and then took the mutineers on board my own ship, intending to carry them to Calcutta. There were fifteen in number, four only having been killed in the conflict.

That night the Dorset tacked and stood away for Australia, while we kept on up the ocean. We arrived safely at Calcutta, and before I left, Capt. Bumstead arrived, and the mutineers soon after paid for their crime with their lives.

Good intentions! my dear sir—good intentions! Believe me, my dear sir, a Bengal tiger, with his tail up, is not half so dangerous as a genuine fool with good intentions!—*Sidney Smith.*

THE WAY TO WEALTH ILLUSTRATED.

It is an awkward thing to begin the world without a dollar—and yet hundreds of persons have raised large fortunes from a single shilling. I know a gentleman, a builder, in an extensive way of business, now well worth \$100,000, who was a bricklayer's laborer some six years ago, at one dollar per day. He became rich, by acting upon principle. He has assured me that even when he was in ill-paid employment he continued to save fifty cents per day, and thus laid up \$182 the first year. From this moment his fortune was made. Like the hound upon the right scent the game sooner or later won was sure to become his own. Another very extensive firm—one of which has since died, and left behind him an immense property, the other is still alive, and has realized as much, and yet both of these men came to New York, without a cent, and swept the very shop wherein they both afterwards made their fortunes. Like the builder whom we have just mentioned, they possessed an indomitable spirit of industry, perseverance and frugality, and the first half-crown became in consequence the foundation of a million more.

The world would call these individuals fortunate, and ascribe their property to good luck; but the world would be very wrong to do so. If there was any luck at all in the matter, it was the luck of possessing clear heads and active hands, by which means multitudes of others have carved out their own fortunes. But the word *business* means *habit*. Paradoxical as it may seem at first sight, business is nothing in the world except habit—the soul of which is regularity. Like the fly-wheel upon a steam engine, this last keeps up the motion of life steady and unbroken, enabling the machine to do its work; without this regularity, your motions as a merchant may be capital, but never will be profitable.

—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

A PERSEVERING COLLECTOR.

The late Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, mourned by many who will laugh at his wit no more, has left behind him a memory that will be transmitted through successive generations. His wit was equal to his skill. Very much against his will, the doctor was made a vestryman in his parish church, and one of his duties was to pass the plate for the contribution at the morning service. He presented it with great politeness and becoming gentility to the gentleman at the head of the pew nearest the chancel, who was not disposed to contribute. The faithful collector, nothing daunted, held the plate before him, and bowed as if he would urge him to think the matter over, and contribute something, and refused to go till he had seen his silver on his plate. In this way he proceeded down the aisle, victimizing every man till he came to the nearest pew to the door, where sat an aged colored woman. To his surprise, she laid down a piece of gold. "Dear me," said the astonished doctor, "you must be a Guinea nigger." They never troubled the doctor to go round with the plate after that.—*Saturday Courier.*

Men as they advance in age supply the loss of youth by politeness.

THE WORLD OF JOY.

BY ARCHIBALD KEMPTON.

In the deep repose and silence
Of the sacred twilight hour,
From the land of dreamy shadows,
Waked by fancy's magic power—
O'er my spirit steals a vision
Of celestial beings bright,
As steals the sun of morning through
The dismal clouds of night.
And I list to seraph voices
Murmuring their songs of glee,
And I gaze on forms angelic,
Floating mid the ether sea.
Till by sight and sound invited,
Every thought of human mind
Strives to break its earthly tendrils,
And a higher pleasure find.

Then the rapture, pure and holy,
Then the ecstasy divine,
As the mortal lowly boweth
At the sweet Ideal's shrine.
Paradise unfolds her treasures,
Bliss unopes her hallowed store,
And with happiness unbounded,
Heart and soul are running o'er.
All forgotten worldly sorrow,
Life itself a misty gleam;
And uncared for all existence,
Save the wild, delirious dream.
Gates of heaven are inviting,
Pass the portals while ye may—
Drown the anguish of to-morrow,
In the glory of to-day;
Freely soar with eagle's pinions,
To the shining realms above;
Revel in fond radiant fancy,
In elysian regions rove.

WORTH VERSUS WEALTH.

BY DORUS CARROLL.

"WHAT an elegant girl!"

This was the inward exclamation of Harry Stephens, as a gaily-dressed young lady passed by his office window, one balmy May morning. Very gracefully was the mantilla folded about her pretty person, and very gracefully and daintily her light feet pressed the gravelled sidewalk; yet there was an air of haughtiness in the carriage of her head, and in the flash of her cold, blue eyes, which was not quite so pleasing to the searching glance of the young lawyer.

He had spoken truly. Helen Fowler was an elegant girl, in face, form and mind; but, as often happens, that meagre word *elegant* described her thoroughly. Underneath her calm elegance there was nothing deeper—nothing to be unfolded, flower-like, by the sunshine of friendship or love. Her education was elegant, not varied

nor profound. She could speak the French language excellently, she could dance enchantingly, and play gracefully all the fashionable music of the day. In manners she was faultless; in conversation the quickness of her wit generally concealed the shallowness of her brain. Her brain was shallow, and her heart, too; yet she was an elegant girl, and the only daughter of the richest man in the flourishing village of Weston.

She had scarcely turned the corner, when another young form appeared, and another light footstep sounded beneath Harry's window. But this figure, though dressed with neatness and grace, was not so airily robed as that of the heiress who had preceded her, nor did she bear herself with such an air of conscious beauty. But just as she passed the window, she happened to look up, and eyes of such deep, rare loveliness met Harry's earnest gaze, that his book fell from his grasp unheeded, and he watched her retreating form until she was out of sight.

"Helen Fowler is certainly an elegant girl," he said, as he paced up and down his office floor; "but Agnes Bryan is something more. Helen is rich, proud, and graceful; Agnes is poor in worldly wealth, simple in manners, yet rich in graces of the heart and intellect. Helen would shine in the loftiest station to which I could ever attain; Agnes would be a household angel to the rich man or the poor man. At which shrine shall I bow—that of wealth or worth?"

And leaving him to decide this momentous question, we will inform the reader that Harry Stephens had lately located himself in Weston; and being now established in business, and able to have a home of his own, he was looking about him, in search of a wife. Two only, of the village girls, had yet found a favored place in his thoughts—though, if the truth were told, a great many were ready to smile upon him. These two, Helen Fowler and Agnes Bryan, he had met several times at the social gatherings of the village, and he admired both. He had called once at the home of each, when he was charmed by the animation and wit of the one, and by the unaffected sweetness of the other. Both received him graciously, for in the eyes of both he had found favor, though one acknowledged this to herself boldly, the other *felt* the admiration which she would not confess. Helen liked him because he belonged to an aristocratic family, and possessed a pleasing and polished manner; Agnes, in listening to his eloquent and varied conversation, had discovered that there was a chord in his soul and in hers, which vibrated to one and the same harmony.

After both graceful forms had disappeared,

Harry suddenly remembered that he was invited to a social party that evening, where he would undoubtedly meet the two who had lately occupied so large a space in his thoughts; for Helen Fowler, being the belle of the village, was always invited, and he knew that Mrs. Temple, who gave the party, was a warm friend to Agnes.

"I will choose to-night," said he, "whether I shall offer my suit at the feet of the beautiful heiress, or at the heart of the lowly but lovely music teacher."

At night, if Harry Stephens had been gifted with a pair of magic spectacles, making brick walls and closed blinds transparent, he might have seen Helen Fowler in her dressing-room, standing irresolute amid a profusion of silks, laces and jewelry. From one rich robe she turned to another, saying softly to herself:

"I wish I knew which are his favorite colors. I thought he looked admiringly at this purple satin the other evening, but the pale blue is more becoming. I must look as beautiful as I can to-night, for when we were at Mrs. Grey's, he actually talked half an hour, with that nobody, Agnes Bryan."

And with the same magic glasses, Harry might have seen Agnes Bryan, patiently giving the last music lesson of the day to a stupid pupil, who either could not or would not comprehend the spirit of a simple waltz, which she was practising, but persisted in drumming it forth as if it were a march for the battle field. But at last the tired pupil was dismissed, and Agnes, weary but light-hearted, went to prepare for the party.

"When you are ready, come and read to me a little," said her invalid mother.

"I will," replied Agnes, cheerfully; "you know it never takes me long to dress."

And in a few minutes she came down, dressed in a delicate, fresh colored muslin, her dark hair falling in simple ringlets, requiring neither wreath nor gem to enhance her quiet loveliness. "I hope that he will be there," was the thought that flitted through her mind, as she took up a book and began to read aloud.

When Harry entered Mrs. Temple's parlor, he found Helen already there, and looking more brilliant than he had ever seen her before. The glances of her bright eyes quickly attracted him to her, and for a whole hour he yielded himself to the spell of her fascinations. She was beginning to think her triumph sure, when Harry on turning suddenly, met the clear, soft glance of Agnes Bryan's dark eyes. He bowed smilingly, and by an irresistible impulse, would have approached, but a quick word from Helen chained him again.

"Do you know Miss Bryan?" he asked, after listening a few moments to her gay sallies, which had suddenly grown stupid.

"Miss Bryan?" she repeated. "No: I believe she gives music lessons to my little brother, but I have no acquaintance with her."

"There is a great deal of character in her face," he continued.

"Indeed! Do you think so?" said the proud beauty, with a slight, very slight look of scorn at the object of their conversation. "She makes a very good music-teacher, I am told."

The tone and the look had not escaped the quick observation of Harry, and he went on rather roguishly:

"And do you not know that it takes qualities of a very high order to make a good music-teacher? There must be patience, quickness of perception, firmness, enthusiasm for the art; all these are necessary requirements, and all these I can discover in Miss Bryan's face. Do you not see firmness in her well-formed mouth, enthusiasm in her large eyes—"

"O, do not go on, Mr. Stephens!" said Helen, interrupting him with a forced laugh. "I am no physiognomist. But you were asking me to play something, a little while ago. I have just remembered something which I am sure you will like." She seated herself at the instrument, and as her white fingers glanced over the keys, he could not help smiling at her jealousy of Agnes.

In the meantime, Agnes drew near, and stood a quiet listener, with the group which now surrounded the piano. Helen played with brilliancy and almost faultless grace of execution; but Harry looked in vain for that enthusiasm which he had predicted, in the calm eyes of Agnes Bryan. She felt what he did not perceive until a few minutes later, that Helen played as well as one could, who had not soul enough to comprehend more than the mechanical part of music.

"Miss Bryan, you must favor us now," he said, when Helen, looking quite radiant with the consciousness of the admiration she must have excited, rose from the piano. Agnes hesitated a single moment, then blushing, seated herself at the instrument.

What a touch succeeded the rattle and dash of Miss Fowler's performance! The very fragrance of music breathed through the silent room, for, as the first low, floating accents swelled into the grand and deep, then melted again to liquid, flowing harmony, a stillness fell over all, and they listened, with hushed hearts, to the voice of the true melody. Harry felt the difference in the two players, and felt the cause, too, lying deep down in the characters of both.

She rose quietly, and before he could thank her, she had glided away. He paused a moment, seeking her with his eyes, and then the ringing voice of Helen called him to another part of the room.

"We are talking about woman's rights. I don't believe in them. I don't think it belongs to woman to earn money," she said, gaily. "Do you, Mr. Stephens?"

"I think she has a perfect right to earn it, if she needs it," he replied, "and I must confess, I prefer to see young ladies who are not wealthy, engaged in some profitable employment, rather than living idly at home."

"O, it does not look well!" said she, tossing her pretty head. "I prefer to see them contented with their lot, for it looks avaricious in a woman, to earn money."

"Is there avarice in trying to help oneself, rather than be a burden?" asked Agnes Bryan, who, unseen by Harry, had stood near, and whom these cold words had stung, perhaps not unintentionally. "Is there avarice in choosing industry and independence, to idleness and want?"

Miss Fowler's eyes flashed for a moment haughtily on Agnes, but Harry prevented her from replying.

"I agree with Miss Bryan," said he. "The true object of life, both to male and female, is improvement, and we all know that this is never to be gained by idleness."

"Perhaps, Miss Bryan would not only wish to work with the men, but to vote with them?" said Helen.

"No," said Agnes, answering the sarcastic tone with one of calm sweetness. "I think that a true woman's influence is worth much more than her vote."

Helen answered only with a look of disdain, and she turned haughtily away, leaving the argument unfinished. Harry's first impulse was to follow her, but he paused. In that moment of his indecision, two pictures rose vividly before his imagination. One was a home made splendid by the presence and the wealth of an heiress; a home of fashion and brilliancy. The reigning queen of all this magnificence was an elegant woman, an ornament at the table and in the drawing-room of her house—a star in the society which fluttered admiringly around her. The picture dazzled, but he turned away, and, turning, saw another vision.

He saw a home with a fireside in it—with a deep, holy, quiet heart, reigning and diffusing brightness there. He saw a noble, womanly mind, unfolding into more perfect richness, year after year, and a spirit blending more and more

harmoniously with his own. Fate held before him, in that moment, a golden bauble and a pure pearl, and whispered. "Which shall I give you, wealth or worth?"

Good angels helped him, and he chose the pearl.

Years after, I saw Harry in his home, and found his vision more than realized. He had risen to eminence in the city to which he had removed, but Agnes was still the flower of his home and his heart.

A FEMALE SPY.

A rather strange adventure recently occurred outside Sebastopol. A young Russian woman was for some days seen walking about the Russian trenches—and sometimes at night also, with a lantern. It was thought, as she was very tall, and of majestic appearance, that she was a man in disguise, and the general-in-chief ordered that she should be carefully watched. At six o'clock, on one morning, she again appeared opposite our lines, and examined them with great attention; she carried a note-book and pencil in her hand, and seemed to inscribe in it the result of her observations. Finding, after a while, that she was perceived, she hurried towards a species of ravine at the extremity of the French trenches. Two Zouaves were sent in pursuit of her, and succeeded in capturing her. Being found to be really a woman, she was taken before General Canrobert, and questioned. She said that she had made observations of the French positions for the good of her country, and to avenge the death of her husband, Boninoff by name, who was killed at the battle of the Alma. Her note-book was found to contain several details relative to the situation of our batteries, and the number of guns in them; she had also in her pockets a double-barrelled pistol, and a letter addressed to Prince Menschikoff. She was placed in confinement, under the surveillance of two sentinels, and it has been determined that she shall be sent to Malta.—*London News*.

NAPOLÉON I.

Napoleon was far from being a handsome child. His head was too large for his body, and his features were in no way very agreeable. His appearance, as is well known, underwent, subsequently, a great improvement. "What was particularly pleasing about him," says Madame d'Abrantes, "when he became a young man, was the expression he infused into his countenance in his moments of kindness. His smile was captivating; but," she continues, "the forehead which was to be encircled by the crowns of the world—the hands, of which the most coquetish woman would have been vain, whose soft and white skin covered muscles of steel and bones of adamant, were never remarked in the stripling." Savary used to say to me, with truth, "that of all the children of Signora Lætitia, the Emperor was the one who gave the least expectation of ever attaining to extraordinary fortune."—*Lamartine*.

TO A DOVE.

BY EDWIN PARKER.

Joyous bird of the wandering wing,
Say, whither art thou journeying;
Know'st thou some world where the soul can rest
Free from the care and pain of this?
Some lovely spot where thou hast been,
Which the eyes of mortals ne'er have seen?
Some balmy grove, some cool retreat,
Which was never trod by human feet?

We long for thy wings, to soar above
To some world of beauty, some world of love,
Where the soul can wander the live-long day,
Where streams of living waters play;
Where wave on wave of pleasure rolls
Beneath a fair, a cloudless sky;
Where the heart is light, the spirit free,
Where perfect joy delights the eye.

Then lend me thy wings, sweet bird, to-day,
To fly from this weary world away;
And to cool this feverish brow of mine,
In some balmy breeze, from a fairer clime.
For I long like thee to be soaring high,
Far beyond the reach of a mortal eye;
To fold my wings on that other shore—
Where the weary shall rest from care evermore.

THE DIRT-BARREL WAR.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

THE Lyons and the Lambs were neighbors. They lived in the same block, passed down the same steps, into the same arch, to reach their respective back entrances. This arrangement naturally brought them often into close contact, inasmuch as each family, by a net uncommon coincidence, were blessed with a son and daughter, who were not permitted to patronize the front door, except on Sabbath days and other special occasions. The most amicable relations had existed between the parties. The current of friendship rippled along smoothly, through the united qualities of good judgment, patience and forbearance. But, unfortunately, human nature is not composed wholly of the element of love; it happens to be made up of a variety of material which are not warranted anger-proof. To make good my assertion, I have only to say that Mrs. Lamb became seriously vexed with Mrs. Lyon. The source of the trouble was trifling; but everybody knows that oaks originate in acorns, and that a single spark of fire has been known to do an immense deal of harm. This was the circumstance: Two barrels, for the deposit of dirt, ashes, etc., were placed at the termination of the passage, and one of

these (her own) Mrs. Lamb had found overturned, and its contents scattered about. A similar thing had happened once before; and the guilt clearly traced to Edward Lyon, who confessed the misdemeanor, and was pardoned on condition that he abstained from the like in future.

Mrs. Lyon was immediately made acquainted with her son's delinquency. She questioned the boy closely, but he denied any participation in the matter; his sister, too, professed to be equally innocent. Mrs. Lamb simply disbelieved them. Her own children had been two days out of town, and who but the young Lyons would be engaged in tipping over dirt-barrels? Nobody, certainly. So she turned abruptly away without more words, and Lydia, her maid-of-all-work, was directed to sweep up the litter. The affair did not terminate here, however; the next day, the unlucky barrel was found inverted for the third time. Mrs. Lamb was not quite so patient, and a trifle less polite, as she sent for her neighbor. She felt annoyed, and unconsciously made this evident in her tones.

"This barrel is over again, Mrs. Lyon?"

"So I perceive, Mrs. Lamb."

"What do you think about it now?"

"Just what I told you yesterday; that it has been accidentally overturned by something."

"By somebody, you mean," added Mrs. Lamb, pointedly.

"I do not think so," said the other, piqued at the insinuation conveyed. "I can answer for Edward that he knows nothing of this mischief; but I will ask him, if it will be any satisfaction to you," she added, stepping inside the door. Very soon she reappeared.

"I was right. Edward is honest; I never knew him to tell a falsehood. He says he has not meddled with your barrel, and I believe him," she said, decidedly.

"And I do not!" replied Mrs. Lamb, quite as positively. "Barrels do not tip over of themselves, and boys are often tempted to take refuge behind an untruth, to escape the effects of wrong doing."

The woman colored. All the Lyon in her nature was roused.

"Wrong doing! A paltry dirt-barrel! My son tell a lie for an insignificant dirt-barrel! Be good enough to drop the subject, Mrs. Lamb."

A retort was on the lips of the latter, when she heard her husband's step on the stairs. Closing the gate quickly, and not very gently, she went to meet him. He thought she was altogether in the right, and on the following morn-

ing, for the first time, he passed Mr. Lyon with only a cold bow.

From that moment, hostilities commenced. Lydia, taking the part of her mistress, and imagining she could not do her greater service, turned the enemy's dirt-barrel upside down, experiencing a vast deal of satisfaction in seeing its contents spread over the passage. Upon this, Kitty, Mrs. Lyon's "help," took the first convenient opportunity to tilt over the other in the same way, making the arch quite impassable. Farther demonstrations of this nature were strictly forbidden by both ladies, and the discomfited girls were obliged to clear up the rubbish. Afterwards, on both premises, the barrels were kept within the yards.

This misunderstanding was not confined to the adult Lyons and Lambs. The juvenile members of both families heard the matter debated at home, caught the infection of ill temper and bitter feelings, repeated choice remarks treasured up for the purpose, and carried on the campaign in the street.

"I'm not to play with you any more; mother says I mustn't," said Edward Lyon, one holiday.

"And I'm not to play with *you* any more; mother says you are a bad boy, and she thinks you tell falsehoods!" retorted Lamb, junior.

"Mother says we must expect mischief-making folks will talk about us, and injure us, if they can; but they *can't*, if they try. Come, boys, let's find somebody else to walk with," replied the young Lyon.

"Glad you're going! Mother says bad company is worse than none!" And so the lads separated in anger, to rehearse in detail what each had said.

Mrs. Lamb was usually mild, patient and forbearing, and Mrs. Lyon was possessed of a noble, forgiving disposition; but it really seemed as though these two persons had suddenly become possessed by a spirit of retaliation. Annoyances, of every day occurrence, were borne only to be resented. Both seemed to have forgotten their self-respect, bent wholly on making the other yield. Mrs. Lyon would not have the passage cleaned, because it was just as much Mrs. Lamb's work as her own, and the latter would not permit Lydia to touch broom to it, for the reason that Mrs. Lyon allowed the small Lyons to carry in dirt and stones. So it remained unswept and unwashed, so littered with rubbish that it was unsafe going through it of an evening, both punishing themselves without intending it.

The domestics carried on the siege in their department with a zeal worthy a better cause.

If Lydia had just made bright and shining the Lambs' parlor window panes, dirty water would be found splattered over them not an hour afterwards; if Kitty labored industriously at the Lyons' sidewalk, the same kind of liquid, a little darker, perhaps, unaccountably got splashed upon it. Milk, molasses, grease, and other adhesive substances, could at all times be discovered on both gates leading to the yards. Ice-men, milk-men, bakers and market-boys, complained in vain; everybody, entering the back premises of the Lyons and the Lambs, could display sticky fingers and soiled clothes.

Two weeks went by. During that period, Mrs. Lyon and Mrs. Lamb had not spoken. They had met in the street, but each studiously looked another way; not even formal bows were interchanged. Neither was happy. Both believed themselves very much wronged and injured, though unable to tell in what the wrong and injury consisted. Unquestionably, the simple act of upsetting a barrel had done Mrs. Lamb no harm; while the latter's belief that a falsehood had been told, did not make it a fact. The truth was, neither was disposed to be reasonable.

Mr. Lyon was a grocer, and Mr. Lamb kept a small market. In the harmonious days of the past, there had been a mutuality of patronage between the families; but soon after the commencement of the difficulties, Mrs. Lyon received, she believed, great cause of offence by the receipt of a tough sheep, instead of a tender lamb, which she had ordered; while, on the other hand, Mrs. Lamb was equally indignant because table salt had been sent from her neighbor's grocery, in lieu of granulated white sugar. These unhappy events put an end to all reciprocity of trade which had previously existed.

Together they had rented the same pew in church; but on the first pleasant Sunday after the domestic disturbance, the Lyons and the Lambs wended their way to different parts of the edifice, leaving their pew entirely tenantless, to the utter astonishment of the people in the vicinity, who were ignorant of the cause. Mrs. Lamb gave a small party the same week, and during the entire afternoon, the young Lyons, assisted by their willing compeers, beat tin pans, banged the gate unmercifully, set a small dog to barking, shouted at the top of their voices, and deafened everybody by a continual shaking of castanets. The lady of the house was too proud to remonstrate; she bore the infliction as best she could, although it was enhanced by having the door bell pulled violently several times when nobody could be discovered outside. She had

the sympathy of her guests, however, and was secretly rejoiced that Mrs. Lyon's reputation for good government and quietness was questioned; for, although the latter did not quite approve of Master Edward's petty malice, she had not the desire to forbid its execution, so far do recriminating acts and feelings blind us to the right.

The very next day, however, the irritated Lamb squared accounts with the Lyon. Both ladies were fond of attending auctions, and as chance would have it, met in an auction and commission store. Mrs. Lyon needed a small, cheap table, and as one was put up at the moment she entered, she bid upon it. Mrs. Lamb outbid her, when the former added a figure. Seeing she was in earnest, her opponent increased her bid, and the table, worth perhaps a dollar, was knocked down to the excited Mrs. Lyon at precisely three and a half. The victorious Lamb (victorious, because she had obliged her rival to pay three times the value of the article) retired amid the significant smiles and frank remarks of the bystanders. She forgave Master Edward his freaks of the previous day.

"I declare, this is unbearable!" exclaimed Mrs. Lyon, after she had related her adventure. "She bid just to oppose me."

"Why didn't you stop bidding then?" inquired Mr. Lyon.

"Because I wouldn't give up to her, not I! I should rather have paid five dollars, than allowed her to have the table. But I am tired of this quarrel. It is doing the children no good, and I am sensible that my own disposition is not improved. Let us sell out and move away."

Mr. Lyon grew reflective. The subject was worthy consideration. The result was, a large placard with "For Sale" upon it, appeared at the corner of his house. To his supreme amazement, Edward came in with the information that an exactly similar advertisement was posted on his neighbor's premises; thus proving conclusively that each was tired of the other's company. Both parties had plenty of applicants, who, unfortunately, were shown about the respective establishments by Lydia and Kitty, who greatly commended the dwellings of their master and mistress, throwing out sundry dark insinuations concerning the adjoining tenement, begetting in the minds of the listeners suspicion and distrust of both, and preventing the very object the owners had in view.

Matters continued in this state for some days, leading to no satisfactory results, although occasioning considerable trouble and annoyance, for many people look at houses who never intend to buy them. The Lyons and the Lambs

marvelled that nothing came of their efforts, but resolutely determined to leave the neighborhood, resorted to another expedient. The significant words, "To Let," appeared in Mrs. Lamb's front window, and, going into the street shortly after to see how it looked, she discovered an announcement of an identical nature in one of Mrs. Lyon's side-lights. She observed, also, that the people opposite seemed to be much amused at something or other, which fact hastened her ingress, and was suggestive of a humiliating train of reflections.

They were more successful in letting than selling. Not sure that his neighbor would move, Mr. Lamb secured a tenant, and took a house in another part of the city. Moved and settled, he comforted himself with the thought that his dirt-barrel would remain undisturbed and unpleasant bickerings cease. Early the first Monday morning, he was startled by hearing the voice of Lydia raised to an angry key. Looking from his chamber window, he saw the latter upon the shed, putting up the clothes-line, and her old enemy, Kitty, engaged in a like manner upon the adjoining shed, employing their tongues, meantime, in bitter invectives. The good market man was astounded! The fact was, the Lyons had removed to the next street, which ran parallel with theirs, bringing their yards in juxtaposition; so that, by an adverse coincidence, they were as badly situated as before.

How unfortunate! If he had only remained where he was, he would surely have escaped the present dilemma. To think of moving again, was out of the question, as he had taken a two years' lease of his present tenement. The thread of the quarrel was taken up precisely where it had been interrupted. All the former arts and devices were employed, in conjunction with additional ingenuity, to produce reciprocal unhappiness.

The children prosecuted the war vigorously upon the sheds and in the yards, if not encouraged, evidently not forbidden by their parents. Things grew from bad to worse. Every day developed some new item of ill will.

It is obvious that the Lyons and the Lambs never will lie down together in peace. And all this unchristian, unneighborly animosity originated in a paltry cause—the upsetting of a dirt-barrel, which was probably overturned by a hungry canine in search of a bone, and which, unhappily, proved a bone of contention.

Giving to a grateful man is putting money out to usury.

FLORIBEL.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

Life's sunshine glowed within thine azure eye,
 Radiant with thought, whose richest tracery
 In golden words of love were breathed to me,
 In accents low, whenever thou wert nigh.

The flush of health stole o'er thy placid cheek,
 Where roses blended with the lily fair;
 The brow expanding 'neath soft golden hair—
 Fair woman's wealth—so beautiful and meek.

Thy lips a cherub might have deigned to kiss,
 Rich, fragrant roses smothered 'neath the dew;
 Thy silvery voice—a gift possessed by few,
 'E'er thrilled my heart-strings with unearthly bliss.

Dark clouds arose! the storm raged fierce and loud,
 Disease assailed the casket once so fair;
 The fate which all the living soon must share
 Was thine—the pall, the coffin, and the shroud.

Rest, rest in peace, may flowers in beauty bloom
 Above the place where thou dost sweetly sleep;
 Let angels bright their vigils ever keep.
 And safely guard thy dust within the tomb.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY E. B. FRAZER.

THE thirteen American colonies, combined in their resistance to the unjust encroachments of the mother country, were now about closing the fifth year of their struggle for a national existence. It was the latter part of the year 1780. The bloody and disastrous battle of Camden (where the splendid army of Gates had been totally defeated and scattered, as it were, by the four winds of heaven—where the brave German general, Baron De Kalb, had fallen a martyr to liberty, while the flower of the continental troops under his command, after the most determined though vain resistance, had become fearfully decimated) had been fought; and, more recently, the renowned Sumpter, who had heretofore proved himself one of the bravest and mightiest of the southern generals, had suffered his troops to be surprised and completely defeated by a detachment of royalists under Lieut. Col. Buford.

The darkest days during the war for American independence, had now arrived; and even some of the most sanguine of the lovers of liberty began to be fearful that the glorious sun of freedom was about to set—perhaps forever! But not so. As that is the darkest hour just before dawn, so this was the darkest period in our country's destiny, soon to be followed by a much brighter and a happier future.

The two colonies—South Carolina and Georgia—were now fairly within the grasp of the invader. Indeed, the British generals fancied there was no longer any room for hope, as far as the “rebel cause” was concerned in these two colonies. They did not imagine for a moment that their swords again would have to be unsheathed, that again the deadly firelock must be shouldered; but deemed their work of strife terminated, their hour of complete triumph arrived. They indulged in the supposition, that even the most strenuous supporters of the “rebel cause,” as they termed the cause of the colonies, perceiving the futility of further resistance, would soon abandon it, and give in their allegiance to the British crown. But the glorious flame of liberty, though smothered for a while, was not burnt out; but only waiting for a vent to blaze again with more than its wonted brilliancy.

The colonists in Carolina and Georgia were beaten—crushed for the time, but not yet conquered! They had no thoughts of giving up the struggle, but only were awaiting the time when they would once more be in readiness to face their foe. Marion and his gallant brigade were lying concealed in the woody region, near the confines of the Santee River; Sumpter, in another part of the country, was endeavoring to bring together his scattered band, and to rally new men around his standard; and the remnant of the main army, defeated by Lord Cornwallis, at Camden, and now encamped at Hillsborough, in North Carolina—under Gates, who was soon to be superseded by the brave, cautious, and prudent General Green,—was daily receiving new reinforcements, with the intention of again entering South Carolina as soon as possible. At this period our story commences.

It was near the close of a pleasant autumnal day, that an observer might have noticed a small troop of horsemen approaching a little one-story building, situated not far from the western borders of the little town of R—, in Orangeburg county, in the colony of South Carolina.

The troop numbered not more than twenty, all told; and they were riding along at quite an easy pace, as they were now near their place of destination. At their head, a little in advance, rode he who was apparently their leader, and who was—if we might judge from his appearance—now actively engaged in thought.

He was not perhaps upwards of twenty-five years of age; handsome, manly in features, with a look and bearing which bespoke kindness and good humor, unaccompanied by any signs which might tell of an ill-spent life.

If the various guises, half military, half civil,

worn by the men, would not have told the observer to which party they belonged, the uniform of their leader would have been enough to have declared them friends of the colonial cause.

As they neared the house in question, the front door opened, and a young woman appeared at the entrance. She was probably about twenty years of age, and was the very perfection of womanly beauty. The rose-tint of health appeared upon her features, and her glossy, golden hair contrasted pleasantly with the clear red and white of her complexion. Her bright blue eyes, fringed with dark eye-lashes, gave a melting softness to their expression, and her rich, ruby lips were just sufficiently opened to reveal two rows of pearly white teeth; while the graceful bending of her head, in the attitude in which she now stood, imparted a noble grace to her sylph-like, tall, and well-proportioned figure.

When the lieutenant—for such was the leader's rank—had rode a little nearer, the young woman, in a silvery voice, exclaimed:

"Home again so soon, dear husband?"

"Yes, dear Nancy," was the lieutenant's reply, as he alighted from his horse.

"To what fortunate circumstance may I owe this unexpected pleasure, Rufus?" she asked.

"I will tell you in a moment, dearest," he said, as he led his horse into the yard. "Sergeant Elliston," he added to one of his men, as the troop came up, "lead the way into the yard, and in a few minutes I will have some refreshments ready for the men." Then turning, he approached his wife, and taking her hand said: "Let us go in, Nancy."

"Good evening, Tommy," said the lieutenant, as he and his wife entered the kitchen, addressing a youth of about the age of fourteen, seated in one corner of the room—whose name was Thomas Dexter, and who was his wife's only brother.

"Good evening, Rufus," was the youth's reply, as he arose and extended his hand to take the proffered one of the lieutenant. "What brings you back? I did not expect to see you again for some weeks."

"It seems I have given both you and Nancy an agreeable surprise; but I will tell you," said Lieut. Cleveland—for that was his latter name. "You know when, three days ago, I left, I set out for Marion's encampment; but, strange as it may seem, I have not been able to find him, or his whereabouts; though perhaps I have been somewhat balked in my efforts, on account of not being able to reach the Santee without falling in with some of Tarlton's or Coffin's legion."

"And so you have returned?"

"Yes, with the intention of setting out at early dawn to-morrow, to join Sumpter, who I hear is encamped somewhere on the Edisto, and who is waiting for more men in order to attack a certain tory detachment, which is committing great havoc somewhere between his encampment and the city of Charleston."

"And so you cannot tarry longer than morning, Rufus?" interrogated Nancy.

"No; I dare not," was his reply; "for the sooner I reach Sumpter the better. The sooner he will be able, with what other recruits he may get, to strike at once an effective blow against the tories."

"Heaven forbid that I should detain you, my dear husband!" said Nancy, looking up into his face, while there was "the look of heaven" upon her features, as she smiled; "but I trust that that high power, which watches over us all, will shield you, and return you safe, unscathed to me, from the battle's fiery ordeal."

"Do not fear, Nancy; through Heaven's goodness, I will return. But Tommy; he must go with me, too, if you can spare him. What say you, Tommy?"

"It is the favor I would have asked. I will follow you wherever you lead!"

"You know I wished him to go with you before, and certainly I can offer no objection now," said Nancy.

"Then that is all settled," said Lieut. Cleveland. "Be ready to start with me early in the morning."

Tommy Dexter replied that he would.

"And now, Nancy, let us make some provision for supper. My men have travelled a long distance to-day, and have eaten nothing since morning. Have you heard aught of Colonel Bayley, from whose brutalities I saved you last week?"

"Nothing during your absence, save that he was in the neighborhood of Georgetown, at the head of some two or three hundred tories."

"I almost dread to leave you here alone, dear wife, unprotected as you will be; and the danger which, if I do so, you may incur from him, also," said Rufus. "I have half a mind that you should accompany me, until at least I may be able to leave you in a safer place."

"There will be no need of that," said his wife. "He has ere this, no doubt, entirely forgotten me. If not, and I am not able to manage him, our neighbors will see that I am not misused."

"They can do nothing should he come in force."

"There, there, Rufus, do not borrow trouble

from this. Should he visit this house again, be sure I can and will protect myself."

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed ere Nancy, who was one of the best of housewives, had got the table—which extended from one end of the room to the other, and which was just large enough for the accommodation of the twenty troopers of her husband—sat in readiness for supper. The fare, though homely, was of that quality best suited to the long-fasting soldiers of Cleveland; a fact which was well tested when the soldiers were called in, and sat down around the table, for they did ample justice to what they saw before them, and fully satisfied the cravings of the inner-man. In a short time the troopers retired to rest, and Cleveland, his wife and Tommy, after a short converse, followed them.

The next morning all were up and stirring by the time the first faint streaks of dawn were discernible in the horizon, and speedy preparations were making for departure. When the morning meal had been eaten, and the troops were all mounted in readiness to leave, with Tommy Dexter among the number, Lieut. Cleveland sought his wife to speak a few last words, cautioning her to guard against future dangers, and above all to beware of Col. Bayley, who might, as he feared, still have some design upon her.

"Be not fearful, dearest," said Nancy, "nor give your mind any unnecessary trouble. I will live worthy of thee, or die!"

"And now farewell," he said, imprinting upon her ruby lips a kiss of pure affection.

"Farewell," she replied, returning his salute; and accompanying him to the door, he left her, and taking the reins of his horse from the hand of Tommy Dexter, he vaulted into the saddle, and gave orders for the troop to move onward.

Nancy watched her husband, who waved his hand to her ever and anon, until a bend in the road shut him from further view, and then entered the house, to be hereafter, for a time, its solitary inhabitant.

Lieut. Cleveland and his company rode away at quite a brisk pace, as he wished to reach the camp of Sumpter before night—a distance, as he supposed, of more than thirty miles, and the exact whereabouts of which he anticipated some trouble in finding.

The sun had nearly reached its meridian, and he and his troop had rode somewhere near twenty miles, when one of his lookouts, in advance, turned and rode back at full speed, reporting to him that a large force, probably some three or four hundred in number, were marching toward them, scarcely half a mile distant. From their appearance, he came to the conclusion that they

were either royalists or tories. Cleveland instantly brought his men to a halt, and sent off two of them to reconnoitre, and ascertain in reality whether they were friends or enemies. They soon returned with the information that they were tories, and not less than three hundred strong.

"We cannot meet them, and therefore must elude their sight," said Lieut. Cleveland. "Let us strike through the wood here, and gain another road to the west. There is an opening just ahead."

They accordingly rode forward, and were just entering the opening in the wood, when a volley of musketry checked their onward progress, and sent three or four of them reeling from their saddles. The smoke had scarcely cleared away, ere twenty or thirty tories, who had been lying in ambush, rode forward and engaged them. Lieut. Cleveland and his men gallantly stood their ground, and after about ten minutes contention, were upon the point of repulsing them, when the larger force of the enemy, which had been discovered in advance, rapidly coming forward, obliged the lieutenant and his men to surrender, as they were completely surrounded. Tommy Dexter and three others, however, succeeded after some difficulty in effecting their escape.

As Lieut. Cleveland, handing his sword to the commanding officer of the tory detachment, stepped forward, he recognized Col. Bayley. The latter, with some surprise as he received it, exclaimed:

"Lieutenant Cleveland, I believe?"

"The same, sir," was the reply.

"We have met before."

"Yes."

"I thought so. It does not require a very great effort of memory," he uttered, with a sarcastic smile, "to tell under what circumstances we met. I am happy to think I have you in my power."

"I shall expect the treatment due to a prisoner of war."

"You shall have it. But, aside from that, I shall hold you answerable for the ungentlemanly manner in which you treated me on the occasion of our last meeting."

"I but treated you as you deserved, when you ceased to act the part of a gentleman."

"But I must have redress."

"I offer you satisfaction in any honorable way."

"You must be punished."

"What! for resenting the insults of a black guard upon my wife?"

"Have a care! You use strong language!"

"No stronger than the subject admits of."

"But I have the power; I have only a word to utter, to have you dangling by the neck in less than five minutes—dancing upon nothing!"

"That would be but the poor revenge of a coward! I do not fear *that* even. You dare not do it!"

"Do not be too sure."

"Meet me like a man with either sword or pistol, if your wounded honor needs healing so badly."

"I would not demean myself so far. Were we equal—"

"Equal! I think, if any one has reason to quarrel on the grounds of equality, it is I, not you."

"You! a simple lieutenant in the cause of rebellion, of treason, while I—"

"A colonel in his Britannic Majesty's service—the cause of tyranny and oppression! I can appreciate the distinction, Colonel Bayley. You, sir, the leader of a band of desperadoes and cut-throats; one of the desolators of our fair fields; a blackguard, a villain, an insulter of defenceless women, will not stoop to—"

"You have said enough!" angrily interrupted Col. Bayley. "For the present, you are safe, but I have a punishment yet in store for you."

"Beware how you misuse your power! Any harm done to me will recoil with tenfold violence upon your own head!"

"Ha! do you threaten? Sergeant Hoskins, where are you? Here, handcuff this rebel!"

"Ay, ay!" was the response of the man addressed.

"That were needless," said the lieutenant; "I shall not resist you, or seek to escape. However, I submit to the degradation."

"It is well that you do," answered the colonel, with a sardonic grin of triumph.

Cleveland's eyes flashed fire at the unmanly words and looks of the tory colonel; and the eyes of the latter quailed as they met the stern gaze of the prisoner; and turning away, he gave orders for the detachment to move forward, as the prisoners had all been secured.

When Col. Bayley and his detachment, with the prisoners, had travelled about ten miles further on, and within eight or nine of the residence of Cleveland, they came to a halt; and having selected a good camping-ground, the colonel resolved to make it his place of encampment for two or three days and nights to come. A few small, untenanted houses near by were occupied by his men as their quarters while there, and the prisoners were put in a barn with a strong guard placed over them.

To say truth, although Col. Bayley had met with a most decided and scornful repulse, in his recent attempt to weaken the fidelity of Cleveland's wife, to say nothing of the unequivocal manner in which his rudeness had been checked by her husband, yet he still had a desire to get her in his power; for her almost miraculous beauty, joined with her graceful bearing and modest mien, excited within his breast a feeling of love, which, although guilty, was as great as could be possessed by one of his selfish nature.

Early the next morning he resolved, as her husband was in his power, to send a detachment to seize her, and bring her before him, it being his intention that she never more should see her husband. With this resolve in view, about nine o'clock in the forenoon of the next day, he sent off a dozen men under one of his sergeants, named Benson, with orders to proceed to Lieut. Cleveland's residence with all despatch, and bring back with them, willingly or forcibly, the lieutenant's wife.

About an hour after their departure, the colonel sought Cleveland's place of confinement, and after some few preliminary remarks, and a few words of feigned condolence, said:

"By the way, lieutenant, I have just sent a detachment off to your house."

"To my house! What for?" the lieutenant asked, with a start.

"Your punishment will soon commence," was the ambiguous answer.

"For Heaven's sake, explain yourself!"

"Your wife will soon be wholly within my power."

"My wife?"

"Yes, *my* wife, or rather *your* wife," was the answer; "and we will then see how far you will be able to take her part again."

"Dare, Colonel Bayley, to injure but one hair of her head—dare to use one word of insult to her, and I will have the most deadly revenge upon you!"

"Ha! ha! ha! you talk bravely, lieutenant," was the scornful answer, accompanied by a laugh. "But your talk is only madness. Know, rebel, that you are, that you have seen your wife for the last time! Henceforward, she *must* and *shall* be mine, for—"

"Villanous tory! I'll tear that lying tongue from your throat!" madly exclaimed Cleveland, springing forward, and raising his manacled hands, as though to strike the heartless miscreant dead.

But ere he could accomplish his purpose, he was seized by two of the guards, and after a severe struggle, born backwards to the floor.

"Chain the rebel to the floor!" loudly vociferated the tory colonel; and in a few minutes the order was executed.

"You see that I *am* master here, Lieutenant Cleveland, and you may believe what I have said is and shall be true; and furthermore, that, ere forty-eight hours have passed, you may be food for the wild beasts of the forest!"

"Do your worst," said Cleveland; "but you will not dare to injure my wife, or to take my life, if you value your own!"

"We shall see," and the colonel, without more words, left the lieutenant in care of his guards.

Let us now go back to the time of the escape of Tommy Dexter, and the three others, from the clutches of Col. Bayley and his detachment of tories.

Tommy Dexter and his three companions, as soon as they had eluded the pursuit of their tory enemies, came to a halt, to hold a short consultation as to where they would direct their course after this, unfortunate capture of all their troop. They at length came to the conclusion that they would go back to the house of Cleveland, and inform his wife of all that had happened, and then immediately after set out for the camp of Sumpter, and as soon as they could find him, give him that information which would enable him, if expeditious, to completely cut up and destroy Col. Bayley's command. Accordingly, they started on at a brisk trot, and soon after dark reached the abode of Nancy Cleveland.

She met them at the door, not a little surprised at their return. They related what had happened in as few words as possible, and stated then their intention of seeking out Sumpter.

"My husband a prisoner, and in the power of that ruthless tory, Colonel Bayley!" said Nancy, almost overwhelmed for a moment at this sudden and astounding intelligence.

"Yes, sister," answered Tommy; "and it is our desire to find Sumpter as soon as we are able; for if he has not heard of the tory's movements, or of his whereabouts, he will be glad to learn something which will give him a chance to meet him, and perhaps destroy his force, and rescue Rufus and the rest."

"Rufus must be rescued if possible, and without delay," said Nancy; "for the full wickedness the tory leader is capable of, we perhaps can scarcely imagine! Every moment that Rufus is in his power, is fraught with danger to him! You say Colonel Bayley was coming in this direction?"

"Yes," replied Tommy; "but if he has any intention of visiting you, he will not probably

come before some time to-morrow, but will encamp somewhere on the route to-night."

"We are not so sure of that, Tommy! He knows of your escape; and if he has any design upon me, he will be along to-night, knowing that otherwise your information might give me timely warning to leave."

"That is very true," said one of the men.

"And yet with the distance he had already travelled, it is very doubtful if he would try to reach here. Besides, he may not have thought we would come here at all," said Tommy.

"Did you intend setting out for Sumpter's camp to-night?" asked Nancy.

"Such was our intention," one of the troopers replied.

"What! as you are?"

"Yes," said Tommy.

"That will not do," said Nancy. "If you do not wait until morning, at all events you must have a larger number of men with you."

"But the worst of it is, where are we to get them?" inquired another one of the troopers.

"I will get them for you!" replied Nancy.

"You! How?" asked Tommy.

"There are some eight or ten men about the neighborhood here, whom I know are soon expecting to join either Marion or Sumpter; those will I get to accompany us to Sumpter's camp."

"Us?" interrogated Tommy Dexter.

"Ay, us!" responded Nancy. "My husband, above all things, must be rescued from the vile tory's power, and therefore I will accompany you, and, what is more, as your commander!"

"But, sister—" commenced Tommy.

"There! say no more, brother! I *will* go, armed and equipped, too! Go you, with the rest, into the house, and get yourselves something to eat. In the meantime I will saddle Black Fan, and go off for the men. Await my return, and keep a good lookout up the road!"

After a word or two more, Nancy started off for the stable, and Tommy and the three men entered the house. Arrived at the stable, Nancy hastily saddled Black Fan, mounted, and started off on her errand.

We will not follow her, but merely will state that an hour subsequently she returned with two men, both well mounted, and gave out that, ere break of day, five more would be at the house, armed, equipped, mounted, and ready.

"I am sorry that we are obliged to stay until morning," said one of the men.

"And so am I," said Tommy.

"And I," responded Nancy; "but as it is necessary, we will endeavor to improve the time by quick riding in the morning."

By the break of day nine more men had joined the six, including Tommy, at the house; and ere the sun's red disc had shown itself in the eastern horizon, they all started off for Sumpter's camp, with Nancy Cleveland as their captain. Over hill, and dale, and plain, along stony, muddy, broken roads, galloped this little band of patriots; and they probably had arrived within two miles of the tory encampment, when Tommy cried out that he would ride on ahead, as the tory camp could not be far away, and it would not do for them to be discovered. As soon as any sign of the tory camp could be perceived, they intended to strike into the woods to the left, and after having left the tories in the rear, again come into the same road they were now on.

Tommy, who had started on in advance, in a few minutes came galloping back, exclaiming:

"Into the woods! Into the woods! There is a small body of men coming forward—not more than a dozen in all. I think they are tories, and by getting into the thick part of the wood, we can surprise them, if we find they are."

The troop, by Nancy's orders, immediately entered the wood, and in less than quarter of an hour they could discern in the distance the detachment discovered by Tommy coming along. It was the body of twelve men sent out by Col. Bayley, under Sergeant Benson. In a little while they had come along so near, that they could be distinctly seen by the party in the wood.

"They are tories, and no mistake," said one of the men. "I can recognize their leader, that villain, Benson!"

"And no doubt they are sent forward on purpose to seize you," said Tommy, to his sister. "You know Bayley threatened to yet have you in his power."

"But they will soon find I am not so easily taken, if such is their wish," said our heroine. "Wait until they have arrived exactly in front of us," added she, perceiving that the man who had just spoken, was taking aim at Benson, "and then give them a full volley!"

"My shot is reserved for their leader, at any rate!" said the man. "It was him who sabered my brother at Rocky Mount, after he had cried for quarter."

"Now fire all at once!" cried Nancy Cleveland, "and then draw your swords and gallop out upon them!"

The fifteen guns blazed simultaneously, and the sergeant and three of his men fell from their saddles. Nancy and her men, with drawn swords, then galloped out and engaged the remainder. Scarcely two minutes had elapsed,

ere all the tories were *hors du combat*, save two, one of which was taken prisoner, while the other escaped.

Nancy's troop escaped uninjured, with the exception of one man slightly wounded. From the prisoner she learned that his followers and himself had been sent out by Col. Bayley to capture her, and bring her to him. He further told her that they were then scarcely two miles from the tory encampment, where her husband and his followers were retained as prisoners.

"Now," at length asked Nancy, of the tory, "can you tell me in what part of the country General Sumpter can be found?"

"I can, very nearly," said the tory. "He is encamped more than twenty-five miles from here, and ten miles or more further on than Monk's Corner."

"Have you learned how large a force he commands?"

"It is reported to be more than four hundred strong."

"I have a proposal to make. You are my prisoner. Guide me and my men safely to Sumpter's camp, and once there, you are free. Will you do it?"

"Yes," replied the tory.

"It is well," said Nancy; "but beware how you try to deceive me, or endeavor to lead me into your countrymen's hands. Your life shall pay the forfeit if you are treacherous!"

"You need not fear," the tory answered. "I have done my last fighting. Once free, and I return home."

"You will be at liberty. And now, my men, onward through the woods! We must ride swiftly in order to keep clear of Bayley's troops; for the tory who has fled will soon reach his camp and tell all, when, no doubt, a larger force will be despatched in pursuit of us."

Nancy's detachment, with the tory prisoner, rode swiftly away through the woods into another road, pursuing their way towards the camp of Sumpter. The tory kept his word, and about eight o'clock in the evening, brought them in near vicinity to Sumpter's camp. Nancy knew, although dark, that it was his camp, because her men had learned the fact at different places on the route.

"Now you are free," said Nancy, to the tory, as they all could see the glimmering of the lights within the camp.

The tory, uttering a few words of thanks, gave the rein to his horse, and rode quickly away.

The relief guard was just going its rounds, as Nancy and her men arrived upon the outskirts of the encampment.

"Who goes there?" cried one of the newly-posted sentinels.

"Friends to freedom and the colonies! Enemies to King George and his hireling myrmidons!" was the cry of Nancy Cleveland.

"Dismount, friends, and tell your business!"

The sergeant of the guard was summoned, to whom Nancy addressed herself, stating that she had come, with her followers, to join the brigade of General Sumpter; and that, as she had news of importance to communicate, she desired to be shown into the general's presence.

Her men entered the camp, where quarters were soon provided for them; and she, herself, was conducted into the general's marquee, where the general then was.

General Sumpter, who was seated at a table, writing, started slightly on his lady visitor's being ushered into his presence. And well he might, for the long ride she had taken, together with the skirmish and other excitements of the day, lent additional beauty to her handsome features; while the tightly-fitting habit she wore, the tasseled cap upon her head, and the simple white and blue scarf hanging across her shoulders, set off her form to its greatest advantage. Furthermore, a small sword hanging by her side, and a belt about her waist, in which were thrust two pistols, gave her an interesting appearance. Struck with admiration at the pleasing *tout ensemble* of Nancy, the general, however, immediately recovered his self-possession, and bringing forward a camp-chair, courteously asked her to be seated, further asking, to what he might attribute the honor of her visit at that time. She related to him, in brief, the capture of her husband and his men, and also the skirmish of the day in which she had herself been engaged; informing him, moreover, of the present situation of Col. Bayley, as far as she knew, as well as the number of men he had with him.

After half an hour's discourse, the general came to the conclusion that he would, for the time, give up the other intentions he had in view, and, on the morrow, accompanied by our heroine and her command, go in quest of the tory, Bayley. Nancy was much pleased at his decision, and at the promptness he promised to display, and left him with a light heart.

We will now return to the camp of Col. Bayley. The tory who had succeeded in escaping from the detachment of Nancy, soon reached his camp, and reported the unfortunate issue of the day's affair. The colonel was excessively chagrined at this ill news, and not a little surprised upon learning the heroic part taken by Cleveland's wife.

Thinking, however, that Nancy and her troop might be overtaken, he instantly despatched fifty men in pursuit. They returned before night, reporting that they had not seen anything of the "rebels," nor had they even obtained a clue as to where they had gone.

The colonel, therefore, was obliged to give up his hopes, for the present, regarding Nancy Cleveland; but declared his intention of leaving his present camping-ground, with all his command, the next day but one, with the view of looking up her place of retreat.

The news of Nancy's heroic conduct, and her participation in the attack and defeat of the tories sent to capture her, soon reached Lieutenant Cleveland, and was a source of as much joy to him, as it was of chagrin and anger to his tory enemy.

The whole of the next day was spent by the tories in making preparations for a grand banquet, to be given at the colonel's quarters that night, in honor of his thirty-fifth birthday, and to which all his officers and soldiers, as well as his prisoners, were invited.

Lieut. Cleveland, as well as his men, positively refused to accept the invitation given by the colonel, knowing that their acceptance only was desired, in order to subject them, through the evening, to the insult, the contumely, the ridicule of the whole regiment; unless he would order their handcuffs to be taken off, and the perfect freedom of their limbs to be given them. The lieutenant knew that Col. Bayley might oblige them to be present, and therefore did not wish to express his unwillingness if he granted this request; and his men, in all things, were governed by him.

The colonel finally acquiesced in this proposition, and when all was in readiness for the commencement of the banquet, their irons were knocked off, and they accompanied their guards to the large banquetting hall, in the house where the colonel held his quarters.

The evening entertainments were gotten up in a manner which did honor to the taste of the colonel, and nothing was wanting but "lovely woman's" presence to render the night joyous.

We will not speak of the bountiful provision made for a time of mirth, of jollity, or dwell upon the festive scenes of the evening; but will merely state that Cleveland and his men, as they had thought, were subjected during the evening to every species of insult.

It was near the midnight hour. The feast was over. The wine had been for some time freely circulating among the tories, though Cleveland and his men had drank but little.

Every minute the mirth of the former became more uproarious, the ribald jest and song creating an almost Babel-like confusion, and denoting the stimulating qualities of the ruby wine; and the prisoners, becoming more and more the subjects of unfeeling ridicule, of insulting innuendos, of blackguard jesting, the lieutenant at length expressed to Col. Bayley a wish that he and his men might be allowed to depart to their place of confinement.

"Depart! What! so soon?" was the reply of the colonel, who was already more than half drunk. "No, no, not yet, lieutenant! I am afraid you'll lose the best of the sport! Here's to your health, lieutenant," he added, pouring out a glass of wine. "By-the-by, my merry men, all, fill up your glasses! I have a toast to give."

The tories with one accord filled their glasses to the brim.

"Are you ready?" he cried.

"Ay, ay," was the response. "Give us the toast!"

"Here, then," said the colonel, "here's to the health of his Majesty, King George the Third, and all his loyal subjects! Destruction, ruin, death to the rebel Washington, the Continental Congress, and every rebellious colonist in the land!"

The burning blush of indignation appeared upon the face of the lieutenant at the utterance of this insulting toast. He could command himself no longer. Springing suddenly from his seat, he exclaimed:

"Dastard! coward! villain! dare you offer such an insult to me?" Then seizing the colonel's glass, as he was about raising it to his lips, he flung its contents full in his face.

Col. Bayley's features instantly assumed a livid hue; the boldness of the act completely sobering him.

"Rebel dog! what mean you?" he cried, as he started up, while the tories around the table, with their raised glasses, sat, for an instant, as though appalled.

"It means," was the exclamation of the lieutenant, dashing the emptied glass to the floor, and breaking it into a thousand pieces, "it means that thus I revenge your insult!"

"Your blood be upon your own head!" roared the colonel. "Seize him, my men! seize him!" he cried, fiercely.

"Let them come on! but you shall not live to rejoice in my capture!" And Cleveland springing forward, grasped him by the throat, and bore him backward to the floor, when the tories, springing up from the table, dragged him from

the colonel's body, and gave the latter, half suffocated, an opportunity to rise.

The men of Cleveland, ever prompt to act, upon the rising up of the tories, many of whom were laboring under the effects of the wine, sprang upon them, and each securing a weapon, began cutting away to the right and left with fatal effect. But the number of their enemies was too great for them to successfully contend with, and they were upon the point of yielding, when the successive reports of several volleys of musketry, and the loud clashing of swords without, causing a momentary cessation of hostilities within, told the tory colonel and his men that a new enemy was at hand. At that instant one of the guards rushed into the hall, proclaiming to the astonished tories, that they were completely surrounded by the brigade of Sumpter.

"Death and fury!" shouted the colonel, who had recovered from the effects of Cleveland's gripe. "Out again!" he cried to the guard, "and bid the men stand their ground! In a moment they shall have aid!"

About two-thirds of the tories were in the hall, the remainder being in care of the camp, or stationed as outposts. It was these latter who were attacked by Sumpter.

"Push forward to the entrance!" shouted the colonel. "Give them no quarter!" The men of Cleveland were crushed beneath the feet of the tories in their egress from the building; Cleveland being the only one who succeeded in escaping. "Shoot the rebel down, ere he escape!" cried the colonel, pointing to Cleveland. But before any one could obey the order, the whole body was thrown into confusion by a tremendous volley of bullets pouring into their midst.

Cleveland soon procured one of the tories' horses, and sought the scene of strife, which had now become general.

"Stand your ground, men!" shouted the colonel. "Forward! Cut them down!"

"Ha! the tory colonel!" cried the shrill voice of our heroine, who had come with the brigade, riding forward to where Sumpter was cheering on his men.

Col. Bayley and Cleveland both perceived her at the same instant, as she rushed forward with her drawn sword to engage the former.

"Nancy! my wife! by all that's good!" exclaimed Cleveland, as he rushed forward to aid her. At the same moment Nancy's pistol was discharged at the head of the British officer, who fell dead at her feet!

The rout of the tories was now complete, the victory gained, and honor was freely bestowed upon Cleveland's heroic wife.

LILLA BELL.

BY J. DAY BARROW.

Where the flowers were sweetly blooming,
And the butterfly was roaming;
And the golden sunlight fell,
Bathing valley, hill and dell,
Came Lilla Bell—sweet Lilla Bell.

Her graceful step was light and airy,
Her form was neat as fabled fairy;
And she glided o'er the mossy dell,
To find the flowers she loved so well—
Sweet Lilla Bell—bright Lilla Bell.

The winter came with snows and sleeting,
And chilling storms and rain-drops beating,
No more across the sunny hills.
Could Lilla roam—for she was ill?
Dear Lilla Bell—sweet Lilla Bell.

Spring came again with blooming flowers,
And birds sang in their leafy bowers;
And Lilla came again to meet them
But not with cheerful smiles to meet them—
Poor Lilla Bell—poor Lilla Bell.

Her step had lost its buoyant gladness,
Her eye was filled with pensive gladness;
Her form was bowed with heart-felt grief—
For her the spring brought no relief—
Poor Lilla Bell—dear Lilla Bell.

When the stars were brightly gleaming,
And the moon's pale light was beaming,
And dews of heavenly fragrance fell—
And sang the lonely whip-poor-will,
Came Lilla Bell—poor Lilla Bell.

Where the cypress boughs were bending,
On the bank was Lilla standing;
And with a shriek of wild despair,
Her sweet form cleft the yielding air—
Poor Lilla Bell—sweet Lilla Bell.

Where the golden fish were swimming—
Where the pearly shells were gleaming—
Where the rippling wavelets fell,
And beat the rocks with mournful knell—
Lay Lilla Bell—lost Lilla Bell.

JOE LATTIT'S DUEL.

BY WILLIAM F. FROST.

WHILE the old frigate Brandywine lay at Gibraltar, the American Consul, Mr. Sprague, came on board with a man who wished to join the ship, and, after some consultation said man was received by the captain as a sort of steward, he having agreed to work for his passage and board, and some slight consideration besides. His name was Joe Lattit, and he was a regular specimen of the strolling Yankee; but he dressed well, and was remarkably good looking, though

there was in his face a peculiar look which indicated that he preferred fun to sound sense, allowing, however, that the fun had some sense to it. The moment I placed my eyes upon the man, I knew I had seen him before, and when I had an opportunity to speak with him, I found that he had been a performer of legerdmain and ventriloquism in the United States, and there I had seen him. He had travelled through England, France, and a part of Spain with his implements of deception, and had just brought up at Gibraltar when our ship came in. He brought his whole kit on board in a large chest, which he got permission to stow in the bread-room, where it would be kept perfectly dry. He had quite a "pile" of money, which he placed in the purser's hands for safe keeping, but he would tell none of us how much. But he was liberal and open-hearted, and it was not long before the crew blessed the hour that brought him on board, for he was the very soul of wit and humor.

At length our ship went to Port Mahon, and here our Yankee tars were at home. One pleasant morning a party of us went on shore, and Joe Lattit was among our number. Joe was dressed in a perfect shore-going rig, and appeared a gentleman of consequence. Near the middle of the forenoon a few of us entered a cafe, and the only occupant, besides the keeper, was a Spanish officer, evidently an infantry captain, from his dress. We called for wine, and had it served upon a table next to the one at which the officer sat, Joe seating himself so that his back came against the back of the Spaniard; but he did not notice, when he sat down, how close he would be.

Our laugh and jest ran high, and just as Joe said something more than usually funny, he threw himself back, and thereby hit the Spaniard with such force as to cause him to spill a glass of wine upon his bosom. The fellow leaped to his feet, but before Joe could beg pardon for the unintentional mishap, he commenced a torrent of oath and invective, partly in Spanish, and partly in broken English. His language was so abusive that Joe's temper was up in a moment, and instead of asking pardon as he had intended, he surveyed the raving man from head to foot, and then said:

"Go on, sir. Your language is beautiful—very beautiful for a gentleman."

"Ah! you call me no genteelman, eh?" uttered the officer, in a towering passion.

"If I were going to call you, I should call you a jackass!" calmly and contemptuously uttered Joe.

"Aha a-ah!" half growled the Spaniard, roll-

ing his black eyes wildly and furiously. "Now, by Santa Marie, you shall answer for that. I am genteelman! But you—you—one leetle cursed puppy! Ah-a-a-ah! Now you shall fight!"

Joe would have laughed the matter off, but he found that the captain was determined to fight, and at length he resolved to accommodate him. The keeper of the cafe called me one side, and informed me that the officer was Captain Antonio Bizar, one of the most notorious duellists in the place,—that he was always quarrelsome when under the influence of liquor, and that his companions always left him alone, rather than have a fuss with him.

"Not five minutes before you came in," added the keeper, "four of his fellow officers left him, because they saw he was ripe for a fuss. So you had better get your friend away."

I pulled Joe away, and told him all that had just been told me, but he only smiled, and assured me that there was nothing to fear. I felt sure at once, from his very manner, that he had some safe fun in his head, and I let him go.

"My name is Joseph Lattit, sir,—a citizen of the United States, and general of the order of Sublime Darkness," said Joe, pompously, turning to the Spaniard. "Your name, sir?"

"Antonio Bizar, captain in Her Most Catholic Majesty's seventh regiment of Infantry. But your office, sir? I don't comprehend."

"O, you wouldn't know if I should tell you. I am simply general of a body of men who have sold themselves to the gentleman who burns sinners and heretics, down here." And Joe pointed most mysteriously down towards the floor as he spoke.

The Spaniard smiled a very bitter, sarcastic smile, and thereupon Joe took up two large knives which lay upon the bar, and tossed them, one after the other, down his throat, making several wry faces as they took their passage downward. The fellow had evidently never seen anything of the kind done before, for he was astounded.

"Now, sir," said Joe, making one or two more grimaces, as though he still felt the knives somewhere in the region of the diaphragm, "you will wait here until I go and bring my pistols, and you shall have satisfaction. Will you wait?"

"I can procure pistols," said the officer, forgetting his astonishment, and coming back to his anger.

"I shall fight with my own! If you are a gentleman you will wait here."

Joe turned to us and bade us wait for him.

"Here! here! O, *criez!*" cried the keeper, "where be mine knives?"

"I'll pay you for 'em when I come back," said Joe, and then he beckoned for me to come out. I did so, and he took the knives—one from his bosom, and the other from his sleeve—and told me to keep them until he returned.

It seems that Joe found a boat ready to take him off to the ship at once, for he was not gone over three quarters of an hour, and when he came back he had two superbly mounted pistols with him. He loaded them with powder in the presence of the Spaniard, and then handing him a ball, he asked him if he would mark it, so he would know it again. The fellow hesitated at first, but at length he took it, with a mad gesture, and bit it between his teeth.

"I shall know that," he said, unless it is battered against your bones."

"Now select your pistol," said Joe.

The man took them both and examined them, but he was satisfied that they were both alike, and both good, and he told Joe he had no choice. So our steward put the balls in, and rammed them carefully down.

The whole party now adjourned to a wide court, back of the cafe, where twelve paces were marked off, and then the combatants took their stations. I trembled for poor Joe, for I saw not yet how he would make fun of this.

"Count!" cried the Spaniard, impatiently.

"One—two—three!"

The captain fired first, and with a most deliberate aim. Joe fired into the air. Then the latter walked deliberately up to his antagonist, and taking a bullet from between his teeth, he handed it to him.

"You can use it next time!" said Joe.

The officer looked first at Joe's teeth, and then at the ball. It was surely the same one he had seen put into the pistol, and now he had seen his foeman take it from his mouth. He was unmistakably astounded.

"Come," cried Joe, "let's load again!"

"San Peblo!" exclaimed Bizar, "you use some—what you call him—some trick, eh? By San Jago, I shall load the pistol myself!"

"Do so," said Joe, calmly, and as he spoke he handed over his powder flask.

The Spaniard poured out an extra quantity of powder, and having poured it into the pistol, he called for the rammer. He then put in the same ball which he had used before. Meanwhile, Joe had been loading his own pistol.

"One moment," uttered Joe, reaching out his hand. "The caps are in the butt of your pistol. Let me get them."

The fellow passed over his pistol, but he kept his eyes upon it. Joe opened a little silver spring at the end of the butt, and true, there were some percussion caps there. He took out two, and having capped his own pistol, he gave it a toss into the air, catching it adroitly as it came down, and then handed back the other to the Spaniard. I had watched Joe most carefully, but I saw nothing out of the way,—and yet he had changed pistols with his foe!

"Now," said he, "I'll put a ball into my pistol, and then we'll be ready."

He slipped something in, which looked to me like a cartridge, but no one else saw it.

"Now," cried the Spaniard, "let's see you hold this in your mouth!"

Again they took their stations, and again they were ready.

"One—two—three!"

And the Spaniard fired first by aim, Joe firing into the air as before. And again Joe stepped forward and took the self-same bullet from his mouth and handed it to his antagonist! The fellow was completely dumfounded, and so were the rest.

"You no fire at me!" gasped the captain.

"I'll fire at you the next time!" said Joe, in a tone of thunder. "Thus far I have only shown you that powder and ball can have no effect on me. Twice have you fired at me, with as true a pistol as ever was made, and both times have I caught your ball between my teeth, while I have fired in the air. I meant that you should live long enough to know that for once in your life you had seen, if not the old fellow himself (pointing meaningly downward), at least one who is in his employ! The old gentleman will like the company of a Spanish captain of infantry, and I'll send you along! Come, load up again!"

But the astonished Spaniard did not seem inclined to do so. A man who swallowed carving-knives as he would sardines, and who caught pistol-balls between his teeth, was not exactly the man for him to deal with. While he was pondering upon what he had seen, Joe took a handful of bullets from his pocket, and began to toss them rapidly down his throat, and when these were gone, he picked up half a dozen good-sized stones, and sent them after the bullets!

"Holy Santa Marie!" ejaculated the Spaniard, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. "What a man! By my soul, 'tis the devil!"

And as he thus spoke he turned on his heel and hurried away from the place. After he was gone, Joe beckoned for me to give him the

knives. I did so, and then saw him slip them up his coat sleeves. When we returned to the cafe, he approached the keeper.

"You want your knives," he said.

But the poor fellow dared not speak. Joe put his hand to his right ear, and pulled one of the long knives out. Then from the left ear he drew the other one! The keeper crossed himself in terror, and shrank trembling away. But we finished our wine, and having paid for it, we turned to go.

"Here," said Joe, "I haven't paid for the use of the yard yet," and as he spoke he threw down a piece of silver upon the counter.

"No! no! no!" shrieked the poor fellow. "O, criez! don't leave your money here,—don't!"

Joe picked it up, and went away, laughing. When we were alone, he explained to me the secret of his pistols. They were a pair he had used in his legerdemain performances, and such as all wizards use who perform tricks of catching balls, etc. The main barrel of the pistol had no connection whatever with the nipple for the cap; but what appeared to be a socket for the rammer, was, in fact, a second barrel,—to be sure smaller than the other, but yet as large as the bore of any rifle-pistol,—and with this secret barrel the priming-tube connected. So the apparent barrel of the weapon might be filled with powder and balls, and no harm could be done. When Joe first returned with his pistols, of course he had both these secret bores loaded with blank charges, and then the other loading was for nothing but effect in appearance. At the second loading Joe had charged the secret barrel of his own pistol while the Spaniard had been filling up the main barrel of his. Then, of course, it became necessary to make an exchange, else Bizar would have never got his weapon off. As soon as Joe got the other pistol into his possession, and made the exchange which we spoke of at the time, he had only to press smartly upon a secret spring on the side of the stock, and he had the whole charge, which the other had put in, emptied into his hand. So he had the marked ball to dispose of as he chose.

Ever after that, while we remained in Mahon, Joe Lattit was an object of both curiosity and dread on shore, for an account, all colored to suit the exaggerated conceptions of the cafe keeper, had been spread over the city, and the pious Catholics there wanted nothing to do with such a man, only to be sure and keep on his good-humored side.

He who pays well is master of every man's purse.

THE PHANTOM PICTURE.

BY EVA MILFORD.

"No, it is useless to attempt it. I never can portray that vision of ideal loveliness that haunts my waking and sleeping moments; my lines are harsh and unmeaning, and I no more can reproduce that angelic face, than could I wake yon marble Venus to life and warmth."

And Arthur Carneby threw down palette and brushes, and flinging himself into a chair, gazed petulantly and despairingly upon the half-finished picture upon his easel. His reverie was interrupted by a knock at his door; flinging a cloth hastily over his canvass, he cried:

"Come in."

The door opened, and a handsome and fashionable looking young man made his appearance.

"Ah, Beauchamp, is it you?" said the painter, cordially, extending his hand.

"Yes, 'tis I, *in propria persona*, but what has happened to you? You look as pale and haggard as if you had seen a ghost; I see though," continued he, approaching the easel, "you have been riding your hobby-horse all night, and are tired out. What are you painting? May I see?"

And the young man placed his hand upon the cloth which concealed the picture.

"Stop! Not for the world would I have that picture seen by mortal eye. Pardon my vehemence," continued he, smiling at his friend's look of consternation, "but that picture is merely a miserable attempt to reproduce a face that I saw last night, and which has haunted me ever since, but my attempt is such a miserable travesty upon the original, that it would be but an insult to her to show it to any one."

"Who is the fair original?" inquired Beauchamp, with a suppressed smile at his friend's enthusiasm.

"That is what I would give half I possess to know. As I was strolling home last night from the opera with Mortimer, Lovell, Howard and one or two more, I saw at the window of a house in Curzon street, the kneeling form of a young girl gazing at the moon, which you remember was remarkably brilliant; her clasped hands rested on the window sill, her white shoulders gleamed bare in the soft light, her eyes were devoutly raised, and I even thought I could see the tears that glistened in their holy depths. It was a face which has realized to me the vague ideal of beauty, which is the impossible aim of the painter's every effort. To reproduce upon canvass that vision of beauty would make me, what I feel that I never can be—an artist."

"But I suppose you saw the number of the house," remarked his more prosaic friend, as the young aspirant's head sunk despondingly on his hand.

"No, I was so intent on preventing those men with me from seeing what I did, that I thought of nothing but attracting their attention to myself, and hurrying them along, for I

"Well, Carneby," resumed Beauchamp, after a pause, "if you can leave the contemplation of this ideal paragon for a while, please to read this note from my aunt, Mrs. Morely, who invites me to come down and make my usual visit at Morely Park, and to bring a companion with me. Will you come? There is nothing very exciting going on there, probably no company but ourselves, and no amusement but shooting, but it is necessary for me to keep in my aunt's good graces, for our family estate belongs at present to her, and she has the power of leaving it by will either to me or my Cousin Richard, who I do not think half so capable of bearing the mantle of the Beauchamp dignity as myself. The reason that I have selected you, *mon cher*, as my companion, that is if you are willing, is that we have down there a very fine gallery of family pictures, which will be quite at your disposal to contemplate, or to copy; my aunt is very fond both of art and artists, and I think you may while away a week or two very well there, and do me a favor by your company at the same time."

"Thank you, Beauchamp, I shall have great pleasure in accepting Mrs. Morely's invitation," said the young artist, but in such an abstracted manner that his friend thought it very doubtful whether he fully comprehended the words that he was speaking, so mentally resolving to write a note, reminding Carneby of his engagement, Beauchamp took his leave, and the artist relapsed into reverie and longing for power to reduce to reality the vision that haunted his imagination.

A few days after this interview, our two friends found themselves seated in one of the luxurious first class carriages of the northern express train, one of the stations of which was about five miles from Morely Park. Here they found a barouche waiting for them, and an elderly coachman who responded respectfully to George Beauchamp's kindly greeting, and who told them that Mrs. Morely was expecting them to dinner.

"We must hurry then," said the young man, glancing at his watch, "for it is six already, and I believe my aunt has dined at seven ever since I can remember; neither one minute later nor one minute earlier."

The two spirited horses swept over the ground,

in much less time than could be imagined by one unacquainted with English horses and English roads, and the young men were set down at the foot of the long flight of granite steps that gave access to the main entrance of the stately mansion of the Beauchamp family, in time to make a hurried toilette, and present themselves in the drawing-room some minutes before the appointed hour.

Here they found seated a stately and venerable woman of perhaps sixty years, who rose at their entrance, and to whom George Beauchamp, after imprinting an affectionate and respectful kiss upon the withered cheek offered to his salute, presented our artist, as :

"Mr. Carneby, my best friend, and a man who is only prevented by being born to a fortune from becoming one of the first artists of his day."

"And so you love painting, Mr. Carneby?" said the old lady, with a kind smile, extending her still white and shapely hand, on which glittered one or two rings of great value and rare beauty.

"I love it so well, madam, that I would willingly resign all those gifts of fortune to which your nephew has alluded, to pursue it uninterruptedly, but my father thinks the first duty of a landlord is to the happiness and improvement of his tenantry, of a magistrate to the county interests, and of an Englishman to the politics of his country; and as I am, or are to be all these, he looks with rather a cold eye upon my favorite pursuit. Beauchamp tells me," continued Arthur, gracefully turning the conversation from himself and his own merits, "that you own a large and fine gallery. I anticipate great pleasure in admiring the portraits of a family so celebrated for beauty as Beauchamp, especially when they have employed the pencils of all our more famous painters."

"I shall be most happy, I assure you, Mr. Carneby, if anything in our poor collection should meet your approbation," and as just then the gong sounded for dinner, Mrs. Morely rose and placed her hand on the proffered arm of Arthur Carneby.

The next morning on descending to the breakfast parlor, our artist was informed by his friend that their hostess never left her room before luncheon time, and that therefore he had the morning to himself. "As for me," continued he, "I am going to look after some partridges; will you come?"

"If you will excuse me, I should prefer to look at the pictures," said Arthur, with a smile.

"Ah—yes, I suppose so; I did not look to you for much companionship in gunning. Well,

come, and I will go with you to the gallery, but you must not expect me to stay for ciccone, when such a beautiful morning for shooting is gliding away; but come and let me introduce you. If you have a fancy for copying, you will find an easel, etc. there which were left by the person who has just been making a portrait of my aunt. So much I learned this morning from old Jenkins the butler, to whom I applied, knowing what your wants would be, even before you had framed the wish."

"Many thanks, *mon ami*, and as soon as I have swallowed this cup of coffee, I will accompany you."

After crossing the lofty and resounding hall, and mounting the magnificent oaken staircase, the young men traversed several long and intricate galleries until they arrived at an arched and carved door-way which was closed by two heavy damask curtains, whose dark crimson folds swept the floor. Beauchamp gaily pushed these apart, and entered, saying :

"I must take one peep in, just to see what sort of place this may be, for I really scarcely remember ever being in here. Old Jenkins said the easel was in a closet near the north door. I suppose that is it at the further end of the gallery," and the young man advanced down the lofty and somewhat dimly lighted apartment, followed by his friend, when the steps of the former were arrested by an exclamation of breathless wonder and incredulity.

"What is it?" said he, turning hastily round.

Arthur stood motionless, his face pale, his lips parted, and his distended eyes fixed upon the full length portrait of a lady before which he stood.

The picture represented a young girl of about sixteen, standing at an open window, her luxuriant hair of palest gold falling in loose ringlets about her shoulders which were bare, and her large, lustrous blue eyes raised with an expression of supplication to the sky. The painter had so skillfully managed the shadow thrown by the deep casement across her white drapery, that the idea of moonlight was immediately suggested to the spectator. One hand was raised, and convulsively pressed a crucifix to her breast, and the round full lips were slightly parted, as if the words of prayer were just issuing from them.

"That picture—tell me Beauchamp—who is it? where is she?"

"O yes, I remember that picture, beautiful, isn't it? She was the Lady Blanche Beauchamp, you know there is a title in the other branch of our family—she lived in the time of James the

Second, and was the only daughter of the family and idolized by her parents, who, however, had from her birth, destined her to a convent. She in the meantime, had fixed her affections on a young artist of poor parentage and no fortune, that was stopping at Belleterre, as the place was then called, to paint portraits of the family. Their love was discovered, and strongly excited the indignation of the father, who drove the painter from his house with bitter curses, and bade his daughter take her last look at the world, for her noviciate should commence immediately.

The lover had not left the neighborhood and spent the hours of darkness beneath his beloved's window, and the night before the solemn vows were to be pronounced, which would forever part them, he saw the Lady Blanche stand at her casement as here represented.

"He had the self-command to remain in the shadow of the trees, and contented himself with drinking in her beauty and stamping upon his memory every detail of her attitude afterward, to reproduce it as you here see.

"The Lady Blanche entered her convent and died within a month, nor did her lover live much longer; at his death this picture was found in his chamber carefully concealed by a curtain, and immediately was purchased by the too late repentant father. And it is a family tradition firmly believed by all the women of the family at least, that when the full moon shines brightly, the spirit of the Lady Blanche may often be met gliding along this gallery, where her interviews with her lover took place, or gazing from the window, as he saw her last."

Beauchamp paused, and turned toward his friend, wondering that he did not speak. Arthur had sunk upon a chair, his face was livid and convulsed, his teeth set, great drops of perspiration standing on his noble brow, and his whole manner and attitude expressing at once amazement and horror.

"Heavens, Carneby, what is the matter?" exclaimed the other, very much terrified.

"I have seen her—she is my fate—hers was the face—the form which so bewitched me in London. Beauchamp, I am bound to that woman, she has become a part of my being. Had she been mortal, I would have found her wherever she had hid, but now I feel that I am wedded to a spectre, for her's and none other's will I be to be my dying day."

The gay and volatile Beauchamp looked sorely puzzled, and sadly discomposed; this wild enthusiasm was something so foreign to his own placid and common-place temper, that he knew not whether to laugh at his friend's vagary, or to

go quietly and send for a doctor and a strait-waisted coat for him. So after a silence of several minutes he concluded not to attempt just then, at any rate, to reason with his friend, but simply said:

"Come, my dear fellow, you need some fresh air and exercise—let us go and take a long walk, or ride, if you like it better, and at dinner I hope to introduce you to my sister Alice, whom my aunt informs me is expected to-day, to come for a long visit. By the way," suddenly exclaimed Beauchamp, with a look of enlightenment and excessive amusement, but he immediately checked himself, and merely muttered: "I can find out by Alice."

So deep was the pre-occupation of the young artist, that he did not notice the somewhat peculiar behaviour of Beauchamp; he impatiently declined the invitation to walk, and asked for the easel, etc., which had been promised him. These were soon found in the designated closet, and with a feverish energy, Arthur proceeded to prepare a canvass on which to copy the portrait of the Lady Blanche.

Beauchamp watched him for a few minutes, and then, with a shrug of the shoulders and a smile of concentrated amusement and mischief, he stole away.

Arthur wrought on, perfectly oblivious of time and sound; he did not hear a heavy carriage drive up to the door, or his friend's voice mingled with a silvery girlish one, which joyfully greeted him. When the first bell for dinner sounded, his faithful valet was obliged to come and remind his master of the necessity of dressing, or our friend would have remained at his easel until the light failed him.

Mrs. Morley did not appear this evening in the drawing-room, but sent a message to the young men that she was suffering from a severe nervous attack, and should not leave her chamber that evening, and that Miss Alice Beauchamp who had arrived some hours previously would remain with them.

Mr. Beauchamp received this intelligence with resignation, and Arthur with an abstracted sense of relief, for he felt common conversation entirely beyond his power. This, his friend perceived, and their dinner passed in silence.

The evening was not very different, for although they attempted a game of chess, Carneby's pre-occupation so impaired his usual skill, that at the end of the first game his antagonist with a significant shrug, swept the men into their box and pushing a book toward the dreamer, he took one himself and both read in silence until the hour for retiring.

Arthur Carneby passed an almost sleepless night, and in the morning merely drinking a cup of strong coffee, took his way toward the picture gallery. As he entered the last gloomy corridor, leading to this apartment, he saw a female figure robed in white gliding alone before him; he followed, his heart beating thick and fast; at the curtained entrance to the gallery, the figure turned slowly round, disclosing to the horror-stricken youth the form and features of Lady Blanche. With a gesture at once inviting, and commanding him to follow, she then glided between the curtains. One moment the painter stood irresolute, then with a face pale as death itself, but with a firm step, he followed. A nameless impulse forbade him to glance at the picture till he had uncovered his own work, and prepared to commence it, then with a slow and painful effort the artist raised his eyes. There was the picture as he had first seen it, the massive frame resting on the floor, and beaming from within it the same angelic face; but as the painter gazed his hair stiffened with horror, and his blood seemed to become ice within his veins—the figure was a living one; perfect as had been the work of art at which he had gazed before, this was more perfect, the golden hair had a living lustre, the figure stood out from the dark background as no art could have represented it—the Lady Blanche herself had replaced the lifeless picture. As this conviction grew upon the mind of the artist, he seized palette and brush, and with an insane calmness proceeded to carefully and coolly put upon his canvass the form and figure before him.

The day passed on, many hours had elapsed since the artist had commenced his labors, when upon glancing at his model after long fixing his attention upon his own picture, Arthur saw at once that the living form had stiffened into the pictured one.

With a frantic exclamation of horror he threw down his pencil and rushed from the room. When Beauchamp returned from shooting, he found his friend's manner totally changed. From gloomy abstraction he had passed to wild hilarity. An acute observer would have detected something fearful in the vivid flash of the eye, in the burning color and noisy laugh of the excited young man; but Beauchamp was not an acute observer, and merely congratulated his friend upon being in better spirits. The ladies again excused themselves from appearing, and after dinner Beauchamp invited his friend to stroll with him upon the lawn, and enjoy the delicious moonlight. Arthur consented, and they walked for some time up and down the

beautiful avenue of lindens which led to the house. In one of their turns, Beauchamp exclaimed:

"How beautifully the moonlight falls upon the eastern turret; by the way, that was where the Lady Blanche's apartments were."

Arthur looked up, and saw the tower standing out in the fair light, and more, he saw an open window at which stood the now well known figure of the Lady Blanche. Her attitude was precisely that of the picture, as was dress and figure, to the minutest details.

Arthur said nothing although his grasp tightened painfully upon the arm of Beauchamp, who watched him furtively, and with a look of suppressed mirth.

After a long and eager gaze, Arthur uttered a deep groan, quitted his friend's arm, and darted away into the grove near which they walked; Beauchamp called after him, and went a short distance in the direction which Carneby had taken, but neither sight nor sound guided him upon his path, and in a short time Beauchamp returned to the house, but the great tower clock had struck twelve ere the wanderer returned, and then he went immediately to his room.

In the morning the excited painter once more sought the gallery. In the last corridor he was preceded as before by the white noiseless figure of the Lady Blanche. He entered the apartment, gazed long and wildly at the figure enclosed within the old oaken frame, then as the blue eyes of the vision were slowly turned upon him, he sprang forward with extended arms. His embrace closed upon empty space, and falling prostrate, his forehead struck with stunning force upon the frame, and Arthur knew no more.

When next he awakened to consciousness he found himself in bed, and so weak in body and mind that it struck no horror to his heart to see the pale face of the Lady Blanche bending over him, and to feel her cold fingers upon his brow. He could neither move nor speak, but he fixed his dark eyes so earnestly upon her, that blushing she drew back. Then the vision was replaced by the face of George Beauchamp, his merry countenance sobered into an expression of sorrow and anxiety. By his side stood a wise and grave-looking old man, who, placing his fingers upon the artist's pulse, and across his brow, said in a low voice: ●

"He will live."

Then a draught was held to his lips which he drank, and then sunk back in peaceful, healthy slumber.

So days and weeks passed, and Arthur Carneby slowly returned to health and strength. He

saw no more of the Lady Blanche, and gradually came to persuade himself that the whole was but a fiction of his fevered brain, induced by the mournful story which his friend had related to him. Yet, some incidents seemed so vivid in his remembrance, that he could hardly doubt their truth, and he resolved upon the very first opportunity, to apply to Beauchamp for an explanation of the mystery.

One delicious morning, our convalescent reclined upon a sofa, revolving this subject in his mind, when the door slowly opened and his friend entered. The face of Beauchamp wore a mingled expression of shame, sorrow and confusion, and his manner, usually so dashing and audacious, was now hesitating and almost timid.

"My dear fellow," said he, seating himself by Arthur's couch and warmly pressing his hand, "I have come to make a confession, and most heartily to beg your pardon. Don't speak; now that I have begun I want to go through with the miserable story, as fast as possible.

"You must know that the picture in the gallery of our ancestress, Lady Blanche Beauchamp, is also a striking likeness of my sister Alice, and she it was no doubt whom you saw looking from the window, that night in London. The idea never occurred to me, till I saw you so frantic at sight of the picture, and then I did not know certainly that Alice had been in Curzon street; but on inquiring, I found that coming up from my mother's place in the country, to visit her aunt, she stopped a few days with a friend, Mrs. Gray, who lives in the house which you noticed. Then my aunt's illness prevented your seeing Alice, and I could not resist the temptation to play upon you a trick. The picture has formerly been, by means of sundry springs and wheels, converted into a secret door, opening upon a passage constructed in the thickness of the wall, and leading to a hiding-place which has another private outlet. This secret was formerly confided to me by my aunt, in case she should die suddenly without being able to transmit it to any member of the family. I had almost forgotten the fact, until your raving about Lady Blanche suggested my trick. After an immense deal of teasing, I persuaded Alice to help me; she dressed herself in exact imitation of the picture and awaited you in the corridor; you saw and followed her. I stood in the secret passage, with the door rolled back. Alice stepped into her place, and I dropped a curtain behind her exactly the color of the background of the portrait. You painted away till poor Alice was so tired that she was ready to drop. I whispered to her to move silently away; she did so, and

I rolled the Lady Blanche back into position. In the evening, Alice by my direction, placed herself at the turret window, where you saw her. The next day we repeated the performance, but that gipsy Alice, meaning to undeceive you, turned her eyes full upon you. You darted forward and she backward, so you clasped empty air, and struck your head upon the frame. This, and your previous agitation, brought on a brain fever, for which I hold myself accountable. If you had died, dear Arthur, I should have looked upon myself as a murderer. As for Alice, she has really worried herself sick about it. She nursed you all the time you were delirious, although she has also been obliged to attend my aunt who has been quite sick, but is now better, and will be able to receive you in a few days. Of this affair my aunt knows nothing.

"And now, dear Carneby, that I have made you a full confession, tell me, can you forgive me, and again allow me to call you friend?"

"Yes, Beauchamp," said Arthur, extending his wasted hand. "I forgive you, but my sufferings entitle me to affix a condition to my forgiveness—"

"And that is—"

"That you never again play a practical joke upon any one."

"I promise willingly, and as Dr. Armstrong has said that you might leave your room to-day, will you not come to the boudoir where my sister awaits you, to ask a pardon also?"

Arthur joyfully assented, and was soon ushered into the presence of the fair Alice, who, pale and tearful, looked more than ever like her unfortunate ancestress.

"O, Mr. Carneby," said she, extending her hand; "Can you ever, ever forgive me?"

Arthur looked ardently and admiringly upon the lovely face upturned to his, until the pale cheeks were dyed with blushes, and he answered,

"Not unless you will promise to let me finish the portrait."

Assent to this was soon obtained, nor did the young painter think it necessary to preserve perfect silence during the sittings; what he said, I do not know; but by the time the picture was completed, the fair original had consented to become Mrs. Arthur Carneby, much to the approval both of her brother and her aunt, whose convalescent hours had been much amused by the conversation of her guest, and who had found in him so much to love and respect, that she gladly sanctioned his union with her favorite niece.

He that knows useful things, not he that knows many things, is the wise man.

SUMMER HOURS.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

It is the year's high noon,
The earth sweet incense yields,
And o'er the fresh green fields,
Bends the clear sky of June.
I leave the crowded streets,
The hum of busy life,
Its clamor and its strife,
To breathe thy perfumed sweets.

O rare and golden hours!
The birds' melodious song
Wavelike is borne along
Upon a strand of flowers.
I wander far away,
Where, through the forest trees,
Sports the cool summer breeze,
In wild and wanton play.

A patriarchal elm
Its stately front uprears,
Which twice a hundred years,
Has ruled this woodland realm.
I sit beneath its shade,
And watch with careless eye,
The brook that babbles by,
And cools the leafy glade.

In truth I wonder not
That in the ancient days
The temples of God's praise
Were mound and leafy grove.
The noblest ever planned
With quaint device and rare,
By man, can ill compare
With these from God's own hand.

Pilgrim with way-worn feet,
Who, treading life's dull round,
No true repose' hast found,
Come to this green retreat.
For bird, and flower, and tree,
Green fields and woodland wild,
Shall bear with voices mild,
Sweet messages to thee.

THE FIRST PATIENT.

BY WALTER GAYLORD.

THERE are events which make a lasting impression upon us. One of these I would attempt to narrate. From his boyhood I had been acquainted with Herbert Vaughan; he early gave indications of genius, and his father destined him to a professional life. He accordingly passed through his academical education, and was a brilliant scholar in the university where he graduated. The father of Herbert Vaughan was not a wealthy man, and it was only by making some surrenders of his own personal comforts that he

secured the means to defray his son's expenses while in college, it seeming not to have entered the good man's heart but with that outlay Herbert would be furnished with all requisite facilities to make his way in the world.

Not so thought the young man, for thus he reasoned. "What man can expect to attain eminence, or become distinguished in the medical faculty, unless he has travelled abroad? What student now-a-days but attends medical lectures in France, and daily visits the hospitals in Paris? And were not most of his associates determined to complete their medical studies in a foreign country?" Now to do this involved a sum of money which Mr. Vaughan senior knew not how to expend upon Herbert Vaughan junior, and had it not been that his mother so interposed and his sisters so entreated, promising to greatly reduce their annual allowance, that it might be bestowed upon their promising brother, Herbert Vaughan never could have visited Paris. As it was, he received a comfortable outfit, and set sail, in company with his associates, with a cheerful heart.

The prayers for his safety, and the anxieties in his behalf, were not realized by our young friend, any more than the difficulty of procuring his outfit; consequently, the sum thus passed in Herbert's treasury was prodigally expended, and upon his arrival in Paris he found himself obliged to take cheap lodgings, and afterwards to devise some means to replenish his purse. After he had lived upon his scanty resources for nearly half a year, the thought struck him that he might commence practising in a small way in his profession. He therefore informed a few of his American friends of his intentions, and solicited their attention to the fact. It is with regard to his first patient that we shall state the facts of the case as they actually occurred.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Murray, in Paris, was always accessible to Herbert Vaughan. They knew his parents, and he had letters to Mr. Murray, requesting them to exercise toward him a parental regard; but as the pride of the young man revolted at being thought poor, he concealed the fact, and substituted as a reason why he desired medical practice that he might be initiated in the elementary process abroad, rather than at home.

It so happened that Mr. Murray furnished Herbert with an opera ticket, which was good for every night's performance during the season. A "star" of great magnitude was now in the height of her fame. Herbert was passionately fond of music, and the fair enchantress completely fascinated him. He omitted every other

engagement, that he might always listen to her melodious notes. He had sometimes found himself more interested than was compatible with an attention to his studies, in devising means whereby he could obtain an introduction to her who so strangely haunted his day dreams, and he was not alone in his admiration, for every evening he saw the same faces who, with himself, listened to her with intense delight. There wanted now but three evenings more before her successful engagement would terminate, and "could she be re-engaged?" became a theme of absorbing interest. Rumor ran that her health was materially affected by such arduous labors, and a true sympathy ought to have ceased to clamor for her re-appearance under such bodily ailments; but public sentiment demands gratification, often at the expense of making a victim of the object of its adoration, and when the placards announced "Loretti was re-engaged," there was a spontaneous outburst of applause.

Herbert had now learned that Loretti made this sacrifice of herself on account of an invalid father and a sick mother, who depended solely upon this child of song for their support,—that she lived in comfortable, but by no means showy, quarters, and Herbert found himself sometimes walking past her hired apartment, looking with intense gaze upon the window panes, which gave no evidence of life therein.

Upon the second night of Loretti's engagement, just as the audience were in breathless transports as she sang the favorite echo song, the fair enchantress fell to the floor, apparently lifeless. "Is there a surgeon in this house?" rang the wild inquiry. In an instant of time, Herbert Vaughan was supporting Loretti as she gasped in agony. The curtain soon dropped, the manager announcing that Loretti had ruptured a blood-vessel, and would be conveyed to her lodgings, while a morning bulletin would satisfy the public concerning the issue of her disease. The curtain fell, and we will follow Herbert to the apartment of the songstress, where she was laid upon a bed, and carefully forbidden to utter a sentence to either of her attendants. Her father sat at her feet with a pallid countenance, watching intently the quick breathings of his child,—the mother was bolstered in a chair in a near apartment, full of maternal solicitude.

"How is the patient now?" was repeatedly asked, when her physician could give no answer, for there she lay, perfectly motionless, apparently in a quiet sleep, the effect of the opiate she had taken. Midnight and profound silence reigned around—the aged parents had retired—the breathing of the old nurse gradually grew

shorter and shorter, until she finally settled away in a slumber upon the cot on the floor. Herbert Vaughan was alone awake; he was just beginning to ponder over the strange affair which brought him here. He wiped the cold perspiration from his brow, and as he gazed upon his patient, so gentle was her breathing that he bent over her to ascertain if she were really alive. The jewelled coronet glittered still upon her brow, the diamond rings sparkled upon her white hand, the spangled slipper encased her tiny foot, and a white muslin frock enclosed her fair form. Not an article could be displaced, lest bleeding should again ensue. It was a strange night to Herbert Vaughan, yet he did not distrust his own ability to do all that was needful for the frail sufferer, and when morning dawned, and she awakened to the nature of her malady, he still sat by her bedside, urging the most profound quiet as her only restorative. He issued the bulletin, that "Loretti's case was now favorable, and provided entire quiet could be secured to her, her recovery might be anticipated." Herbert, who had sat up all night, regardless of everything which might have ministered to his own comfort, now gently withdrew a few paces from the bed of his patient, when suddenly she sprang to an upright position, and made an effort to rise. At first, all efforts to soothe her seemed unavailing, and both the nurse and himself found a hard task to prevent her from rushing from them to the floor, and it was only as another opiate was administered, and he gently quieted her half-conscious, half-frantic delirium, that she became again composed, and sank in a profound slumber.

Again her physician made an effort to leave her, promising only to go to his lodgings and procure his letters, take a cup of coffee, and return at the first practicable moment. The nurse was a faithful watcher, and attended by her father, Herbert stole out of the room, scarcely realizing how time had flown since he last entered this apartment.

Judge, then, of his astonishment when, as he entered his lodgings, a man was there sitting, writing a note at his desk, and apparently much agitated by some occurrence. Herbert bowed and saluted him,—it was returned with a solemn tone and sad expression. Presently the stranger eyed him attentively, and as if the conviction for the first time shot across his brain, said he:

"Are you Loretti's physician?"

"I am," was the quick reply.

"Can she be saved?"

"Only by unremitting exertions on behalf of her nurse and attendants. One act, a single

effort, a slight strain, a violent fit of coughing, and life would be extinct."

"How much of your time can you devote to Loretta's bedside?"

"Nearly the whole of the day, and a part of the night."

"Do you need any other medical advice?"

"Not at present."

"Then," said the stranger, "take this purse, and be unceasing in your efforts to restore your patient."

And so saying, he threw a large Spanish cloak about his person, and hurried out of the apartment and betook himself to a coach in waiting at the door.

Herbert opened the purse—it contained ten guineas! Yesterday he felt himself a poor, deserted, friendless man; to-day he was full of enthusiasm and nervous excitement, and at this moment was the possessor of ten guineas!

Faithful to his trust, he hurried back to his patient. Good heavens! writes her physician, she was sitting in a chair, endeavoring to comb her dishevelled hair by a mirror placed before her, when, faint with the effort, she dropped her hand, and again the blood streamed from her stomach, and we laid her upon her bed. As soon as it ceased to flow, in spite of all our entreaties, said she, "To-morrow night I shall appear at the theatre—I must—I shall," and when she swooned, it seemed as if her last gasp was indeed given; but by the aid of stimulants she again breathed, and sank into a profound slumber. "For hours," says her medical adviser, "I kept my station by her bedside, and while in my lonely reverie I pondered upon whom that stranger could be, who so unceremoniously thrust himself in my apartment, the recollection came to me that he left a note, which he desired me to present to Loretta when the state of her health would warrant reading it. The first pang of jealousy began to creep over me, and the first suspicion was awakened in my mind, that I, too, loved Loretta! I kept the note for two days, and having calmed my patient, I allowed her to converse but very sparingly, although I had a painful longing to tell her of the strange gentleman, and his acts toward me.

"My anxiety being a little quieted," continued Herbert, "I now left my patient for several hours, leaving strict charges with the nurse to obey orders. Again, when I returned at evening, I found the door of Loretta's apartment wide open. I went to the bed, it was tenantless! I looked upon the dressing-table, and empty jewelry boxes were displayed; a pair of silk hose

hung upon the chair, a slipper left here, and another there, a stray bow of ribbon, a nice dressing robe, all proclaimed my patient had indeed fled, and with her all her protectors! I sallied into her father's room—the mother was in the attitude of prayer, and seemed not to heed my entrance. I demanded where was Loretta?

"O," said she, 'she has gone to the opera,—it will be her last performance. Here is her explanation—she left the note upon the dressing-table.' I opened it and read:

"LORETTA,—Fail not to be present at the opera to-night. You will see the Spanish nobleman escort to the dress circle a fair Desdemona, to whom he has pledged his hand and heart. His pretended affection for you is spurious—he does not expect you to perform, and will have no fears of betrayal. Go, Loretta, if it be the last night your feet ever press those boards. Sing, if it be your last swanlike notes. Gaze at him, if it be your last look. Again I say, go.

"F——."

"How long has Loretta been gone?" I inquired, 'and who attended her?'

"The old lady seemed confused, but answered, 'She has been gone a full hour,—time passes slow, for I expect her to be brought back in a swoon every moment,—do stay, doctor, and be here to receive her,—she was attended by her father and nurse, and carried in their arms to the coach.'

"Gracious heavens! I involuntarily exclaimed, can I not now prevent her appearance on the stage by going to the rehearsal room, and foretelling her the inevitable doom which awaits her? And suiting my action to the word, behold me knocking for admission at the very door which Loretta had just entered. The manager met me with an ungracious look, as I inquired for Loretta.

"What name," inquired he, 'shall I announce to her?'

"Herbert Vaughan, her physician," I replied.

"Ah, sir, my orders are peremptory, should you call, not to give you audience.'

"But," I added, 'do you not know that you are risking the life of my patient by your permitting her to appear in public to-night?'

"I only know, sir, by her non-appearance I should lose an immense sum,' and thus saying, he closed the door.

"I rushed to the dress circle,—every seat was occupied,—in the stage box I saw the Spanish nobleman,—yes, my generous benefactor, and yet I looked upon him with suspicion; but that note, how it haunted me! And a lady sat be-

side him, richly attired, and possessed of a rare bouquet, whose fragrance diffused its sweetness many paces beyond her. Was she the nobleman's adored? I hoped so, and while pursuing my reverie the curtain rose, and amidst the most rapturous applause appeared Loretta!

"How deadly pale she looks," was whispered. I saw she cast her eyes toward the stage-box, and a tremulousness took hold of her. My eyes were rivetted, for every moment I expected her to sink upon the stage. How she managed to warble and trill, and sing so exquisitely, was to me a profound mystery. The first act was about to be ended, when the nobleman's lady threw her the bouquet, which fell at her feet. As she stooped to raise it, the curtain dropped. At the close of the second act, when the fair songstress was encored, and called upon again and again to repeat, the manager came forward and announced, 'that owing to a recent illness, Loretta found herself too exhausted to appear again that night.'

"The curtain dropped, and in silence, amidst a tumultuous rush of feeling, I prepared to leave. Thought I, if I step toward the rehearsal-door, I may find Loretta, and escort her home. I waited until the whole multitude had dispersed, and then my eyes beheld her supported by the Spanish gentleman, and led to his carriage to be conveyed thence. I made no effort to be seen, but wended my way to my lodgings, really hoping (may Heaven forgive me!) that I should be sent for that night to attend my patient. But no summons came, and as I was making my toilet with more scrupulous care than was my wont, a messenger tapped at my door and presented the following note:

"Will Dr. Vaughan be kind enough to call at Loretta's lodgings this day, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock?
L."

"I did so, and although my patient was pale and languid, and her breathing painfully oppressive, yet she made to me the following explanation:

"I feel it is your due, sir, to receive an account of the reasons which prompted me to pursue the strange course which I know you considered little less than suicidal in me, by appearing upon the stage, against your orders, with my exhausted powers to please the clamorous multitude. Your calm reasoning would have so appealed to my own sense of duty, that, had I seen you, I feared I should have been dissuaded from acting, and I gave positive command that you should be excluded from my presence. Now, sir, will you listen to my provo-

cation, and then may it palliate my seeming temerity.

"The Spanish gentleman who called upon you, made protestations of his love toward me, and so pursued the subject that I consented to become his forever. But he was not alone in his proposals; another, of fair name and princely inheritance, offered me his heart, and for a time my decision was uncertain; but over after my hand was pledged to the nobleman, the latter lover's revenge pursued me. He sent me anonymous letters, indicating how faithless was the heart to which I had attached myself; and finally, to show to me that he had not overstated facts in the case, he sent me the note which you read in my mother's presence.

"Had I died, I would have attested the truth of his being publicly seen at the opera with another, to whom he had pledged his affections. I made the effort, supported by my resolute will to do so; for a time my emotions were undefined—a dizziness came over me, a sickness succeeded,—but was I not there to redeem my promise to the gaping multitude? My courage revived,—I would show my betrothed lover that I could surmount the loss of so base a man. But I was cruelly suspicious; his heart was beating with strange emotions, too, for my treacherous lover, who enkindled my jealousy, had played a double part, and represented me as equally insincere to him as he had proved to me: A shadow came over his noble brow. Was I indeed perfidious? A note was forged, that I desired not to see him again! He would take his brother's bride, and listen once more to my strange songs. After the curtain dropped he would see me. A full explanation followed. We are still true lovers. Suffice it for me to add, in consideration of your kind attentions and medical skill, the nobleman has left with me twenty guineas for you, as a token of his satisfaction and gratitude.'

"My head was bewildered. Had I been dreaming? Why was I spell-bound? Did grateful emotions so overpower me, or was I yielding to a strange fascination, which I foresaw must be hopeless? I meditated. I could not leave my patient—she would need further attention—her pulse was tremulous—her voice was weak—she had bidden adieu to the stage forever. I prescribed a tonic, and promised to see her tomorrow, adding some feeble words of gratitude for such an unexpected testimonial of regard.

"I returned to my lodgings. My appetite had failed. I would sit for hours, thinking over Loretta's case, while, in truth, my own demanded

more attention. In the midst of my cogitations, my old friend, Mr. Murray, called to enquire for my welfare. A curiosity had seized him to know why I had omitted my daily visits upon them. I replied that my time had been occupied in attending the celebrated singer, Loretta.

"Is it possible?" inquired he, with great surprise. "Your fortune is made forever! I have heard of the judicious care of her medical attendant, but never dreamed it was you. Open an office directly."

"By slow degrees I recovered from the spell which bound me, but my heart received a wound from which it will never recover. My practice became extensive, but I never found another patient in whom I was equally interested. I continued to watch the movements of Loretta, until she was publicly married to the Spanish nobleman, and, for some reason which I leave others to explain, I have never since felt as happy as before that event.

"The nobleman took his bride to his own country,—her parents were removed to more eligible lodgings, and I availed myself of their removal to be the succeeding tenant. For months I lodged in the same room where I spent the first night with my lovely patient. How often imagination recalled that scene, and how often my slumbers were disturbed by brooding over that fortunate, or unfortunate, occurrence, will never be revealed. It was fortunate, as it regarded my pecuniary resources, for I have since discharged all my obligations to my relatives, and have risen in their regard, as a man of enterprise beyond their expectations. But then I am most unfortunate, for henceforth my way will be solitary, and whether in Europe or America, I shall die a bachelor, unless, by some interposition of Providence, Loretta becomes a widow, and I am again her medical adviser."

The event thus narrated was communicated by a correspondence, and as it was not urged upon me to keep it secret, I have thought the story possessed sufficient interest for me to bequeath it to others. In the words of Dr. Vaughan, "it was the only patient he ever attended, about whom a heart history could be written." We are taught the folly of placing our affections where they cannot be reciprocated—above all things, never to interfere with one who is betrothed to another.

It has long been stated in the newspapers, that a woman never looks so supremely ridiculous as when she attempts to smoke, to whistle, chase turkeys through the tall grass, or talk politics.

HOW MUCH TOBACCO IS USED.

The present annual production of tobacco, is estimated to be 4,000,000,000 pounds! This is all smoked, chewed or snuffed. Suppose it all made into cigars, one hundred to the pound, it would produce 400,000,000. Four hundred billions of cigars!

Allowing this tobacco, unmanufactured, to cost on the average ten cents a pound, and we have \$400,000,000 expended every year in producing a noxious, deleterious weed. At least one and a half times as much more is required to manufacture it into marketable form, and dispose of it to the consumer. At the very lowest estimate, then, the human family expend, *every year*, one thousand millions of dollars in the gratification of an acquired habit, or one dollar for every man, woman and child, upon the earth!

This sum would build two railroads around the earth, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars per mile, or sixteen railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It would build one hundred thousand churches, costing \$10,000 each; or half a million of school-houses, costing \$2000 each; or one million of dwellings, costing \$1000 each. It would employ one million of preachers, and one million of teachers, giving each a salary of \$500. It would support three and one-third millions of young men at college, giving each \$300 per annum for expenses. We leave others to fill out the picture. Is this annual outlay to increase or decrease in future? Reader, how much do you contribute to this fund?—*New York Leader*.

WHAT A BOOK SHOULD BE.

A book should be founded on good principles, and conform to good taste, to make it a proper inmate of the family. Playing at checkers, jumping the rope, or reciting the multiplication table, are much more useful employment than the perusal of trashy works of fiction. The standard books of the language are standard for a reason—they never violate common sense, nor mock at religion, nor trifle with the proprieties. How, then, can books which are weak in style, foolish in sentiment, and utterly without any guiding principle in the mind or the hand of the author, expect to claim the permanent respect of the world?—*N. Y. Sunday Times*.

A CONSCIENTIOUS DARKY.

An old farmer who feared neither God nor man, had hired a devout negro, and to get some Sunday work out of him, he would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday would put that point to the man's conscience. One morning, old Sambo proved refractory, he would "work no more on Sundays." The master then argued that it was "a case of necessity; that the Scriptures allowed a man to get out of a pit on the Sabbath day a beast that had fallen in." "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, "but not if he spend Saturday in digging de pit for de very purpose!"—*Olive Branch*.

One of our western editors, in giving an account of a tornado, heads it as follows: "Disgraceful Thunder Storm."

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

When on the long chaotic night
Came the words, "let there be light!"
Then light and beauty burst abroad
From the fingers of their God.
Day, with sunbeams on her breast,
Night, with stars and holy rest;
Solid land with teeming fruit,
And ocean in her sea-green suit.

And on us in that first hour,
God endowed a godlike power;
Power to will and power to do,
To create and to subdue.
And across the ocean's tide,
We proudly in our vessels ride;
And beneath the mountains gray,
We have made a great highway.

Come there failure or success,
Let us march in earnestness;
For naught can come amiss or wrong,
If the soul be true and strong.
Then let each mortal use his right,
And command "let there be light!"
For every soul hath more or less
Power to conquer, or to bless.

GRACE ASHLEY:

—OR,—

LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY KATE CLOUD.

It was June—bright, leafy, rosy June. Gaily peeped the sunlight through the folds of richly-wrought muslin and crimson damask that shaded the windows at Elmwood; glancing here and there upon the gorgeous flowers in the rich velvet carpet; glancing from mirror to gilded vase, now lighting up some rare old landscape, and now tinging with its ruddy beam some marble bust until it seemed to glow with life. Luxurious sofas and couches of crimson velvet were scattered in profusion about the room, which was still farther graced by the presence of three ladies on this bright morning—a pale, elegant-looking lady of middle age, and two beautiful daughters. Yes, they were both beautiful, yet differing as widely in their beauty as the lily and the rose. Edith was tall and queen-like, with raven hair, and brilliant eyes of the same hue; yet cold and glittering as the moonlit iceberg. Clara, as she sat upon a low ottoman, half shrouded in the snowy muslin curtain, her dress of pale blue silk mingling with its fleecy folds, looked more like some old picture of the angels than a living, loving girl, as she was. She was

bending over a book, with her cheek resting on a little dimpled hand, while her bright chestnut hair hung in long wavy curls over her snowy neck and arms.

"Mother, I wonder that you allow Clara to receive so much attention from Percival Delano. Surely, you would not suffer her to marry one so unworthy—a poor law student!" And the glorious eyes of Edith Livingston flashed as she looked contemptuously upon her sister Clara.

"I have not observed that he was particularly attentive to her, but I trust my Clara would have more regard for her station than to encourage his attentions," replied her mother, looking inquiringly at her.

"I shall never receive particular attentions from any gentleman without my dear mother's approval," replied Clara, raising her soft blue eyes to Edith's face; "but surely Percival Delano has never by word or manner led me to dream of such a thing."

"You cannot be so blind, Clara. Has he not constantly invited you to walk or ride with him every day since he arrived?"

Clara was about to make some very reasonable excuse, probably, when the door was suddenly opened, and little Grace Ashley rushed in, saying that Mr. Delano had just ordered his horse, and was going to B— immediately. The expression of surprise which this announcement caused, was followed by the entrance of that young gentleman. He appeared somewhat agitated as he bade them good morning, saying that he had just learned some intelligence which must hasten his departure from Elmwood. Mrs. Livingston observing that he was looking very pale, remarked that she hoped he had learned nothing of serious import.

"I can scarcely tell, madam; I trust not," replied he. "My information is quite accidental."

A sudden thought sent the blood from Clara's cheek. Could he have overheard the conversation of the last ten minutes? She feared so; and when Percival approached and took her hand, it trembled like an aspen leaf, and her face was pale as marble. He pressed it a moment in his own, and then bowing to each of the other ladies, sprang down the walk, vaulted into his saddle, and was gone.

And now, as he is galloping towards B—, we will take the opportunity to describe his appearance. He is rather tall, but very erect and finely proportioned. His hair is brown and curly, with a high, white forehead and clear blue eyes, in which there is just now an expression of determination almost amounting to fierceness. He had been spending a few weeks

at Elmwood before entering upon the duties of his profession. A distant connection in the two families opened to him the doors of the rich Livingstons, which had else been proudly closed upon the poor law student; and it was true, unfortunately for him, that he loved Clara with all the ardor of his enthusiastic nature, and fondly hoped at some future day to offer her a hand which she would be proud to accept. But until such time he had intended to keep his love a secret in his own breast, and he had no idea that his manner toward Clara had betrayed it, until he became aware of it by overhearing the scornful words of Edith. He had been strolling in the garden, and was about to toss a bunch of roses in at the window where Clara sat, when the voice of Edith attracted his attention. He did not wait to hear Clara reply, but clearing the garden wall at a bound, went to the stable, ordered his horse, and then entered the parlor to take his leave.

His excitement had not in the least subsided when he entered his little study in B—. It was a small, scantily-furnished room; but it had been his home through all his long course of study, and here he had nourished bright dreams of future greatness—dreams in which the desolation of this hour told him how largely his love of Clara had mingled. He sat down in his old place, and leaning his head upon his desk, attempted to arrange his plans for the future. The future! Alas! it seemed as if a tempest had swept over it, levelling all fairy palaces in the dust. It may seem strange that he should thus easily relinquish a passion which he had cherished from boyhood. But he knew, even if Clara loved him, that it would be useless to ask her to act in opposition to the wishes of her family; and his own soul revolted at the thought that they might attribute to him mercenary motives. No, he must tear from his breast the lovely image enshrined there, that had for years received his morning and evening devotions. He must work; but not here. He felt that his powers could never attain their full growth within the shadow of Elmwood.

Two years had elapsed, and Percival Delano was settled in a small inn, in the suburbs of London. He had travelled in many lands, until he longed for a quiet retreat. Wealth and splendor had no charms for him; his whole soul was absorbed in his studies.

Just at this time there was a great excitement in the political world. Some important changes in the government were in agitation, which had served to array two formidable parties against

each other. Delano had written several anonymous articles in favor of the new measures, which created a great sensation in both parties. So great had been the *furor* to know the author, that he had been induced by the publisher to write a stricture of considerable length, to which his own name was affixed.

It was late in the afternoon of a warm autumnal day, when he finished his article and sent it to the publisher. He felt wearied, for he had entered into this work with his whole soul; and taking his walking-stick strolled out for a walk. Taking the direction of — Bridge, as leading most directly to the green fields, he walked on. The early part of the day had been dark and showery, and though the clouds still hung overhead, yet there was a broad tract of golden sky in the west from which the setting sun gleamed through the dripping leaves, and lit up all nature into a melancholy smile. His thoughts wandered back to past scenes and early friends. He thought of Clara, but not with the warm, ardent love of other days. She seemed enclosed in a halo of angelic loveliness, and like some bright star looking down upon him with her soft smile.

He had turned aside into one of the cross roads that seemed to lead to some private residence, and seated himself upon a half-sunken stone by the wayside. The sun had set, and twilight began to gather around him, when the noise of carriage wheels roused him from his musings. It seemed to be the travelling carriage of some person of rank, and heavily loaded. The noise of its wheels upon the rough ground had scarcely died away, when two men started from a hedgerow by the roadside, and after talking together in a low tone a moment, followed the carriage with cautious steps. The report of a pistol shortly after, confirmed the suspicions of Delano that robbery was their intent; and hurrying forward he gained the spot unperceived by the ruffians in the deepening twilight. The pistol-shot had wounded the coachman, who lay on the ground groaning with pain. One of the robbers held the rearing horses, while the other held a pistol at the carriage door. It was the work of an instant for Delano, with one stroke of his walking-stick, to lay the ruffian at his feet; and giving the horses a quick stroke, they plunged madly on, leaving the other crushed into the dirt by the carriage wheels. By this time the first one had recovered from his fall, and raising his pistol aimed it at Delano's breast. The ball struck his arm, shattering it just above the elbow, and Delano fell fainting to the ground.

When he recovered his consciousness, he was lying on a richly-curtained bed in a large and sumptuously-furnished chamber. A soft, dreamy light pervaded the apartment, scarcely sufficient to reveal to his bewildered eye the objects about him. On attempting to rise, he found that his arm was bandaged and laid upon a pillow, and so painful that he was forced to lie down again with a deep groan.

"Ha! waking up, are you? Keep perfectly quiet, sir; keep perfectly quiet, while I prepare another opiate," said Dr. Gray, seating himself at a little table, covered with vials, glasses, and a formidable pile of linen bandages.

"Where am I? What ails my arm? Whose house is this?" asked Delano, in a breath.

"You are in the house of Sir Charles Ashley, sir, and better quarters you'll rarely find. I am Doctor Gray, and I have just extracted a bullet from your arm, which probably accounts for any little inconvenience you may find in moving it. If you have forgotten, I will remind you that you were foolish enough to attack two armed desperadoes, with only a stick to defend yourself. Ha! ha! a brave feat."

"Ah—yes, I remember; but what became of the carriage?" asked Delano.

"O, the carriage came directly home. It was Sir Charles's carriage, and Sir Charles was in it. I have forbidden it, or he would be here now overwhelming you with thanks, and all such nonsense, which might produce inflammation, you know. And now I will leave you to the care of good Mrs. Brownson for the rest of the night."

Delano took the sleep-giving dose from the hand of the nurse, and slept heavily till morning. He was awakened by the entrance of Dr. Gray, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, enveloped in a richly embroidered dressing-gown, and evidently an invalid. His thin gray hair was brushed back from a broad, white forehead, while a deep penetrating eye, and a peculiarly sweet expression, relieved the ghastly line of his sunken cheeks.

Sir Charles Ashley approached the bed where Delano lay, and taking his hand, said with much emotion:

"My dear sir, words cannot express the deep gratitude and admiration I feel for you. You have probably saved the life of a lonely old man, who has lived to bury all who were dear to him on earth, and who until last night thought that the capacity for loving was also dead within him. But when you were brought here, apparently lifeless, my heart yearned towards you, and I prayed that Heaven would spare you to be a friend and support in my declining age."

"It could hardly have fallen to the lot of one, sir," replied Delano, "to render you the little service which I have done, more ready to receive and reciprocate the friendship which you offer. I, too, am alone in the world, as it regards family connections; and all my friends—if, indeed, I have any—are in a distant land."

"You are an American, I presume?"

"I am, sir."

"Then, indeed, Heaven has sent you to me to fill the place of one who found his grave in your native land," said Sir Charles, pointing to the portrait of a handsome young man in the dress of a military officer.

"A relation of yours, sir?" inquired Delano.

"My only son; he was an officer in the 25th Regiment. It is some sixteen years since Captain Ashley's regiment was ordered to Canada. Shortly after his arrival, a malignant fever broke out among the soldiers, and he, together with a great number of his men, fell victims to its ravages."

"At what place did he die?"

"At —, near Montreal. He left a young wife; but I learned that she survived him but a few months."

"Ashley!" Delano mused. It struck him that he had seen a face which strongly resembled Capt. Ashley's at sometime in his life, but he could not remember when or where.

Delano recovered rapidly. In a few days he was able to descend to the library; there he was no longer conscious of his wound. It was an apartment fitted up with every conceivable convenience for leisure or study. The heavy mahogany shelves which traversed the walls on every side, were completely lined with books. A large glass door separated it from the conservatory, and thence opened in the garden.

Sir Charles was passionately fond of flowers, and for several years had devoted his attention to their cultivation. His garden was a perfect Eden. Cool, green arbors, fragrant with roses, and sweet smelling shrubs, over which the gadding vines ran in rich luxuriance, interspersed with sparkling fountains, with here and there a Cupid or a Psyche peeping out from some green retreat. The flower garden was enclosed by a wall of fragrant thorn, while beyond lay the smooth, green park, with frequent groups of lofty trees, whose graceful branches swept the ground. Sir Charles was never tired of wandering over the grounds with Delano, and pointing out to him the beauty of the scenery.

One morning, as Delano entered the library, he perceived a Boston paper lying upon the ta-

ble. It was dated some months previous ; but it was long since his eye had rested upon the familiar name, and he greeted it as an old friend. Scarcely had he unfolded it, and glanced over its pages, when by some fatality his eye rested upon these words :

“Died at Elmwood, on the 1st inst., Clara Livingston, youngest daughter of the late James Livingston, Esq.”

The paper fell from his hand, and leaning back in his chair, he groaned aloud.

From this hour a deep melancholy settled like a pall upon the mind of Delano, and cast its shadow over his face. He would wander alone, or sit in some retired place for hours, apparently in deep thought. Sir Charles observed his depression of spirits with sorrow. He attributed it to his retired manner of living, and earnestly besought him to go into society, now that his health was fully restored. He even proposed himself to enter once more the gay world, which for years he had deserted, for the purpose of introducing him to his most intimate friends.

Delano had no reasonable excuse to offer for not complying with the earnest entreaties of his proposed patron, and at length consented. A note was despatched to Lady Buckminster, a distinguished member of the literary ton, and formerly an intimate friend of Sir Charles, which was immediately answered with invitations to a reunion of choice spirits at her own house on the next evening.

The entrance of Sir Charles Ashley, leaning upon the arm of Delano, caused no small degree of pleasure in the circles of which he had once been a distinguished ornament. They were received by all with marked attention. But Delano could not account for the unusual stir which the announcement of his name seemed to create. Wherever he was presented, each one, after returning salutations, would immediately turn to their neighbors and whisper with earnest gestures. At length Lord Eldon approached him, and taking a pamphlet from his pocket, said :

“May I take the liberty, sir, of asking you if you are the author of this article ?”

Taking it, and looking at the title, Delano replied :

“I fear I must plead guilty, sir ; but I was ignorant that it had found its way to the public.”

“Then, sir, I congratulate you with all my heart. It is a work of which any man may well be proud.”

By this time a crowd had gathered around them, eagerly listening to the words of Lord Eldon ; and Delano found himself a lion before he was aware of it. He was congratulated on

every side by the leaders of the party, which was decidedly the popular one ; and ere the evening was spent, he had made appointments to dine with new-made friends for five or six ensuing days. Thus commenced his life in London.

Delano had now very little time in which to indulge his melancholy reflections. He had entered the whirlpool of fashionable life, and there was no escape. Month after month rolled away, and Sir Charles became more and more dependent upon him as his health declined. He could not ride into London unless Delano was by his side, or walk in his garden without his strong arm to lean upon. Meanwhile Delano devoted all his leisure moments to study and writing. He continued to write, not merely for literary fame, but for the love of it.

Looking over his cards of invitation one morning, he found one from Madam —, the lady of the American minister, which he resolved to accept. He went with the expectation of enjoying a social evening, and perhaps meeting with some friend from his native land. But he was not a little surprised, upon reaching the place designated, to be shown into a magnificently furnished house, which seemed to be in a perfect blaze of light, by a long retinue of servants dressed in the most showy and expensive liveries. Every appointment evinced the most lavish expenditure, and equalled in richness and splendor the dwellings of the highest peak of nobility.

Delano could hardly realize that he was in the house of the representative of republican America ; and he felt chagrined that the dignity of his country should be thus sacrificed to a foolish desire to ape the customs of English nobility. It was somewhat late when he arrived, and the rooms were densely crowded. There were lords and ladies glittering in jewels and robes of silken sheen, and the sweetest strains of music floated on the perfumed air.

As he entered, his eye rested upon a form, the sight of which thrilled him strangely. It was that of a young girl, apparently not more than sixteen. She was dressed in a robe of fine white silk, which hung in graceful folds about her slender form. Her soft brown hair hung in long wavy curls, and half concealed her face, which at that moment was turned, apparently in rapt attention, toward some person who was singing. Where had he seen that face ? And that form ; why did it remind him so visibly of Clara ? He stood riveted to the spot, in a reverie, until the music ceased ; and she turned towards him. Their eyes met, and a deep blush suffused her face, and a half smile played for a moment about

her lips. She seemed to recognize him, and he was forced to bow and approach her, although he was as much at a loss as ever by what name to address her.

"Mr. Delano," said she, with a bright smile, "do you not know me—little Grace Ashley,—whom you used to play with at Elmwood?"

It was now Delano's time to blush, and then turn as pale as marble. It seemed as if the mantle of his lost Clara had descended and rested upon Grace, so much did she resemble her in form and manner. Commanding himself with an effort, he said :

"Indeed, I had not anticipated such a pleasure this evening. But how should I know you? I left you a little girl, and now you are a tall young lady."

"But you did not suppose I was always going to remain a little girl, did you? It is four years since you left Elmwood."

"I know it is; but I should not have thought that four years could have made so great a change in any one. But how came you here? Where are your friends?"

"I came with Mrs. Livingston and Edith. They are in the next room. Shall we go to them?"

Delano drew her arm within his own, and made his way through the crowd with mingled emotions. Edith was standing in the midst of a circle of admirers, looking more beautiful than ever. She had heard much of Delano since their arrival in London, and was not ignorant of his position at Sir Charles Ashley's, and she was eager to recognize the slight connection in their families, and claim him as a relative. When, therefore her eye caught sight of Grace, leaning upon the arm of a tall, elegant-looking gentleman, she knew at once who it must be, and was prepared to greet him with her sweetest smile.

"Edith," said Grace, "will you allow me to introduce you to Mr. Delano?"

"Cousin Percival! is it possible that it is you? Indeed, I am delighted to meet you here; it is so refreshing to meet a well-known face in a foreign land; and that, too, a near friend."

"It is always pleasant to meet with friends, Miss Livingston, and especially so where we least expect to find them," he replied.

If he had a deeper meaning than was at first apparent, Edith was too much engrossed with her own thoughts to perceive it. Turning to her mother, who was seated behind her, she said :

"Mother, do you not remember cousin Percival Delano?"

It happened that Mrs. Livingston had just been inquiring of a distinguished gossip concerning Sir Charles Ashley. She had learned that he was immensely wealthy, without a living relative in the world; and that it was currently reported that Delano was his intended heir. She therefore recognized him without the least difficulty, and making room for him by her side, she said :

"I am indeed happy to meet you here; and trust you will have compassion on me, and sometimes relieve me of the necessity of constantly attending Edith; it has already nearly turned my poor republican head, this dissipation; and the season has just commenced."

"I shall be most happy to relieve you of your charges at any time," said Delano, glancing at Grace. "Do you propose spending the winter in London?"

"I shall leave that for Edith to decide. It is for her benefit that I have undertaken so formidable a tour."

A general movement towards the dancing saloon now left Delano alone beside Mrs. Livingston. He longed to ask concerning Clara, but he felt that this was not the place in which to linger over her sacred memory.

"Since Clara's death," continued she, "Edith has been quite depressed, and I hoped a change of scene might benefit her."

"Was Clara's death unexpected to you?" asked Delano.

"O, no. She faded away very slowly. At first she seemed to lose her interest in the world, and seemed to feel a conviction that she was hastening to the tomb; but looked forward to it as a place of rest. We sought every means in our power to dispel her melancholy, but it was all of no avail; she gradually slipped away from us, and after an illness of three years she died. It is now more than a year since her death, and we have been so entirely secluded, that I feared the effect upon Edith."

"She is fortunate in having Grace to supply in some measure the place of her sister," remarked Delano.

"Ah, yes; but Grace was never a favorite of Edith's. Clara was very strongly attached to her, and through all her sickness, Grace was her constant companion and confidant."

"Is not Grace a relative of yours? I have always seen her whenever I have visited at your house?"

"O, no; not a relative. She came to us when a mere infant, and our house has always been her home. She is an orphan. Her father was a very dear friend of my brother's, and dying,

left his wife to his care. She lived but a short time, and died, leaving a helpless infant. At the earnest entreaties of my brother, I undertook to rear her. Clara soon became tenderly attached to her, and Grace has received every advantage of education, as though she were our own. She has a fine voice and an exquisite ear for music. We intend, upon our return home, to let her exercise her talent in some capacity, for her own benefit."

"You will still keep her under your care, shall you not?" asked Delano.

"Perhaps so," replied Mrs. Livingston. "She is young to enter the world alone as yet; and she is quite useful to Edith."

The return of the dancers now put an end to the conversation. Delano proposed calling at Portman Square on the ensuing day, and taking them to see some of the wonders of London, to which they gladly assented. Soon after, Mrs. Livingston's carriage was announced as being ready, and they departed.

"Mother, why cannot Grace finish that piece of embroidery this morning, instead of going out with us?" said Edith. "I am really in want of that handkerchief, it is such a beautiful pattern."

"She can, to be sure," replied her mother. "I will send for her, and tell her."

Grace answered the summons.

"Grace," said Mrs. Livingston, "you do not care about going to ride this morning, do you? You must not expect to spend all your time. Edith wishes for that handkerchief very much, and it is not nearly done."

"O, I can finish that this evening very easily, after we return. I should, indeed, like to see London," said Grace, softly.

"But you will have other opportunities," said Edith. "Beside, Mr. Delano will not expect us all to go; there will not be room in the carriage."

Grace was busily working upon the much-desired handkerchief, and quietly seating herself, she wondered how Edith could contrive to fill a carriage with three persons. They had gone to prepare for the ride, and she was left alone. It was not the first time that her happiness had been sacrificed to Edith's selfishness; but she felt this keenly, and in spite of her efforts to choke them back, the tears rained down her cheeks, and fell upon her work. Her mind was filled with bitter thoughts, and she heeded not that the door bell had rung, and that Delano stood at the door, looking thoughtfully upon her. She was seated upon an ottoman in the recess of a large bay-window; the muslin curtains hung

in snowy clouds above her head; her soft brown hair fell round her neck and shoulders like a veil, as she bent over her work. He could scarcely believe that this was not Elmwood, and that the picture before him was not Clara as he last saw her. After observing her for a few minutes, he walked slowly up to her. Grace started and blushed deeply when she saw him. She feared that he would suspect the true cause of her tears, and she was ashamed to appear so childish.

"Will not Miss Ashley favor us with her company this morning?—or does she prefer to contemplate the beauties of her own creation?" said he, pointing to the delicate wreaths in her embroidery.

"O, no; thank you. I should be very glad to go, but it is not convenient this morning."

Delano glanced from her work to her tear-stained eyes, and guessed the truth. Turning impatiently, and walking to the window, he muttered: "Will Edith sacrifice another to her detestable pride!"

"I am disappointed that you cannot go," said he, returning and seating himself by her side. "I had promised myself the pleasure of pointing out to you some of the beauties of London this morning."

He spoke in a low, kind tone, which touched the spring of pent-up grief in her heart, and it burst forth in a torrent of tears. At that moment Mrs. Livingston and Edith returned, all equipped for the ride. An angry flush rose to Edith's face as she entered, but Delano hurried forward to prevent an explanation as to the cause of Grace's tears. Mrs. Livingston, however, lingered behind a moment, and said:

"Grace, how absurd you are. I'm ashamed of you."

Gradually her tears ceased to flow. Busily her fingers plied the needle; flowers, buds, leaves of forget-me-nots grew with astonishing rapidity on Edith's elegantly-wrought handkerchief. Now soft smiles steal over her face. How kindly he spoke, thought she. Was it pity, because she was a poor, dependent orphan? No, he had said that he was disappointed because she could not go. Would he—could he ever love her?—he, so noble, gifted, handsome. O, how she could love him if she dared! But Edith might love him, too; and she was so beautiful and dignified; and yet something told her that Edith, with all her proud beauty, could never please him.

Faster, faster flew the little fingers; brightly through the long silken curls bloomed the roses on her cheeks; one bud, one leaf, one flower

more, and now 'tis done. Grace springs from her low seat just as the carriage drives up.

"Returned so soon," murmured she; "and he is not coming in."

"Here are some flowers which Mr. Delano sent you to stop your crying, I suppose," said Mrs. Livingston, handing her a splendid bouquet.

"Grace," said Edith, unfolding the handkerchief which she had just laid on the table, "I hope in future you will work in your own room, unless you are sent for to come into the parlor. I was quite ashamed of you this morning."

"Mrs. Livingston sent for me, or I should not have been here," said Grace, coloring deeply. "O, how beautiful!" she could not help exclaiming, as she examined the flowers, and inhaled their delicious perfume. "I must put them in some water, and keep them as long as possible," thought she, as she passed out to go to her room.

There was a sudden paleness over Edith's face, as her eyes followed Grace; a trembling of the delicate nostrils, and an impatient stamp of the foot, as through her white lips hissed, "*to her!*"

Week after week glided by, and Delano was an almost daily visitor at Portman Square. Sometimes he brought bouquets of the choicest flowers, and sometimes baskets of the most delicious fruits, at the request of Sir Charles, to his American friends. Each time Edith's eye grew brighter; her step assumed a prouder air as she received them from his hands; and each time Grace blushed deeper as he pressed her hand at parting.

Sir Charles had often sent pressing invitations to Mrs. Livingston and the young ladies to visit Ashley Hall; and now, as they were getting tired of London excitement, she resolved to spend a week or two there before going to the continent. Edith, however, wished to remain in London until the last of the Almacks, which was to come off the ensuing week. It was to be the most brilliant party of the season, and Edith resolved not to be outshone in splendor. She resolved, too, that if by any plausible means she could prevent it, Grace should not go; not that she feared any rivalry in her ornaments—O, no, it was the entire absence of them, the simple, unaffected *naïveté* in Grace's manner, of which she particularly feared the power over one heart; that heart, it was her earnest, all absorbing desire to lay at her own feet.

Observing that Grace was preparing her simple dress for the evening, on the day of the party, Edith said, abruptly:

"Grace, you do not intend to appear in that dress at this party, I hope?"

"Yes, I think it is the prettiest one I have," said Grace.

"Then why, if you intended to go, did you not prepare yourself with something decent? I should be ashamed to acknowledge you as one of our party, so plainly dressed."

"O, you know I do not care so much for dress as you do; and I should scarcely expect to be noticed at all in so large and brilliant a party," answered Grace.

"I should think you would shrink from observation as much as possible, if you do go in such plight," replied Edith, tartly, as she passed out; and entering her mother's room, she said: "Mother, cannot you find some excuse for keeping Grace at home this evening? I have particular reasons for not wishing her to go."

After a few moments' reflection, Mrs. Livingston replied:

"Leave it all to me, my dear. I think it best she should *not* go to-night."

Edith retired to prepare herself for the party, with an exulting smile of pleasure wreathing her rosy lips.

Grace did not consider the plainness of her dress a sufficient inducement to remain at home, and went on preparing it without regarding Edith's advice. She had nearly completed her toilet; the soft, fleecy folds of her white muslin dress floated about her slender form like a cloud, revealing glimpses of a snowy neck and arms, over which her long bright curls were falling, one by one, as she twined them round her tiny fingers.

"Miss Grace," said Edith's dressing-maid, opening her door, "Mrs. Livingston wishes to see you in her own room."

"Tell her I will come in one moment," said Grace, fastening a bunch of moss rose-buds in her bosom.

Mrs. Livingston was leaning back in a soft velvet-cushioned chair, with her head resting upon one hand, while in the other she held a vinaigrette, as Grace entered.

"I'm sorry to deprive you of your anticipated pleasure," said she, faintly; "but my head aches so severely that I do not like to be left alone, and I cannot ask Edith to stay with me, she dotes so much upon this party."

"Is Jenny going with Edith this evening?" asked Grace.

"No. Jenny has been running of errands and working so busily all day for Edith, that she gave her permission to go out this evening before she knew of my indisposition; and I suppose she has gone."

"No, she has not gone," replied Grace; "but

I will not leave you, if you prefer that I should remain."

"Thank you. Just bring me some cold water and bathe my forehead, now. I shall retire soon, and then you can read or amuse yourself as you like."

Grace proceeded to do as she was desired, with a deep sigh, which was apparently unnoticed by Mrs. Livingston. Edith looked in a moment when she was ready. She had never appeared more beautiful; so thought her gratified mother—so thought Grace, sadly.

Her dress was of the richest white satin, with a deep flounce of point lace. Above, a narrower one was festooned on each side with bouquets of flowers; a bertha of the same rich lace fell from her graceful shoulders, and was also fastened with flowers. Her black, satin-like hair was slightly puffed and fastened in a Grecian knot behind her head; while her soft, white arms were clasped with bracelets, crusted with pearls and rubies. A splendid medallion of diamonds was suspended by a delicate gold chain round her slender throat, and rose and fell with every breath upon her snowy bosom. From the reflection of her own loveliness in her mirror, she had unconsciously assumed a gentler manner and sweet expression, which rendered her indeed radiantly beautiful.

"I hope you do not suffer much, mama," said she, softly.

"O, no; do not let it trouble you, my dear. I shall soon be better with Grace's nursing, I dare say."

Edith tripped lightly down stairs, and entered the carriage with a beating heart.

It was rather late when Grace had finished the last little act of kindness for Mrs. Livingston, and sat by her bedside until she had fallen into a quiet slumber. She felt too sad and lonely to read, and going down to the parlor she seated herself at the piano. She was passionately fond of music, and it had never failed to soothe her and charm away sad thoughts. She sang some soft plaintive airs until she became calm; then turning to a wild, thrilling ballad of a wandering minstrel girl in search of her parents, from whom she had been stolen when a child, she sang it with such power and feeling, that the tears were falling from her own eyes, when an exclamation behind her, made her start from her seat with a thrill of terror.

"Mr. Delano!—you here? I thought you were at the party. Edith depended upon meeting you. She is alone."

"I know it, Grace. I have been there, and will return in time to attend Edith home. But I

had something to say to you to-night, which I could not persuade myself to defer longer. Will you listen to me?" said he, stooping down and taking both her hands, and gently leading her to a seat. "I never understood my own heart so well as just now, when I exchanged the dazzling, bewildering scene which I have just left, for this peaceful quiet; and all those gay, brilliant world-worshippers for one gentle girl, whose sweet voice has filled my heart with rapture. No, Grace, I do not love the resorts of the gay world—I would rather spend my life away from all its excitements, in the midst of Nature's rural beauties, with one whose fond, loving voice should gladden me with its music. Say, Grace, will you be that one? Need I tell you how much I love you?" But Grace's face was buried in her hands, and the bright drops were gushing through her tiny fingers. If she had wept so a little while ago with sympathy for the poor wandering orphan-girl, she now wept with fullness of joy that she could make his happiness, that she could lay her head on that noble, manly heart, and say that its priceless wealth was hers. It was too great a joy, and she could only weep.

"I must ask you to make great sacrifices," he continued. "I have promised Sir Charles that I will never leave him, and in his feeble state of health I could not leave him, even to attend you, should you wish to return to America. Can you give up your friends, your home, and all, for me?"

"Most willingly," said Grace, looking up with tearful, joyful eyes.

Delano returned in season to lead Edith to the carriage, and accompany her home. They made arrangements to visit Ashley Hall on the ensuing day.

It was late when they assembled for breakfast on the next morning, and then the anxieties of preparation for their visit to Ashley so engrossed Mrs. Livingston's thoughts, that she did not observe the languid depression in Edith's manner, or the happiness which was glowing in every feature of Grace's expressive face. O, how her heart bounded as the carriage stopped at the door, and Delano, springing out, greeted her with a loving smile! It was a glorious day; and although the grass was dry as crisp on hill and meadow, and the trees stretched forth their leafless branches in the golden sunlight, yet to Grace's eye never was landscape more beautiful. And then at length they entered the long sweep which led in the form of a semi-circle from the main road to Ashley Hall, and thence into it again, Edith was as eager as any to catch the first view of the grand old edifice. From a cer-

tain turn in the road, the old Hall was seen to the best advantage, and Delano was anxious that Grace should receive the first impressions of her future home from this point. Accordingly, when they arrived there, he ordered the carriage to be stopped and turned round, so as to give the party a fair view. There it stood, towering up above the leafless trees; gray, quaint and picturesque enough to suit the most poetic imagination. Grace was in extacies. She had always a strong *penchant* for old, crumbling, ivy-wreathed castles and their mystic legends.

Sir Charles received them with that warm, graceful cordiality so characteristic of an English gentleman of the old school. Holding both of Grace's hands in his, and looking tenderly in her face, he said :

"Do you know, Miss Ashley, that you are my namesake? I must investigate your ancestry, and see if you are not a blossom on the same branch."

The tears came into her eyes as she thought how little she knew or could tell him of her parents or ancestors.

After a few hours spent in agreeable conversation, Delano proposed entertaining them with some of the beauties of the old Hall, to which they all delightedly assented.

Sir Charles was one of the few, so rarely to be met with, who had preserved to old age a love of the beautiful in all the delicacy and freshness of youth. Having nothing upon which to place his affections, it had been his delight to surround himself with the choicest specimens of art, in the shape of pictures, statuary, and gems in endless variety.

After passing through various apartments, each of which Grace thought more beautiful than the last, they entered the picture gallery. It was a long apartment, extending the entire length of the hall upon one side. The light was admitted at the top through delicately-stained glass, shedding a soft, rosy light over walls of gorgeous pictures in richly-gilded frames.

Grace had lingered behind the rest of the party to examine an exquisite piece of statuary. At length she entered; raising her eyes to the walls, they were instantly fastened upon a large, elegant portrait of a military officer. Suddenly her face became white as the little statuesque which she had just left. She stood for some minutes gazing with her clasped hands raised towards the picture; then tottering forward, with a faint cry, she fell to the floor.

"Grace! Grace! my dearest one, tell me what has so disturbed you?" said Percival,

raising her in his arms, and bearing her to a sofa. "Speak, my own beloved one," said he, unmindful of all those who had gathered round them. "Tell me what has caused this?"

Slowly Grace's large eyes opened again. "Tell me," asked she, "who is that?" pointing to the picture on which she had been gazing.

"'Tis my son, Captain Ashley," answered Sir Charles.

"And this is my father," said Grace, drawing from her bosom a small miniature, an exact counterpart of the portrait, and placing it in his hand.

"Where got you this—tell me?" asked Sir Charles, in a trembling voice. "Is it possible that he left a child, and I have been ignorant of it all these years?"

Mrs. Livingston proceeded to give him the history of Grace, adding: "This is, indeed, a picture of her father, which I received from my brother at the same time I received her, with the strict injunction to preserve it for her as her only inheritance."

"My child! My child!" said the old man, folding Grace in his arms, "why, O, why, have I not known this before? What years of anguish should I have been spared with you to have filled the void in my aching heart. These old eyes which had shed their last tears over lost ones, are dimmed with joy at finding a new treasure." Then holding her from him, and looking in her face with the tenderest interest, he said: "You are indeed, like my lost son. This then accounts for the deep interest I have felt in you from the first moment I saw you."

Grace was too much overcome to speak or manifest any emotion, excepting the look of deep, heartfelt gladness which was beaming in her moistened eyes.

"This happiness I owe to you, Delano," said Sir Charles; "you found my treasure, and brought her to my very arms; how shall I cancel all my debts to you?"

"Perhaps I shall claim your treasure myself, as my reward. Should I be presumptuous?"

"Ah, indeed, what says my Grace herself?" said he, looking down into her now glowing face. "If you have her approval, which I do not doubt, nothing would give me greater pleasure than thus to repay you, always remembering that you are never to desert your old friend."

While the events we have just related were transpiring, Edith had passed quietly out of the library, and meeting the housekeeper in the hall, requested to be shown to her dressing-room. Shutting the door, she clasped her hands wildly over her eyes as if to shut out some painful

vision, and threw herself upon a couch, with a low, bitter cry of agony. When an hour after, her mother entered the room, she lay in the same attitude, her face buried in the cushions.

"Edith, my dear, are you ill?" asked she, raising her head with gentle force; "it is time you were dressed for dinner."

"O mother, mother!" she moaned, "cannot we go away from this place? why did you come here? I cannot go down and meet them now—indeed, I cannot."

"My dear Edith, cannot you overcome this fancy? Think of your station, and let pride sustain you until we can leave without exciting remark."

"Alas, what is pride, station, when the heart is crushed! Grace, without either, has triumphed over me and blasted my happiness forever."

"Do not say so, you will soon forget this fancy when we are far away. No one suspects your feelings, I am confident; and you have only to appear calm and self-possessed, and all will be well."

After much persuasion and entreaty on the part of Mrs. Livingston, Edith finally succeeded in regaining her calmness so far as to appear at dinner. She was very pale and silent, but her mother excused it, attributing it to fatigue. And indeed, no apology was necessary; so interested and absorbed were all parties in their newly discovered connections, that they had no thought to spare upon the appearance of others.

After a week of misery which it was becoming more difficult for her to conceal, Edith insisted that they should return to London; but Percival and Grace were anxious that they should remain until after the wedding, for which an early day had been set. And Mrs. Livingston could not refuse Sir Charles's earnestest treaties that she would direct the preparations for Grace's marriage. As they must necessarily be much in London to complete these arrangements, Edith had sufficient excuse for no longer prolonging her visit at Ashley Hall.

At length all was completed, and amidst a brilliant party of friends assembled on the occasion, Grace, the poor dependent orphan, became the lady of Ashley Hall.

Once more returned to Elmwood, Edith sought in the most complete seclusion to hide her mortification from the world. And in the same scenes where a few years before, Clara, like a broken lily, had faded away, with the same deep and hopeless love buried in her heart, Edith lived, her life's happiness a sacrifice to her pride.

I SAT THINKING.

BY WAT MOTLEY.

I sat thinking—idly dreaming
Of the friends my heart once knew,
Till my fancy brought their beaming,
Laughing faces back to view.
Olden pleasures, scenes of childhood,
Passed before in shadowy train;
Till I roamed once more the wildwood,
And I was a boy again.

Back through years of sin and sorrow,
O'er bright hopes that could not last,
Till my heart did eager borrow
Sunlight from the buried past—
As these phantoms by me glided,
In the twilight dimly there,
I heard again the voice, that guided
Mine so oft in infant prayer.

Quickly turning, to be grasping
Her pure hand within my own,
Naught before me—nothing clasping
For the vision fair had flown.
O my mother, years may vanish,
Disappear in time's dark sea;
Naught of earthly grief can banish
Thy remembrance dear from me.

HITTIE LYON'S DEMONSTRATION.

BY ARTHUR LESLIE.

AMONG all the expedients which have at various times been adopted by wives to cure their husbands of fault, we know of none more pardonable than the one adopted by Hittie Lyon. Hittie was only twenty years old, and so gentle and mild was she that no one of her acquaintance ever dreamed that she could maintain for a moment any opposition to one whom she loved; and that she loved her husband truly and fondly everybody within ten miles of her home knew. Consequently the idea that she could ever hold out in opposing any fault of his seemed so absurd that nobody entertained it. But then George Lyon had no faults—at least, so thought most of his friends. He was not over four-and-twenty—a noble-hearted, honest youth—and had been in business just two years; and by his industry, perseverance, and rational frugality, he had already added much to the store his wealthy father had given him. But then he knew that his sweet wife had much to do with his prosperity, and this was one reason why his love grew stronger every day.

"George," said his wife, as they sat alone in their cozy sitting-room one evening, "you have but one fault that I could wish cured."

"Ah?" uttered the husband, raising his eyes in smiling surprise.

"One fault, George," resumed Hittie.

"I am all ears."

"You will continue to use those silly expletives—those meaningless by-words; and sometimes you let words slip from your tongue that come under the head of a worse denomination. Even in company, George, you let such words escape you."

"But, my watchful sprite, you would not curtail me of the luxury of a few simple *emphasizers*, would you?" And George laughed as he spoke.

"I would not deprive you of anything that could possibly add to your joy or comfort," replied Hittie, soberly.

"And I assure you, love, that these little expletives do add much to my comfort."

"Last night, George, you told Stickney, in the presence of quite a company, that it was '*devilish cold*'!"

"Ha, ha, ha—so I did; and now just tell me what other word could have fitted in there so nicely?"

"The state of the atmosphere last night might have been better explained by saying, it was quite cool. But very cold would convey all you could wish to mean."

"Pooh! Thunder! What's the use. Deuce take it—a fellow must have some liberty of tongue."

"But, surely, George, you do not realize how bad it sounds."

"But I tell you these little expletives are absolutely necessary to give ease to my meaning."

"But your profanity, George?"

"Now don't be silly, Hittie."

"Only answer me one question, and I won't trouble you any more," said the wife, while a curious light danced in her eyes.

"Go ahead."

"Do you really think that these vulgarisms—these by-words, and slang expletives, are useful? Do they make your speech easier?"

"Most surely they do."

"Then why mayn't I try it?"

"You?" uttered the young man, looking into his wife's pretty face, as though he wondered how such words could be possibly formed on such sweet lips.

"Yes; for I should really like to know how it is. I should dislike to be debarred from possessing any of the real facilities of conversation."

"O, go ahead. 'Pon my soul, I should laugh to hear you practise."

"Should you?"

"I should, by thunder!"

Hittie smiled, and then went and laid her infant into its cradle. The husband resumed his

paper, and when the conversation was taken up again it took another turn.

On the third evening from that, George Lyon and his wife made part of a bridal party. The assembly was numerous, and of choice spirits from the world of moderate, modest fashion. George was soon rattling away in his usual voluble style, and as Hittie passed near him she heard the odious expletives dropping from his lips in plenteous profusion. No common, lexicographic adjective would suit his purpose.

"Ah," cried Lionel Stickney, "here goes Hittie herself, and we'll appeal to her."

"What is it?" asked the young wife, stopping and facing the party with whom her husband was conversing. There were seven of them—young men—who did her reverence for her beauty and worth, and who envied George Lyon the prize he had gained.

George's eyes sparkled with a look of pride as he saw his companions gazing with true modest admiration upon his beautiful wife, and he moved back a little so that she might have more room. But she did not look upon him.

"What is it, Mr. Stickney?" she repeated, after a moment's hesitation.

"We were just discussing the comparative merits of Saratoga and Newport as summer resorts. Your husband says Saratoga is the most delightful—we say Newport. Now we want your opinion?"

For a moment there was a cloud upon Hittie's brow, and a slight tremor in her frame, as though she shrank from something she had either seen or heard—or, perhaps, from some image in her own mind. But she was soon calm again, and with a strange air she replied:

"Pooh! Newport is the best, by a *thundering sight*! Saratoga *can't hold a candle to it*! Give me the fresh sea-breeze for these *almighty* hot days in summer! Saratoga! Why, *deuce take it*, I wouldn't be hired to spend a season of hot weather there—no, not by a *jug full*!"

It was some moments before any one answered, for they were all confounded by this extraordinary speech. There were women who would not have surprised them by such a course of remark, but from gentle Hittie Lyon, it came like a thunder-bolt from the soft, cloudless twilight. Poor George was fairly astounded. He had heard females use such words before, and he remembered how he had despised them for it. But Stickney "smelt the truth" very quickly. There was something in the strange light of Hittie's eyes as she cast a quick, furtive glance at her husband, that opened the truth to his mind, and with a smile he said:

"Thank you, Mrs. Lyon. I knew your good sense would place you on our side."

"Of course," responded Hittie. "I like Newport the best—I do, *by the salvation of Israel!* (that was one of George's favorite expletives.) The cool sea-breeze comes with such a *deuced* fine effect. 'Tisn't at all like the confounded hot hole at Saratoga!"

With these words Hittie turned away, for she knew she could stand no longer such an ordeal.

Never was man more distressed than was poor George Lyon. He was pale and trembling, and he knew not what to say. Lionel Stickney was just turning away, and as the young husband saw the movement he caught him by the arm.

"Stop—stop, one moment!" he gasped. "By heav— No, I won't use that word; but you shall know the truth. You shall not go away with the impression that Hittie has become so—so—vulgar. She spoke those words for me—for me alone—to cure me of the same habit she would imitate. But if you love me, do not speak of it."

They all promised they would not, and George felt somewhat relieved. But he was not happy. The words he had heard from his wife's lips rang in his ears, and grated harshly upon his feelings. When he had become more calm he wondered if he ever used such language. At first it seemed impossible that he could ever have made such a fool of himself. But he was not long in arriving at the fact that he not only used just such words, but many a great deal worse.

A few hours later, and George Lyon and his wife were sitting in their own room. Not a word had yet been spoken by either since they left the party. Hittie was working with all her power to compose herself to speak, and at length she believed she had succeeded. She looked up into her husband's face and commenced:

"Well, George, I have tried your manner of expressing opinions, and I must say that I think it a very handy way of giving weight to—to—of giving—point—to—"

But she could not go on. She knew how deeply her husband had been wounded by her experiment, and she wished she had not tried it. She saw how grieved he looked now, and with one or two ineffectual attempts to proceed she gave up, and burst into tears. Her husband moved quickly to her side and placed his arm about her neck.

"O, forgive me!" she murmured. "Forgive me, George. I am sorry now I did it."

"But I am not sorry," cried the husband, moved more by this last proof of his wife's affection than by anything else. "I am not sorry,

for I know now how foolish I have been. I never realized before how such things sounded. Look up, Hittie, and when you hear me use these slang phrases and words again you may repeat your experiment."

"But your friends—"

"They know all, for I explained it to them; and be sure they honor you none the less for it."

So Hittie Lyon's eyes were soon dried, and she was happy as she could be. She had used her first and last slang expletives, and if the demonstration had cost her a few moments of pain and mortification, she was richly repaid for the ordeal, for never again did she hear her husband use those too common terms which are but a jar and discord in any decent conversation.

A RACE IN A CROWDED CITY.

A curious scene occurred in California a few weeks since. A large flock of very wild and dirty sheep were being landed from a coaster at one of the wharves. They had been shut up in the vessel's dark hold for more than two days previous, and their rejoicing at the light and fresh air, and their wonder at finding themselves transported to the crowded streets of a populous city, may be more easily imagined than described. Huddled together on the end of the wharf, they swayed to and fro, with their big eyes opened wide with astonishment. Finally, the father of the flock, a grim-looking, black old patriarch, of exceeding size and remarkable agility, led the way for a stampede, and charged with railway velocity down the wharf. The balance of the flock kept close at the heels of the "locomotive mutton," and away they went, leaping over everything which came in their path—barrels, boxes, bales, dogs and men. Such a race was never before seen in San Francisco; and all the time the old black ram, like a veritable imp of darkness, kept at their head, and led them on to bolder adventures and more daring deeds. It was not until they had made the tour of several streets that their masters succeeded in heading them off and placing an effectual restraint upon their buoyant spirits and agile limbs.—*Ledger*.

MRS. PARTINGTON.

"That's a homo pathic man," said Mrs. Partington to Ike in Faneuil Hall, at the celebration recently, as she pointed to a large and fine looking man standing near them. Ike did not wish to be interrupted just then, as he had his mouth full of pound cake and stewed oysters, and was ogling a pyramid of ice cream. "That's a homo pathic man," said she, "and how thankful we should be to Dr. Harnemann, that he invented the little pills, for what in heaven's name should we do if a doctor like that should give pills according to his size!" She stopped short, attracted by the mention of her name by a friend who wished to introduce her to a gentleman from the country, while Ike pursued his researches into the homœopathic viands, with two strong suspicions of oranges in his pockets, and three waiters watching him.—*Post*.

THAT SCHOOL-HOUSE ON THE HILL.

BY ALBERT O. CLOWNE.

Dost remember, dost remember,
That old school-house on the hill?
And the green sward gently sloping,
To the little sparkling rill
That went purling through the valley,
And the cooling forest shade,
Where, in hours of sunny childhood,
With glad beating hearts we strayed?

O the merry light of childhood,
That was beaming in each eye,
And the hours that fled noiseless
As a cloudlet in the sky—
Have they passed like some lone wanderer
To the valley of the tomb!
Or, like some sweet bud of promise,
Gone, are nurtured into bloom?

Can no echo of the absent
Wake some old familiar strain,
Or the music of those voices
Greet our hearts no more again?
Shall we look on that sweet spring-time,
As the morning of a day,
That flashed forth its sunny beauties
But to pass in gloom away?

Ah, how does my spirit linger
On those blessed moments now;
When a shadow o'er life's sunshine,
Flings its gloom upon my brow.
For I know what joys would cluster there,
How all my heart would thrill,
If our footsteps now were wending
To that school-house on the hill.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS FITZGERALD:

—OR, THE—

ROMANTIC GENTLEMAN.

BY WM. B. JOHNSTONE.

"LINDA SOMERSWORTH! A romantic name truly. If the bearer of it fulfils all my expectations, I shall be a happy man indeed. Linda Somersworth! beautiful, exquisitely so. I already imagine her a divinity," and the romantic Mr. Adolphus Gustavus Fitzgerald walked toward the small mirror his lodgings in the country inn afforded, and surveyed his really fine face with a degree of complacency rarely observable, adjusted the "hyacinthine locks" that shaded his brow, and stroked with much satisfaction the silken moustache that just served to conceal the finely-curved lip, and by its jetty hue render still whiter the regular and pearl-like teeth. Mr. Fitzgerald was an eminently handsome man. He had a tall, symmetrical figure, graceful carriage, and a magnificent bow (if there was any

fault, it was *too* magnificent). His features were regular, his eyes fine, black and brilliant, his complexion dark, almost to a foreign shade; his whiskers and moustache and glossy hair faultless in style, and his smile most irresistibly fascinating.

Joined to these outward attractions, he possessed a mind and heart naturally good, a nature of native nobleness, but he had had the misfortune to be the only child of very romantic people, and who in the fullness of sentimentality gave him his high-sounding name, and instilled into his young mind the conviction that he was born to be the hero of romance. Had he lived in the days of chivalry, he would have made a most gallant and devoted knight; as it was, he became merely an exquisite gentleman. He received a liberal education, travelled in Europe, and gathered much valuable information. He might have learned more had he possessed a smaller quantity of romance. When he returned to America, it was to find both parents deceased, and himself the adopted heir of a wealthy bachelor uncle.

This uncle was the very antipodes of his nephew. He was a most matter-of-fact personage, dwelt in an easy, comfortable style, in the mansion of his ancestors, and his greatest foible, perhaps, was his family pride. He turned to derision all his nephew's high-flown sentiments, interrupted his most exquisite wanderings to the "land of romance," and finally went so far as to actually propose that this same nephew should marry the daughter of a very wealthy farmer in Ohio.

Marry a farmer's daughter! The delightful, the exquisite Adolphus Gustavus Fitzgerald marry plain Elizabeth Jones, the daughter of farmer Jones, of Ohio! The thought was preposterous. But Uncle Tilden was inexorable.

"You haven't seen her yet," said he. "How do you know you will not like her?"

"But, uncle, her name!"

"A very good name. I wish yours was half as good. Your mother was foolish to give you such a nonsensical jingling of names. Better called you plain Jonas or Simon. But you need not say any more, only if you have lost your heart to any of the Matildas and Arabellas of your imagination, just summon it back again, for I'm determined upon your fancying Lizzie. When I'm resolved upon anything, I generally accomplish it."

Adolphus knew this, still his repugnance to Elizabeth Jones's name hourly increased.

"Lizzy is coming to New York with her father very soon, when I shall expect you to look

very favorably on her," said his uncle, leaving the room. Adolphus hummed an opera air, and mentally wished Lizzy Jones would stay content in Ohio.

The next day came a note, written on gilt-edged, perfumed paper, in an exquisitely fine hand, and directed to Mr. Adolphus Gustavus Fitzgerald. It was a few lines of highly wrought, romantic substance, requesting an interchange of sentiment, and signed Linda Somersworth.

Fitzgerald was in ecstasies. Now, indeed, had he found a kindred spirit, and the mystery of the affair enhanced its pleasure. He answered the missive as directed, earnestly imploring an interview. Anxiously he waited a reply. It came couched in the most elegant style, and bidding him seek the writer in the obscure village of C. This somewhat damped his ardor, for C— was reputed to be a very unpleasant, rustic place, and he had no mind to try its discomforts. But he reflected that all heroes of romance had been obliged to brave many troubles and changes, to seek their lady-loves, and this gave him courage.

The charming Linda had designated her residence at a cottage at some distance from the village. Thither, after the most elaborate preparations, he directed his steps. But he found the way much longer than he had anticipated, and to add to this, were the puzzlings and very equivocal directions of the villagers. Several times he lost his path, and by mistaking some cross roads came back to the same point from which he had diverged. Then there had been a rain the day before, which had not improved the walking by any means. It was nearly noon, when tired and heated by his long pedestrian excursion, his clothes in a rather unrepresentable condition from sundry splashes of mud, his highly polished boots ditto, and his hat somewhat the worse for its intimate encounter with the pendant branches of the trees under which he had passed, our hero presented himself at "Daisy Valley Cottage," and timidly rapped for admittance. While waiting for an answer to his summons, he took a cursory glance at the premises.

The building certainly *was* a cottage. Its color was deep brown with age, the casements high and narrow, the roof mossy as the roofs of all cottages should be. A green grass plat extended in front, gradually sloping to the roadside, from which it was separated by two or three poplar trees. In the rear were glimpses of a large, farmer-like barn, two or three apple trees, and what appeared to be a small enclosure answering to the name of kitchen garden. There

were no "lovely parterres," no weeping willows with pendant arms, no vine-wreathed porticoes with singing birds, no music of purling brooks or gushing fountains.

Poor Adolphus! He was sadly disconcerted. Had he been a school-boy he would have cried with vexation. But there was a lady, the romantic "Linda Somersworth," and the thought of her revived his drooping spirits. A young girl with red hair, great, staring blue eyes, and a face very much freckled, opened the door. With some trepidation our hero inquired for Miss Somersworth.

"Yes, sir," responded the girl, "I'll go tell her you've come. She's been 'xpecting you. I 'spose you're the gentleman; I'll go right off and tell her you've come," and the damsel was about fulfilling her words, leaving Adolphus standing upon the threshold, when a faint, lady-like voice was audible.

"Meldora, bid the gentleman enter."

"Walk right in, sir, right in this way," said Meldora, with an apologetic air; and Fitzgerald found himself ushered at once into the presence of "Miss Linda Somersworth."

The young lady reclined in the most graceful manner upon a lounge. She wore a robe of cerulean blue, the sleeves of which were loose and flowing, revealing a finely rounded arm and a very white hand. A mantle of some thin gauze material was flung carelessly over her shoulders, and her hair, which was very luxuriant, and glossy as the raven's wing, fell in unconfined wavy tresses to her waist. A small table with books and a guitar stood near. She arose on Fitzgerald's entrance, and came languidly forward, daintily extending her hand.

"Have you indeed come, my spirit's ideal in material semblance?" she exclaimed.

Had Fitzgerald been less romantic, he would have noticed the mischievous twinkle in her deep, blue eyes as she uttered these words. He would also, with his natural perception, have marked the singularity of her very dark yet florid complexion in contrast with their hue. But now he only bowed profoundly and pressed the lady's hand to his lips. She begged him to be seated, and then commenced a most elaborate and highly-wrought speech. He mentioned his delays and inconveniences on the way, as a sort of apology for his rather inelegant appearance.

"Ah, do not speak of such common-place things. Romance has no vocabulary for them. O, my dear friend, I cannot describe to you the indescribable rapture, the unspeakable bliss that fills my heart, when I feel that I behold in you one who can fully appreciate all the refined sen-

sibilities of my nature; one who can wander with me over the green spots of earth, and gather the few sweets that abide in this sublunary existence—those blest gifts which only the sensitively exalted can perceive.”

It would be useless to detail more of the lady's conversation. Fitzgerald had deemed himself, or rather had been deemed a very affable companion, one who had a ready flow of words and knew how to use them; but he was fairly non-plussed. He could find no response to the lady's high-flown remarks. At length he asked her to sing. She readily complied, and after a sort of wild prelude on the guitar, sang to a most *excruciating* melancholy strain, some long, barbarous words. He asked their meaning.

“It is the death song of the lovely Aspen Leaf, a beautiful Indian maiden who pined herself away for her faithless lover. Don't you think it enchanting?”

Fitzgerald was a young man of truth. He replied, however, that “not understanding the dialect, he could not tell.”

“Ah, but you must know by the music, it is so sweetly melancholy. I am in raptures with sorrow, particularly *heart* sorrow. How delightful it must have been for that Indian maiden to have died of grief.”

Fitzgerald was silent. The veil of romance was being removed from his eyes. His calmer, wiser thoughts were gaining ascendancy. He felt himself in a very ridiculous position, and heartily wished he was at home with his uncle. Elizabeth Jones's presence would be very tolerable. He was already concocting some plan of retreat, when the young lady called to Meldora, and requested some refreshments to be brought.

“I know of nothing so distressing as to be obliged to sit at table with a party of common persons,” said Miss Somersworth. “Sleeping and eating will do well enough for the masses, but for the refined few, much of these annoyances is really unendurable. To some degree, as being mortal, we must submit; but I endeavor to approach as near ethereality as possible.”

Meldora now entered bearing a small waiter, on which was a moss-basket of nuts, and a little goblet of honey. Her face wore the unmistakable evidence of a desire to laugh.

“Poor dinner for a gentleman that's walked three miles,” she murmured, as she deposited the waiter before Miss Somersworth.

“I pray you, Mr. Fitzgerald, taste these nuts. They were gathered I assure you, by my own hand, on the mossy turf 'neath yonder stately chestnut tree, and the honey is delicious. It reminds one of what the nectar of Olympian

Jove must have been. It is, ~~it is~~ *very*, found in a hollow oak tree, and no doubt the sweetness of the poetical thyme.”

The afternoon waned, and Fitzgerald rose to go. His decision was taken.

“When shall I be so happy as to see you again?” inquired the lady.

Fitzgerald made a low bow.

“Excuse me, lady,” he replied, “but I think of returning to the city to-morrow. Miss Somersworth,” he added, after a moment's hesitation, “I feel it a duty I owe you to speak plainly. For a long time I have labored under a kind of hallucination. I have looked at all things of reality through the web of romance and sickly sentimentality, and have sighed that my lot was not cast amid other than the calm and peaceful scenes of my life; but now the veil is removed, and I clearly see my folly. I thank you for this change, and I ask your forgiveness for the readiness with which I acceded to your sentiments. Pardon me, that I cannot respond to them now, and permit me with most earnest wishes for your welfare, and the hope that you can yet find one who is able fully to appreciate your merits, to bid you adieu.”

Fitzgerald did not wait for a reply. He thought the lady sank upon the lounge, but he looked not back, until some yards from the cottage.

Arrived at the village inn, he missed a diamond ring from his finger, and recollected handing it to the lady at her request, for inspection. He forgot to reclaim it. It was a valuable one, and he did not like to have its loss cap the climax to his ridiculous adventure.

Accordingly the next day he returned in quest of it. But the bird had flown, and all his inquiries elicited only ambiguous answers from Meldora. He returned to his uncle a wiser man.

He was too heartily ashamed of his adventure to explain it, but contented his uncle's inquiries by saying he had taken a trip into the country. But the old gentleman was not slow to observe the change in his nephew, and he made his own comments.

Toward the end of summer Mr. Jones and his daughter came to Uncle Tilden's. Elizabeth was a very pretty girl, and a good sensible one, too. She was not rustic, far from it; but she possessed a complete knowledge of domestic affairs—much to Uncle Tilden's delight—as well as French and music. The conclusion was that our hero really lost his heart, and found it only by the exchange of Lizzie's.

The day before their marriage, as they were sitting together in conversation, Fitzgerald recounted his adventure with “Miss Linda Somers-

words." He even told of the loss of the diamond ring, and indulged in some bitter suspicions as to the fair purloiner's real character.

"Will you forgive me, if I tell you that I know all about that affair, and that the lady is a dear friend of mine? I shall not let you indulge such thoughts of her."

"You know her, how?"

"Wait a moment, and I will explain," returned Lizzy, quickly leaving the room.

In a few moments a lady entered, could it be, "Linda Somersworth?" Fitzgerald started to his feet. But it was her—her azure robe and gossamer scarf and long tresses, only her complexion had wonderfully changed from a dark brunette to Lizzie's own glowing blonde. And Lizzie's voice it was, too, that now exclaimed: "Forgive me, dearest, the deception I have practised, but I knew you not then. It was only to oblige your uncle, and have a little sport myself; besides, I felt a little piqued at your slight of my name and rusticity as a farmer's daughter."

"It is all so," said Uncle Tilden, now entering, "and you must forgive her right speedily, 'Dolph. She taught you a good lesson though."

Adolphus kissed Lizzie's blushing cheeks, and that carried promise of pardon.

"But the dark complexion, Lizzie?" he said.

"That was effected by a very simple wash of roots and bark," said she, laughing, and removing the false tresses that concealed her own sunny curls. At the same time she drew the diamond ring from her finger and proffered it to Adolphus. It was placed back again, and we believe never elicited farther inquiry.

"And now," said Uncle Tilden, that Adolphus Gustavus Fitzgerald has become a wise man, I propose he be to-morrow united to Miss Elizabeth Jones in matrimony's bonds, and that the married pair make a wedding tour to Daisy Valley Cottage."

HINDOO GIRLS AND THEIR ORNAMENTS.

The Calcutta Englishman, in noticing Capt. Sherwill's Geographical and Statistical report of the District of Bhangelpoor, makes the following extracts: "At Sohannea, where there is a bungalow, I entered the market, at which there were several hundred men and women. It is really surprising to see the torture, for it can fall little short of such an infliction, the Southal women put themselves to in order to, as they imagine, adorn their bodies. Their arms, ankles and throats are each laden with brass or bell-metal ornaments. I had a quantity of these ornaments weighed, and found that the bracelets fluctuated from two to four pounds; the anklets four pounds each, and as a fully equipped belle carries two anklets, and perhaps twelve bracelets, and a necklace weighing a pound, the total

weight of ornaments carried on her person amounts to thirty-four pounds of bell metal—a greater weight than one of our drawing-room belles could well lift. Almost every woman in comfortable circumstances carries twelve pounds weight of brass ornaments upon her person." The *Englishman* adds: "It may seem absurdly foolish to us that pretty Southal girls should load themselves with brass ornaments, which it would be a punishment for a convict to wear; but the custom is not a more foolish one, in our opinion, than that by virtue of which young English ladies dance the Polka of May in India."

THE CALIFORNIA CONDOR.

The high mountains of California are frequented by a species of condor, which, although somewhat inferior in size to the condor of the Andes, is probably the largest bird to be found within the confines of the "Golden State." A full grown California condor measures upwards of thirteen feet from tip to tip of the wings, and when in its favorite element, the air, is as graceful and majestic as any bird in the world. They make their homes upon the ledges of lofty rocks, or in the old deserted nests of hawks and eagles, upon the upper branches of lofty trees. Their eggs are each about twelve ounces in weight, and are said to be excellent eating. The barrels of the wing-feathers of the condor are about four inches long, and three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and are used by the inhabitants of Northern Mexico to keep gold-dust in.—*San Francisco Herald*.

CHILDHOOD'S FAITH.

To the child everything is more real than to the man. But his timidity is equal to his audacity. Jack the Giant Killer assaults his nurse, but is afraid to go to bed in the dark. Audacity carries the day. It is because of their faith in everything that children are at once so audacious and so timid. Thus tenderness in criticism comes with years. The youth, fresh from his books, says, "Be good!" but the wiser elder says, "Be as good as you can." This is the splendid secret of youth, and the key to its career. Flouting experience, it says, "What is history to me, or I to history?" It goes out confidently with Beauty and Power. After a little while it says to Love, "What great hands you have?" who answers, "To hold the better!" to Beauty, "What great eyes you have?" who answers, "To see the better!" to Power, "What a great mouth!" who answers, "To swallow you up." In individuals, this passes away, but in a state it is hereditary.—*Curtis*.

BONNETS OFF THE HEAD.—The pretty little bonnets worn on the back of the head by ladies, originated, doubtless, in a generous desire to display the sunny faces of the ladies. But exposure to the full glare of sunlight causes contraction of the forehead, compression of the eyelids, distortion of the features, and produces permanent wrinkles and crow's-foot. Rather than have that result, let us go back to the sugar scoops.

DREAMINGS.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

When gentle sleep hath bound me
 Within its silken chain,
 No harsh impress of pain,
 Or sorrow, broodeth o'er me!

No agonizing voices
 Float out upon the air,
 But all is bright and fair,
 At which my soul rejoices.

Then riseth the ideal
 My heart hath cherished long,
 And with seraphic song
 To me, becomes the real.

No shadowy faces beaming
 In beauty evanescent—
 Beneath the silver crescent,
 With yearly lustre gleaming—

E'er mock me in my vision;
 But forms divine—immortal,
 Attend the golden portal,
 Which opens to fields elysian.

Again the vision changeth:
 And earthly scenes arise;
 Beneath soft rosy skies
 The unchained spirit rangeth,

Through fields of beauty wendeth;
 Where flowers of every hue,
 In rank luxuriance grow,
 And golden sunlight blendeth.

Thus, when sweet sleep hath bound me
 Within its silken chain,
 I live o'er scenes again,
 Which here below have charmed me.

TWO STRINGS TO A BOW.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

I HAD been all day reading a novel to my invalid brother. It was now in early twilight that I found myself seated by a window, looking towards the west, and watching the golden tinged clouds, which the setting sun had irradiated with such beauty that but one thought depressed me, and that was, my friend Maurice was not by my side to join in my enthusiastic delight. Why I should have desired his presence above all the many acquaintances to whom I was endeared, was a secret which I had not yet betrayed. I certainly had not known Maurice above a twelve-month, and I had not seen him above a dozen times in that period; for his visits to the Glen (which was the name of our home) had been mainly induced by business transactions with my father, yet it often oddly happened that the last train of cars had left before he closed

his engagement, and my father always urged it upon him to pass the night with me. An singular coincidence every evening was a pleasant one, and generally the moon was in her full splendor, the air was balmy, and Maurice would propose a walk, which my politeness and inclination both favored.

At first, we only rambled a short distance to the bridge to see the cascade; but by degrees, as we became more acquainted, we extended our walks until we travelled, not so very far, but so very slow, that my father expressed some solicitude about us on our return; but Maurice always seemed desirous of making good the time he had given to me by being extremely agreeable to my parents on his return. Evidently they thought him a most fascinating young man; I need not tell what I thought.

At length the business transactions were closed, and there seemed no call for Maurice again to appear among us. He did not seem to grieve over the fact, but as he shook hands and bade us his farewell, he whispered in my ear, "If I should send you a letter, will you promise a reply?" I answered, somewhat ironically, "that will depend upon the contents of your epistle." "Very good," replied Maurice, and he again bowed his adieu.

How often, during the next fortnight, did I send to the post-office to inquire for a letter, and among the many packages addressed to my father, how eagerly I watched the opening of every one, thinking some one might be endorsed for myself. Two weeks had now passed, and I had held many a lonely reverie with myself whether Maurice really meant as he said, and if so, what would he dictate—was he really interested in my welfare, or had I any positive assurance that I was cared for? After many fruitless attempts to make out my own case just as it really stood with myself, Mr. Haynes, a student in my father's office, one day called me to his desk, and, as he began to look over his pile of letters, "here," said he, "is one in which mention is made of you, Bertha; just read the closing sentences." Why did I tremble so? How I hoped the student would not notice the pallor that came over my countenance as I read:

"Joel, you may say to Bertha, that I have been absent for the last few days, but that I am by no means unmindful of the last whisper I breathed in her ear. The image of that pleasant home is often before me; but I must be faithful to duty, and, if it were possible, I would marry two or three young ladies, for I scarcely know which I prefer."

"O, nonsense," replied Bertha, and so saying, she left the office, but not the thoughts which these sentences had enkindled. She took a long walk by the banks of the river, and there she conceived the plan of addressing Maurice before he should write her, and tell him at once that she refused any correspondence. She did not feel all was quite right—she was not quite sure he loved her only for the hour to flirt with, and now he was tampering with her affections, she would break the tie before it would require a greater effort to sunder it. Full of this determination, she returned home to execute her intentions; but just as she reached the threshold, the penny post produced a letter addressed to Bertha. It was the bold, graceful chirography of Maurice. Seizing it with haste, she rushed to her chamber, and quickly thrust it open. What a long document, thought Bertha. As she is reading, let us transcribe some of it, which she afterwards showed to us:

"MY DEAR GIRL,—I have tried to dictate a letter to you without a word of *love* in it. I did not mean to make a declaration in my first epistle; but when a subject is paramount in your thoughts, absorbing every other sentiment, how can you suppress it? Bertha, your intellectual culture, your calm reasoning, your agreeable conversation, in those long evening rambles, have left an impress upon my heart that time will never efface.

"I know I am unworthy of your regard; but you can, at least for the present, make me your *particular friend*. Think of me daily; confer with me upon all subjects, so that our intimacy may be yet more strengthened, even by absence. If you have a tender regard for me, you need not fear to declare it; every such declaration is kept by me as a profound secret. Write to me by returning mail, and believe me truly your

"MAURICE."

While Bertha was perusing this letter, another arrived from her old school companion, Sophia Newcombe. It relates so much to our narrative, that we must be pardoned for inserting it entire:

"MY DEAR BERTHA,—You know we promised to tell each other every thing, especially all our heart histories. Well, I have something rich to communicate at this time. Bertha, I have had *almost*, but not *quite*, an offer of marriage. My admirer is one of the most fascinating men you ever saw; he is tall, elegantly formed, of a fine, intellectual countenance, and overflowing with a merry heart. He has been out here upon some law business, and I was in-

troduced to him by the merest accident in the world; yet when I next met him, he recognized me at once, and as he was walking the same street, he went by my side, and I assure you, my vanity was a little raised by the attention. We next met in company; he attended me home, and during the court session, we became very intimately acquainted. I will not tell you his name, as I want you to see him for yourself.

"We correspond weekly, and I only regret that I did not better improve my time when at school in learning the art of letter writing, for he is really so full of rhetorical flourishes, and dashes on with such fine thoughts, that I am ashamed of those I send in return. Now, I wish you to come and make me a visit. I have fixed the time for the twenty-second of the month. You must obtain your parents' permission to accept the invitation.

"Truly, S. NEWCOMBE."

"What a singular coincidence is here," thought Bertha, as she threw down the letter, "that both of us should *almost* receive an offer of marriage at the same time."

Bertha read Maurice's letter for the fifth time! She did not believe Sophia Newcombe's admirer was half so gentlemanly and cultivated as hers; she thought how she would like to have it *accidentally* happen for her to go to her friend's upon a visit and then to have Maurice call upon her—they would compare notes then to some advantage. She had quite forgotten the resolution she formed two hours ago to abandon reciprocating thoughts by a correspondence. She had done Maurice injustice, for had he not been gone, and as soon as he returned, did he not promptly perform his engagement to write? He was an elegant young man, she never cared for one before, and surely, at sixteen it was not so very early to have one's affections enlisted. Aunt Patty was married at her age, and why should her parents be so full of cautiousness about her inquiring Maurice's character, before she wrote to him? At any rate, she would answer this letter, if no more.

And Bertha had no peace of mind until she made an effort to do so. But what should she say? that was a vexed question; so she concluded it should be non-committal, and she would advert to the past—their pleasant rambles—and the loneliness which his absence had occasioned her; and although she had the most resolute intention of concealing her personal interest in him, yet any slight knowledge of human nature would have betrayed the fact. Bertha was frank, open-hearted, and pure-minded—she

loved Maurice; she knew she did, or she would not think of him continually; and although she thought she had wonderfully concealed the fact, yet her parents knew it as well as she did.

The invitation from Miss Newcombe much pleased Bertha's parents, for they hoped a change of scene would dissipate her thoughts, and by mingling in other society, Maurice would become secondary in her esteem. There was no way, however, she could delicately allude to meeting Maurice at Mr. Newcombe's, and as it would be a rash act to invite him merely to show her model beau to Sophia, and contrast him with her's, she abandoned it at once, and did not announce to Maurice that she should leave home at all, as she expected to be absent but a few days.

How singularly events frequently occur which sometimes make us believe a kind Providence so overrules our plans that we shall find our very defeats are our greatest blessings. No sooner had Bertha announced her intention to accept Sophia's invitation, than Sophia thus addressed the gentleman who had *almost*, but not *quite*, offered her his hand in marriage:

"DEAR MAURICE,—I am about receiving a visit from one of my dearest friends. She is a lovely girl, and one I know in whom you will be interested, on my account, if no other. I will introduce her by name when you arrive. Do not fail to be with us on the evening of the twenty-third of the month. My friend arrives on the previous day. S. N."

The two friends met on the precise day as agreed; but the privacy of confidential disclosures was prevented by the presence of a very prim and stiff cousin of Sophia's, who would attend them wherever they went. At night, even,—that hallowed season, when so many love tales are breathed into listening ears,—the wakeful cousin was an effectual preventive to all free communication. Bertha only knew Sophia expected her lover the next evening, and so quietly was the thing managed, that Maurice's visit appeared altogether as an accidental affair.

At length the evening came, and with it, in the last train of cars, Maurice Wendell might have been seen threading his way to Mr. Newcombe's residence! Both Sophia and Bertha sat at the window as he approached. They looked at him and at each other. Maurice entered the sitting-room and there met Bertha! At first, his speech was stammering, and a great confusion was apparent in his manner. He however rallied, and finding himself in an uncomfortable condition, proposed a walk with the young ladies! Bertha

knew not whether she were in the body or out of it. How Maurice came there, very slowly dawned upon her mind, and when she found he was the identical beau about whom Sophia had written, the very personification of a male flirt, whom she had read about in novels, rose before her. He was an adept in the business of entrapping female hearts, or he would never have recovered his usual air and manner so suddenly. And here were two young, inexperienced hearts, wholly devoid of suspicion, upon whom the foul stain of enlisting both their affections was chargeable upon Maurice Wendell! His explanations were far from satisfactory to either of the young ladies; both felt how indiscreetly they had acted in keeping the gentleman's overtures such a profound secret. But the archer lost his mark. He found himself not only defeated, but so completely chagrined, that to get another, where he had pursued the same course, in order not to become a perfect by-word of reproach, he made good his promises, and eventually married her. The wife to this day knows not how narrowly she escaped, although such a mortification rested upon Maurice, that from the hour he left Bertha and Sophia, we never heard of any more besieged hearts, but the one to whom he pledged himself in wedlock.

Bertha thus concludes her account: "I never hear of a clandestine correspondence, I never see two lovers stealing out by moonlight against their parents' knowledge, I never hear of a singular interview, but I remember Maurice Wendell. We used to remark (Sophia and myself) that Maurice had two strings to his bow and lost them both. This visit to Mr. Newcombe's I considered the most fortunate one in my life—the stiff cousin that prevented an earlier disclosure of the secret made the real revelation more salutary. We never again entrusted our affections but where we knew the character of the person prevented such an issue; and we have both married sensible, intelligent men, who have a perfect horror of male coquetry."

RELIGIOUS.—The number of religious sects in the United States is twenty, without counting the Chinese Buddhists in California, or sundry minor Christian denominations. The whole number of edifices of worship is about thirty-six thousand, capable of accommodating fourteen millions of people. The total value of the church property held by these twenty denominations is nearly ninety millions of dollars. The average value of each church and its appurtenances is twenty-four hundred dollars.

MEMORY'S VISIONS.

BY ALEXANDER KNIGHT.

Memory awake! unope thy hidden store!
 Recall to view the faded days of yore!
 Let treasured thoughts appear before the mind,
 That I may find

In fancy's dreams, the happiness that's past,
 In fleeting moments far too sweet to last.

Ambition, Fame, have held their potent sway,
 And o'er my pathway shed a fitful ray;
 Yet as the rainbow in the vault o'erhead,
 Those visions fled—
 And left the heart, amid the deepening gloom,
 To mourn its idols perished in the tomb.

Not thus with Love—for deep within the soul,
 With mighty power, defying all control,
 That spirit reigns supreme—mid storm and calm,
 Still offering balm.
 To cheer the wanderer, to ease his pain,
 And guide his footsteps o'er life's dreary plain.

Though youth and innocence have long since flown,
 And care and trouble claim me for their own—
 Yet, mid the scenes of deep and heartfelt woe,
 With passion's glow—
 Appears—by faithful recollection led,
 The love once borne the absent, and the dead.

Yet mourn I not—for though the gloomy grave
 Hath cast its shadow o'er the fair and brave,
 Hope, with its ever deep and magic power,
 Proclaims the hour,
 When kindred spirits, never more to roam,
 Shall meet as angels in a happier home.

Life's evanescent joys no more can charm,
 Or stir within my bosom feelings warm;
 Death, with her panoply and sable pall,
 Conquereth all.
 Then welcome be the hour, and glad the day,
 That bears my soul from earthly cares away.

DON GARCIA PEREZ:

—OR,—

THE RESCUED PLEDGE.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

STANDING at the window of a lofty castle overlooking the plains of Granada, were two Spanish maidens, Inez and Zerfea, daughters of Don Pedro Savedra. Very beautiful were both, and Inez, the eldest, would have been called the fairest, was it not for the want of something gentle in her face which Zerfea possessed. When the large black eyes of Inez gazed full on you, there was a fierceness discoverable in their depths wholly startling and unfeminine. The gaze of both girls was fixed intently on the plains of Granada beneath and beyond them, which were

dotted with the white tents of Ferdinand's army. Out from the castle gate rode two knights and their esquires. Zerfea was leaning against the stone casement, but Inez stood within the shadow of the wall.

"See, Inez!" exclaimed the lovely Zerfea, and her eyes looked soft and bright. "See, Inez, Don Garcia Perez is looking upward, and seems as if he would fain wave you one mere farewell. Will you only come forward and give him one more token?"

"Cease, child," petulantly replied Inez, drawing still farther back into the shadow.

"Sister, please give him one more farewell. Remember he goes forth to no tilt or tournament, but to battle. He is your betrothed," urged young Zerfea.

Her sister's only reply was, to quickly and rather rudely draw Zerfea back from the window to her side.

"Have you no sense, Zerfea? Know you not he might think it was me gazing after him so anxiously?"

"I care not if he did. Gladly would I have him think so, if he would be happier," and Zerfea would have freed herself from her sister's grasp, and resumed her station at the window.

"You had much better have been his betrothed, than I, you take such a deep interest in his happiness," sneered the haughty Inez.

She knew not the bitter pang her careless words gave her gentle sister. She knew not that Zerfea loved Don Garcia and watched him with a throbbing heart depart for the battle field. Keeping the same positions, they both watched the brave Don Garcia Perez ride on. Before reaching the plains the knights were obliged to pass through a strip of forest. Gallantly the little party rode onward, their armor glittering in the sun. Inez, with either pretended or real indifference, was turning away, when an exclamation of terror burst from Zerfea.

"Great God, preserve him! Inez, Inez, from the wood has dashed a band of Moors."

With terror-dilated eyes, Zerfea stretched herself forward. Quickly Inez returned to the window, and with beating hearts they watched the unequal fray, seven Moors against four Christian knights. Don Garcia turned calmly to his esquires who bore his helmet at his saddle-bow, for the day was warm and he cared not to burden his horse with the heavy steel till needful. Quietly he placed it on his head, closed his visor, and awaited the approach of the enemy. Onward at full speed, lances in rest, came the Moors.

"O, Inez, he is lost!" exclaimed Zerfea, for at the charge of the Moors, Don Garcia's com-

panion knight and esquire wheeled their horses and fled. At the first charge, Don Garcia's trusty servant fell, and he was left alone to do battle against the seven Moors. Again and again they charged, and at each encounter a horse fled riderless into the wood or across the plain. One Moor alone remained. Each lacked his steed, paused, then with the speed of the wind rushed upon the other. A cloud of dust hid the encounter from the anxious eyes of the two maidens. When that had cleared away Don Garcia Perez was seen riding slowly towards the castle, and no Moor was seen. As the castle gate closed behind him, the girls saw another band of Moors ride to the scene of the fray, and finding no enemy, they bore back to their camp their dead companions.

The ring of an armed heel was heard on the stone stairs, and Zerfea sprang forward, opened the door and admitted Don Garcia Perez. All stained and dented was his breastplate, so brilliant this morning. Donna Inez rose haughtily, for her eagle eye had detected that which turned her joy to anger. Unclosing his visor and bending gracefully before the haughty maiden, Don Garcia spoke thus:

"I returned, dear Inez, for a lance, and I could not return to the battle-field without one more look at you."

Wholly unheeding his remark, Inez, with flashing eyes, said:

"Look to your helmet, sir knight, no lady's pledge is there."

Quickly his helmet was unbarred and removed. That morning it had been ornamented with a white silk scarf, embroidered with silver, his lady's pledge.

"I knew not, dear Inez, I had lost it. In battle by deeds I will make myself worthy of another," said Don Garcia, as he replaced his casque.

"Worthy of another!" exclaimed Inez scornfully. "I give no other while that is in the hand of Moorish knights. I give not my pledge so lightly."

"Inez," said Don Garcia, sadly, "rather would I have died than lost your pledge. It must be on the field. I will go for it at once."

"Spare yourself the trouble, sir knight. The dead Moors have been borne off by their comrades. You should have told me, Don Garcia Perez, that the crescent would have been more fitly embroidered on it than the cross," sneered Inez.

Don Garcia's eyes flashed fire, as he said in a stern voice:

"I will get me a fresh lance, and into the very camp of the Moors will I ride, and bring you back your pledge, or die."

Zerfea then stepped forward:

"Sister, forbid such an act. Bravely Don Garcia fought, though deserted and alone—fought singly with seven Moors. Give him the scarf you wear, and bid him to battle with that pledge."

"Hush, silly child. Think you I believe in the love of him who leaves his lady's love-token with an enemy?"

"Inez, you are cruel. Yes, cruel as the fair Cuneunde who threw her glove into the arena before the lions and bade her knight bring it her, and if you persist in withholding all token of your love from Don Garcia, like her, you deserve to lose him."

Thus spoke the timid Zerfea, and her eye flashed with something like scorn, as she gazed on her cruel sister.

"Say no more, Zerfea. You know nothing about such things. The pledge was mine, and Don Garcia should have lost his life rather than that."

"And he will, Donna Inez;" and without deigning another look or word, Don Garcia strode from the room, each ringing footstep striking like a death knell upon the aching heart of Zerfea.

"O sister, what have you done! Call him back! He will meet certain death!" said Zerfea, weeping bitterly.

Inez rose, and telling her sister she was a silly child with no pride, she left her. With tearful eyes Zerfea watched Don Garcia as he rode across the plain. With a beating heart she saw him approach the wood in which she feared the Moors were still lurking. To her great relief he passed in safety, and unmolested, sped on his way to Ferdinand's camp. After following with eager eyes till he reached that in safety, Zerfea turned from the window.

The next day the sun shone in undazzled splendor upon a scene of carnage and strife. Christian knights and Infidel Moors met. All that day the maidens gazed upon that dread battle-field. The conflict was too far off to enable them to distinguish forms, but the din was deafening. Inez and Zerfea were maids of honor to Queen Isabella, but this day, the queen preferred to remain alone in her own apartments. The evening shades had shrouded the bloody field, and all strife was ended; the arms of Spain were victorious. The King Ferdinand and his consort now desired the presence of Inez and Zerfea. Inez went calm and unmoved, but Zerfea was oppressed by a dread of she knew not what. Ferdinand playfully rallied Inez upon the unequalled bravery of Don Garcia Perez, and her cheeks

glowed and her eyes sparkled as she listened, for she felt he was all her own. A message was brought by a page that Don Garcia craved admission. Ferdinand gave orders to have him admitted. Don Garcia was just from the field, and with bared head but blood-stained and dented armor, he entered. Gracefully kneeling before his king and queen, he thus explained his errand.

"Your pardon, sire, for thus disturbing your repose, but I had a word to say to Donna Inez, which I wished her to hear in your presence. Have I your permission to proceed?"

The king gave his consent. Rising, Don Garcia Perez confronted his lady Inez.

"Lady, here is your pledge redeemed. Take it back, for I value no longer the fierce love and pride that compelled the redemption of it, though lost by no want of warlike courage or skill."

Bending slightly before Inez he presented her the scarf, no longer white and pure, but stained with blood and rent in several places. Inez seized the scarf, and regardless of the presence of her sovereigns, tore it in pieces and threw them on the floor, exclaiming in bitter scorn:

"As I tore that scarf and cast it from me, so would I tear my heart out, and trample it in the dust, did it contain one spark of love for you, Don Garcia."

Ferdinand and Isabella looked on in utter amazement, and hurriedly demanded an explanation. In a few words Don Garcia related the events of the previous day, with which our readers are already acquainted. Very stern was the glance of Isabella as it fell on the proud and cruel Inez.

"Inez, child," she said, "sorry are we to hear of thy unreasonable and cruel behaviour. We had hoped better of a child brought up under our care. Well is it for thee that God has permitted the noble Perez to return to us. Go to thy chamber, child, tell thy beads and pray humbly to be forgiven thy unchristian act."

With a low bow but firm step, and haughty air, the unrepentant Inez left the hall. When she had gone, the king turned to Don Garcia:

"Well hast thou fought and bravely. We knew not that thy lady was so cruel. Hast thou no boon to crave, by granting which, we may show how valued thou art?"

Bowing low before his sovereigns, Don Garcia spoke:

"One priceless gift I ask. Gladly would I woo the gentle Zerfea for myself."

"What says my pretty child? Has she a heart free, and will she give her hand to Don Garcia Perez, the bravest, truest knight of

Spain?" asked the king; and on his face was a smile, for in that way he gladly would reward his most valued knight. Zerfea was very pale, but her dark eyes looked soft and bright, as leaving her station beside her queen, she came and placed her hand in Don Garcia's, and both knelt for a blessing. When they rose, Ferdinand demanded the name of the knight who deserted Don Garcia in his need.

"Anything else, sire, but that, and I will obey. He is sufficiently punished already."

COUGHS AND COLDS.

At this season, and forward into the summer, coughs of various degrees of severity, are quite common in New England; and because they are so, they are exceedingly neglected. Some of the worst forms of disease, especially involving the delicate texture of the lungs, might have been obviated, at the commencement, by very simple means. Parents should allow their children perfect freedom in the open air, and inure them to the changes of temperature incident to a northern climate, instead of confining them, like exotic plants in a green-house. Young ladies are not half-developed with us, before they become pale, languid, have a pain in the side, and then a cough. Before they have fairly begun to live, they drop into the grave, martyrs to thin shoes, a gossamer dress, and a chest made artificially too narrow for the performance of the vital functions. This is the destiny of the rich man's daughters to a fearful extent. They are frail as a moonbeam, when they might have been strong and healthful. On the other hand, the servant girls, who range over the house, and are perpetually exercising their muscles, have round, handsome arms, a broad bust, a clear skin, fine health and light hearts.

It is a melancholy consideration, that civilization should demand such a multitude of female victims, annually, to the shrine of fashion. In consequence of poor training, and a violation of the most ordinary laws of health, death has a succession of victories over our youth. One of the first intimations of nature's dislike to the course is a slight irritable cough, which is language not to be misunderstood. Means of precaution should at once be taken, as inroads upon the little air cells of the breathing apparatus will surely follow, and then an ulceration of their walls, and expectoration, and the last act in the drama of a short life will be an incurable pulmonary consumption. One should, therefore, dress warmly in winter, should run and ride, as circumstances, pleasure or business may require. Air was designed for breathing, notwithstanding the absurd custom, now so prevalent, of excluding it as much as possible from sleeping apartments and drawing-rooms.—*Boston Surgical and Medical Journal.*

Health and wealth prevent men from experiencing misfortunes, inspire them with insensibility for their fellow-creatures; those who are oppressed with their own miseries, express more compassion for others.

THE TWIN DAGUERRÉOTYPES.

BY EDWARD MERVIN.

A wild but beautiful interval lies before us upon the head waters of the Mokelumne, dotted here and there as far as the eye can reach with white tents, on which the California sun is shining with fervid heat; and rude looking men are to be seen gathered in groups beneath the scattered trees, or at the doors of the tents, discussing the news of the day, the mining prospects, wild tales of Indian trails and murders, grizzly bears and panthers, and all the dangers of camp life generally; while in the distance, on the banks of the river, might be seen others, digging up the black earth and washing out the rich gold dust, without regard to the day which is the Sabbath, here too often desecrated by the worship of mammon, or idols of silver and gold, by men who had in their far off homes been brought up to revere it as a holy day of rest, set apart by the great Ruler of all the earth for the best good of all the human race.

We will enter one pleasantly located tent and see how its inmates are passing the time; and we must not be shocked if we find them rather gay and thoughtless. They are four in number, all good looking young men, as far as nature was concerned, and art had had very little to do with the appearance of one of them, who was lounging upon a bunk in a corner in all the luxury of dirt and river mud. The second, a tall, dark, but fine looking fellow, was engaged in the laudable work of clearing away the morning meal, and setting the pots and pans in order for another; a duty each in turn had to perform. He was arrayed in a coarse, dirty, blue jean frock—the usual working dress of a miner; though there was something in his air and appearance that bespoke the gentleman.

The third, a jolly devil-may-care sort of fellow, is up and dressed in his best—marching around the tent, poking fun at all the rest. While the fourth, a genteel, light complexioned young gentleman, is overhauling his trunk, and taking out various nameless articles to get at his shaving apparatus—which he then proceeds to use before a stuck up bit of looking glass.

"What a rare joke it would be, boys, if we could only manage to get Howe's razor and sink it in the Mokelumne," said No. 3, glancing at No. 4. "Here are we all nursing big California beards to be in fashion, while he, at least every week, is primming off as daintily as if he was going to see his lady love, or expected her here to see him."

"Well, I don't want to frighten the Indians, or tempt the mosquitoes by a greasy beard like yours," said Howe.

"Ay, but the mosquitoes can't bite through that, or a good thick coating of river mud," said No. 1, yawning and stretching out his soiled limbs. "It's certainly a great protection against varmints."

"Well, you are welcome to it, Wallace," said Howe, disdainfully, "but for my part, I don't like the feeling, and when the Sabbath comes, I like to get up some of the old home feeling of cleanliness, if I can't anything better, and so does Dorn, and Belden, I believe, if you don't."

"Well, I'll confess to being the laziest of the lot, and especially Sunday," said Wallace, good naturedly; "but there, take care of your treasures, Howe," said he, pointing to Belden, who had discovered and snatched up a daguerreotype from among Howe's things, and was hurriedly displaying it to the admiring Dorn.

Howe dropped his razor and hastened to secure the treasure which he had so carelessly exposed to the gaze of his rude companions.

"Keep off, Howe, keep off! what do you want of my lady love's picture?" said Belden, laughing and keeping out of Howe's reach.

"Not your lady love, but Howe's," said Wallace; "come, let me see it?"

"Neither yours nor mine," said Howe, angrily, grasping after the picture.

"Aint it now, upon your honor, Howe?" said Dorn, eagerly.

"It's none of your business at any rate," said the angry Howe, "and the proud original would feel disgraced to have her image the sport of such rude fellows as you."

"As if she wouldn't think us all fine fellows, if she could see us," said Dorn, laughingly.

"And now I think of it, she's just the girl I shall marry when I go back to civilized life."

"She'd as soon marry a grizzly bear, or wild Indian, as such a rough, boisterous fellow as you, Dorn," said Howe, contemptuously.

"I'll bet you a cool thousand that she would, if she could get a chance," said Dorn, very seriously.

"And I'll bet you five thousand that she'd give you the mitten in a trice."

"Done! I'll accept the bet; if, when I see her, I like her as well as I do her picture."

"And Belden and I are the witnesses," said Wallace, laughing, as the scufflers rolled down on the ground.

"There, where's the plaguy thing gone to!" exclaimed Belden, rising and rubbing his shins. "It slipped through my fingers somehow."

"You've hid it, you rascal," said Howe, angrily.

"No, I have not, but I guess that lazy Wallace has got it."

"No," said he, gleefully, "but I imagine it will turn up somewhere in these diggings."

Search was now made over the tent by the three scuffers—trunks and boxes, spades and pickaxes, pots and pans were all overturned but without finding the missing treasure.

"I wouldn't have my sister know that I had lost her picture in such a way, for no money," said Howe, throwing himself down on the ground, after his fruitless search was over, deeply chagrined.

"Tell me now, was it really your sister's picture?" said Dorn, seriously.

"Yes, Dorn, and I prize it far higher than any of your lady loves."

"Then I shall some day win the bet," said Dorn, smiling, "and then you'll not only have to pay it, but own me for a brother in the bargain."

"Well, I defy you to win it, though I will confess she might find worse ones," said Howe, holding out his hand to Dorn, while his brow became more serene; for Dorn was the only one he did not suspect of secreting the treasure, while Dorn—sly fellow—was the only one who knew where it was; and for hours that day, he was out upon a solitary ramble over the hills, ever and anon gazing upon the beautiful face that ever after made one of the images in his dreams.

Not long afterwards, Dorn having business in San Francisco, took the daguerreotype down with him, and had it twice duplicated, with one of himself, which he had had taken on his way from New England, before he had grown the big California goatee. He then had one of them set in a rich case made on purpose, enclosed a beautiful ring of California pearl and gold, with "How do you like me," engraved on the inside for a motto, and sent it on to Boston by a trusty friend, and from thence by mail to Miss Caroline Howe of Saranaco, whose name he had before ascertained from her unsuspecting brother.

A few days after Dorn's return to the Mokolunne, the lost daguerreotype was found behind Wallace's bank to the great joy of its owner, who had no suspicions of the truth.

More than a year has passed away, and the scene now opens in the pleasant village of Saranaco, which is all in a bustle on the occasion of a great party given in honor of the joyful return of Hubert Winslow, the old squire's son from California.

The old fashioned brown house, with its gambrel roof, large rooms and huge fireplaces, was

all aglow with light and beauty, and graceful forms, bright eyes, and happy faces were flitting from room to room, mingling in scenes of mirth and gaiety; while the varied tones fell upon some listening ears like remembered music, while to others there are some discordant notes to spoil the harmony. Presently Mr. Hubert Winslow, the fine young gentleman for whom the entertainment was got up, is called out, but returns soon after with a young man of—to say the least—striking personal appearance, whom he presents to the company in the big parlor, as Mr. Darlington. The stranger was rather tall and dignified, with brilliant black eyes and hair, a broad, high forehead, somewhat darkened by a tropical sun, and a Roman nose, while all his visible features were set off by a rather long goatee beard, of raven blackness.

"Who in the world is that Mr. Darlington, Grace?" said one very fair and beautiful belle to another by her side, who was scarcely less so.

"O, he is a Boston gentleman who came home from California in the Golden Gate with Hubert, and entertained him very agreeably while he remained in the city," said Grace Winslow, "and it's really lucky that he has come down this evening for his promised visit, as we can now show him the big and little homes of Saranaco."

"Of which you are one of the first, I imagine," said the lady, "or at least one of its greatest attractions. But how do you like the gentleman's looks, Grace?" said she, gazing on him with interest.

"O you know such dark, fierce, bandit-looking fellows are my abomination—because I'm so dark myself, I suppose, but you always admire them, and I've no doubt he'll be lovely in your eyes, and who knows but what you may captivate him, Carrie."

"Sure enough, Grace, and at any rate I can but try," said Carrie, laughing; "and just think, what a profitable speculation it would be, if he could be caught; for one would never again need to buy a shoe brush, or duster, if they owned that formidable goatee."

"I'll remember that if you do fancy him," said Grace, laughing, "but now for sober faces, they're coming this way."

Hubert approached and presented the stranger to his sister, then, as a matter of course to Miss Howe, the lady by her side.

Grace could hardly keep her countenance, but the merry Caroline looked sober as a judge for some time after she met the stranger's first, earnest, admiring glance; though she thawed out, when the conversation grew animated and California became the theme of discourse.

"In what part of California have you resided, sir?" she at last ventured to say.

"Most of the time in San Francisco," said the gentleman, in a deep, rich tone; "but I spent some months in the gold diggings on the Mokelumne."

"Indeed!" said Miss Howe with animation; "why I have a brother in that very place—perhaps you have seen him?"

"Possibly! Let me see—I think I knew one gentleman of your name, there. He was of rather small stature, light complexion, with brown, curling hair, and a Roman cast of features."

"O, it was him without a doubt; but did you see much of him?"

"Why, yes, I saw him frequently, but had no very intimate acquaintance with him. People are too busy on the Mokelumne to form many such," said he, smiling.

Hubert Winslow and his sister were soon called off to attend to other guests, and Carrie and Mr. Darlington were soon deep in the mysteries of California and sea voyages; while the music was beginning to tune up in the adjoining room, and the gentlemen were looking up partners for a dance, some of them looking rather surlily at the stranger's appropriation of one of their most coveted partners.

"Come, Darlington, you are a dancer," said Hubert, coming round to him, "and I'll give you a choice of a dozen girls at least, if you will join us."

"Any hopes of winning that shoe brush?" whispered Grace in Caroline's ear, just as she was preparing to go home that night.

"Not the least, Grace," said Carrie, blushing; "but why will you remember that foolish speech of mine?"

"Because I want something to tease you about, in return for your joking me so often."

"Well, don't expose me if I happen to change my mind," said Grace, laughing, and trying to look wise.

The gossips soon took it for granted that Grace had found a lover in Paul Darlington, and Carrie Howe began to feel some strange misgivings not only with regard to the reports, but also of her own feelings.

Darlington remained several weeks in the neighborhood, during which time Carrie had seen him almost every day, either at home or some where else, and notwithstanding the goatee, she had found a fascination in his society she had never felt in any other. And when he at last left Saranaco, she began to feel as if all the world around her was a dreary blank; nor did it

lessen the bitterness of her feelings to hear that Grace, after his departure, was receiving letters with the Boston post-mark. Pride, however, taught her to cloak her disappointment by a mask of gaiety, so that no one but the keen-sighted Grace had a suspicion of the truth.

Some weeks after Darlington left, Carrie went out one fine June day to hunt for strawberries in the fields back of her father's house, and perhaps nurse her gloomy fancies; and finding a rock overshadowed by a large tree, she sat down, and taking out the twin daguerreotype she had received so mysteriously the year before, which she happened to have in her pocket, she gazed upon it for some time with singular feelings.

"Men say that a woman's heart is changeable," she said to herself, "and I begin to think they speak truth, for not three months since I imagined I loved this beautiful image better than any living ones I had ever seen; but now—"

She turned, as a slight rustling noise met her ear, and there was Darlington peering over her shoulder with a curious expression at the daguerreotype. Mortified, ashamed and somewhat angry withal, to be thus caught by him, Carrie started up with her face all in a glow, while the picture fell from her trembling hand.

"I hope you will excuse my intrusion, Miss Howe," said he, taking her hand, "and not think me impertinent, if I ask you whose image this is," as he stooped and took up the picture.

"I do not even know myself," said Carrie, in an embarrassed tone.

"Not know when it is your own beautiful image that is thus mated?"

"No, I do not, however impossible it may appear," said Carrie, earnestly. "It came to me through the mail, and how my face was obtained for it, I cannot imagine, or what name the other bears."

"May I believe this, Miss Howe?" said he, questioningly. "Since I first saw you, I have worn your image in my heart, and I had hoped to find a place for mine in yours. Must I be disappointed? O tell me, is it already pre-occupied?"

"Not with a reality," said Carrie, in a low, trembling tone. "That I have bestowed many thoughts upon that fictitious image, I will not deny—but upon no living man more than—than yourself."

"Thanks for the sweet confession that you have thought of me, but tell me, dear Carrie that you do and will return my deep, tender love for you, and that you will soon become my best earthly friend and companion," said he.

That the low toned reply was satisfactory, we should judge, by the happy glow that illumined his face, like a sudden gleam of sunshine on a cloudy day, though it slightly faded, as he said :

"But will not this other image—pointing to the picture—sometimes intrude on our future felicity?"

"No, for it has no voice or soul to awaken tender feelings. But shall I tell you that I have often thought there was a strong resemblance between it and you," said she, smiling.

"Indeed! but in what particular—sit down and tell me."

"O something about the eyes, brow and hair."

"I'm afraid I shall be jealous of that picture, if I don't very soon obtain one of its representation for my own. Say, dearest Carrie, shall it not be as I wish? Will you not very soon be my bride?"

"Perhaps not; for I should be afraid of a jealous husband," said Carrie, with some of her old coquettish archness, "and besides, what is to become of my friend, Grace Winslow, to whom everybody has engaged you for a long time."

"Ah, so you are jealous, too, and now we are even."

"No, not now, but that I have been a little, I won't deny."

"Well, you have really had no reason for it, as some correspondence we have had, will show you some day. Grace has been not only my best friend, but yours too, dear Carrie."

"I am very willing to believe it, and not for my own sake alone—for my brother really loves Grace, as I think he will tell her some day, if he lives to come home, and I once believed it was returned."

"I think you are right, there, for I have guessed as much myself, from the drift of her inquiries; but when do you expect him home?"

"O he writes that he will be at home next month."

"Well, then, let us get up a little surprise for him when he does come. What now could be better than a wedding party to welcome him home. Shall we not have one, dear Carrie?" said he, coaxingly.

"O, not so soon as that!" said she, looking down and blushing.

"But why not? If we love each other, shall we not be much happier in having the privilege of always being near each other?" said he.

"Perhaps so," said the blushing Carrie; "but I cannot be ready so soon as that, and be decently dressed."

"O, that's just no reason at all," said he, smiling. Go down to Boston with me, or your

father, and I'll engage to get you ready in a day or two. So now for some more weighty reason."

"Well, I've a good many. Our acquaintance has been rather short, and a year I think will be quite soon enough."

"A year! Don't for pity's sake ask me to wait a year. I shall go back to California, and die of despair before the time is up, if you do. If you love me, do be a little reasonable, for I'll buy any thing or do anything to please you, if you'll only name an early day."

"Will you?" said Carrie, with a smile.

"Yes, anything reasonable or unreasonable."

"Well, a queer fancy has just come into my head. Would you think me a Delilah, and be offended, if I should ask you to take off that disagreeable California goatee of yours?" said she, laughing.

"Well, that certainly would be a great sacrifice—but are you quite sure you could admire me without it?"

"O yes, much more than at present."

"Then off it comes the day we are wed; but I've a reason for wearing it till then," said he, with a mysterious look and smile.

Darlington did finally succeed in persuading Miss Caroline to be married, on the day of her brother's return, and as the match was a pleasing one to her family, every preparation was made, and the wedding guests all invited, when that day was fully ascertained.

The morning train brought Darlington, still arrayed in his goatee, at which Miss Caroline cast sundry significant glances, though she said nothing,—all of which he answered by a smile. But when he came from his room that evening, arrayed for the bridal, the glory had departed from—his chin, and Carrie fairly started with surprise as he entered the chamber, for the living image of the twin daguerreotype was before her.

"Well, dearest Caroline, 'how do you like me?'" said he, pointing to the beautiful pearl ring on her finger, and smiling gaily.

"I've a great mind to say I don't like you at all," said Carrie, when she got over her surprise. "But how in the name of wonder have you managed to deceive me so?"

"No deception at all, except in your own imagination," said he, laughing.

"Well, I wouldn't have believed so slight a thing could have made such a transformation. But tell me, now, how did you get my image for that picture?"

"O I'll tell you all about it before the evening is over, but not now."

"But why not now?"

"O I want to know first whether you really redeem your promise about those precious whiskers, Carrie," said he, laughingly.

"What's all this sparring about," said Grace, coming in at that moment.

"We'll tell you presently," said Darlington, looking at his watch; "but hasn't Horace come yet, Grace? It's already past the time."

"No," said Grace, blushing; "and I begin to fear I shall be a lonely bridesmaid; for the clergyman and guests have nearly all arrived, and there's no sign of a groomsman yet."

"Ah, but you are mistaken, Grace," said Carrie, looking towards the door, and then joyfully rushing out to meet her long absent brother.

"Why, Carrie," he exclaimed, after the first warm greetings were over, "how you have surprised me by such a plan of reception as this."

"Got up for your especial amusement, too," said Darlington, coming forward; "but you must present the actors to each other, Carrie," said he.

"Well, then, dear brother, this is the Mr. Darlington I wrote to you about, and this young lady is Miss Grace Winslow—perhaps you recollect her," said she, archly.

"I think I do, said Horace, presenting his hand to Grace; "and I hope too, she has not forgotten me."

"Everything is in readiness for the ceremony below; are you all ready here?" said a messenger at the door, at that moment.

Carrie and Grace both looked very beautiful in their ethereal white dresses, with sprigs of white blossomed roses in their hair, as they stood up for the ceremony, and they were the envy of more than one of the assembled belles of Saranaco; and the same might be said of the two gentlemen with regard to the beaux; though many wondered why they missed the bridegroom's splendid whiskers.

When the evening was somewhat advanced, and good cheer had opened the hearts and mouths of the company, Horace Howe said to the bride, with whom he was conversing:

"You wrote to me, Carrie, that I should find an old acquaintance in your intended, but somehow I don't seem to recognize him, though I knew two of his name in California."

"Indeed, then we'll have it explained," said Carrie, leading him to where Darlington stood, conversing with Grace and her brother.

"Horace seems to have forgotten your face or acquaintance. I don't know which," said she, smiling—"can't you sharpen his memory, a little?"

"It will need no sharpening, when I demand

his five thousand dollar bet of him," said Darlington, in a peculiar tone.

"What bet?" said Horace, with a curious look.

"Why the bet you made on that well-remembered Sunday morning, in our tent upon the Mokelumne, when we had that scuffle about your sister's daguerreotype, and you said she would as soon marry a wild Indian, or grizzly bear, as your humble servant—Paul Dorn Darlington."

"Dorn—Darlington! Do I dream?" exclaimed Horace Howe.

"Not now," said Darlington, smiling.

"But why this change of name?"

"O I took a fancy to be Paul Dorn in California, but when I came to Saranaco, to endeavor to win the bet, I didn't wish to sail under false colors."

"Ah, but you did, though!" said Horace, laughing; "and for that reason I shall evade paying it, for Carrie would never have consented to wed you, if she had seen you in that grim bearish goatee."

"There you are mistaken again, I assure you; for I wooed and won her consent to do so in that same beautiful appendage. This is the first evening she has ever seen me without it; and but for the interest it created in my favor, I fear I should never have won the bet; so now it's fairly mine, you see, and you'll owe me for a brother, won't you?"

"With all my heart," said Horace, frankly, holding out his hand to him; "but as to the five thousand, I doubt whether you'll find as much among my baggage."

"No matter for that," said Darlington, turning to Carrie, "so long as it has been the means of my finding a more precious treasure."

"But I don't know about the treasures being bought and sold in such a scurvy manner," said Carrie, rather haughtily; "there'll be another voice in the bargain, I imagine."

"O there has been already," said Darlington, drawing Carrie up to his side—"for you mustn't forget what a martyr you've made of me, in sacrificing my pet whiskers, dear Carrie."

"And even that was all a ruse to deceive me a little, and Horace a good deal, till you won the bet," said Carrie, while Grace and Hubert laughed aloud.

"Well, I suppose I must own up, and ask pardon for my offences," said D. "But are you sorry that I have won it, Carrie," said he.

Whether Carrie was sorry or not, then, we are sure she does not look so now; for a happier pair than she and Darlington are seldom to be met with—and the same might be said of Horace and his pretty Grace.

COME AWAY.

BY EDITH BARRON.

There is a voice in each leaf of spring,
In each bursting bud and flower,
That whispers to the aching heart,
With wild and thrilling power.

It speaks in the winds of the earth,
Which amid the dark leaves play;
It murmurs in the laughing stream
Come away, come away.

Come from the haunts of men,
From their fears, their cares and pride;
Come to the lonely forest glen,
Come to the green hill-side.

Where the sweetest wild flowers
And the gentle zephyrs stray;
From the soul-corroding halls of gloom,
Come away, away, away.

Music more sweet by far,
Than e'er pealed from harp or lute,
Thou canst hear in the low wind's sigh,
When the fairest birds are mute.

Come, breathe the balmy air
Of incense breathing May;
The flowers have waited long for thee,
Come away, away, away.

REMINISCENCES OF CALIFORNIA.

BY FREDERICK STANHOPE.

MONTAIGNE has said "that the history of a great city is the history of its nation;" never, perhaps, was this more fully exemplified than in California.

San Francisco was settled in the year 1775 by the Franciscan monks, sent out from old Spain as missionaries to the Indians; but their "mission" was some three miles from the site of the present city, which, in 1846, was the little pueblo of "Yerbabuena" (sweet herb), so called, from the profusion of a kind of fern growing on the otherwise desolate soil.

For years, it had been scarcely known, save to the geographer, or eastern hide merchant, and only looked on as a convenient depot for the storage of hides; while the fine bay rendered the shipment easy. The town comprised some fifty houses, with perhaps a couple of hundred inhabitants. The buildings of adobes (sun baked bricks) straggled over a large space, fronted by the bay, and backed by a range of sand hills. In the centre of the place was the plaza, with an old one story adobe edifice, having piazzas on two sides, and some pretensions to

whitewash, though evidently of many years' standing; this was the custom and court house. The dusty, deserted, grass-grown streets, if streets they could be called, rarely evinced any greater sign of business than a native cart or two, lazily dragging their way, with vegetables from the mission, or hides for shipment. These carts were curiosities in their way; they had two wheels, cut from solid blocks of wood, with a hole for the axle, and being far from round, as they turned, the cart would sway from side to side; the body was a few boards, with the pole, or shaft, lashed to the horns of a pair of oxen. An affair of this kind would come lumbering into town with, perhaps, half a dozen water-melons for a load, brought as many miles.

In the bay, were one or two rusty ships, loaded with assorted cargoes, which they peddled out to the inhabitants at the very reasonable rate of three hundred per cent. profit. These were the stores of California; they monopolized all the trade, and when a signorita wished a new "reboso," or a young cavalier a pair of "calconcellos," instead of doing their shopping in town, they took boats for the harbor, carrying off the hides necessary for payment for their purchases.

An air of languor seemed to pervade all, and everything; it was typical of the condition of the entire country. Occasionally, a "Gente de razon," out for a "pasea," would dash through the streets with gaily caparisoned horse and jingling bit and spurs; and as the fresh breeze from the bay saluted him, he would pause, while puffing his cigarette, to gaze around, and then gallop off perfectly contented with the condition of affairs, and satisfied that no change could improve them for the better.

Alta California was divided among a few indolent rancheros, many owning immense tracts of land; some had sixty, and in one instance, eighty square miles. Very little of this was under any kind of cultivation; their herds of cattle running wild, afforded them, by their hides, all they required for their simple mode of life, clothing, and a few luxuries from the ships. For many years, the country had remained as nearly as possible in a primitive state. This was the position of California in 1846.

But the star of progress begins to appear in the east. War has been rumored; at first scarce believed, then deemed of so little moment, by the far distant Californian, that it is forgotten. The field, however, is opened; Fremont's account of the passage of the mountains has been published, and the route proved practicable; and western frontiers-men, becoming crowded, shoulder their rifles and start for the mountains,

while the eastern Yankee, wishing for a change, but more cautious, takes ship round the Horn, firm believers all in "manifest destiny." California, they were confident, would follow and take her place by the side of Texas and Oregon.

So they began to drop in on our friends of the Pacific, from the plains, from Mexico, and by sea; the natives became uneasy; these Gringos troubled them with their restless manners. One day, a large ship, filled with armed men, sailed quietly into the Bay of San Francisco, and dropped anchor; she had the first detachment of the Seventh Regiment of New York Volunteers. In a week, she was joined by her two consorts.

The Californians rode down to the beach and gazed with stupid wonder, while the troops (some eight hundred) disembarked, and then, as day after day the bowels of these huge monsters of the deep disgorged arms and stores and camp equipage and portable houses, sufficient for an army, they put spurs to their beasts, with a "Caramba, tan pendagos" (great heavens, what fools), "they come here, as though to stay; why, we must not permit it." So Pico, and Manuel Castro, and one or two others, headed them to drive out these intruders; but the engagements at San Miguel, and Salinas, and San Jose, taught them a lesson they long remembered, and the war, of short duration, was soon virtually ended in California; outbreaks would occasionally take place, but they were soon quelled. These Yankees were pig-headed, they *would* stay; and, worse than all, would not conform to the beautiful and necessary "Cosas de paies;" no, heaven help them, they would labor in the hour for the siesta, and disturb those, who wished to sleep, by noisy hammer and saw. The "feastas," also, were violated; why, even the "weaning" of the holy and revered "San Grijalva" was treated as an ordinary day by the "Diabolos." They also interfered with the sacred law; no more could the alcalde, with a touching simplicity, decide in favor of the longest purse, or the nearest of his kin. No; they must have all the complexity of Chitty and Blackstone, and a jury, and drive one crazy with their interminable arguments; 'twas absurd! The Yankees, however, had a strange power of persuasion, and generally managed to have their own way in these matters.

The change was now a perceptible one. Houses, of a new style, were going up in all directions; a wharf, for boats, was in progress of erection at Clark's Point; a newspaper, about eighteen inches square, had appeared, called, very appropriately, the "California Star." It

was printed from a font of type found at the mission, and used for age, to give to the world manifestos of sapient "Jef de Politicos," or, gallant "Commandantes." The editor was a seceder from the Mormons. Shops were beginning to appear, where everything, from a California "larlet" to a Yankee washing-machine, might be procured. A ten-pin alley had sprung up, though where the material came from, was a mystery to all. Ships were moored in the bay; business was quite brisk.

The star is rising, but slowly; the new era has commenced, but awaits future events.

Eureka! Gold! pure virgin gold is discovered; and like a spectacle, when the fairy queen waves her wand, the scene changes.

O, Gold! potent enchantress, why are thy praises not sung? Art, science, woman, wine, each have received the praise of bards; while thou, the mistress of all, who founds an empire, or destroys a nation, who art sought by all, *thou* art reviled.

Gold is found in California; from clime to clime flies the news. From distant lands come those white-winged emissaries of commerce, laden with anxious men, and the treasures of the globe, to exchange for the yellow ore. Each land sends her choicest fabrics, and her noblest sons. The village has become a city; the country, as yet known only by a few adventurers, teems with the population of the universe; this new Exodus. The star has reached its zenith.

We have glanced at "Yerabuena" in 1846; let us look at it after eight years. As one nears the coast, a bright light from the "Farrallones," a group of barren islands off the harbor, attracts his eye, first proof of the mighty change. It stands on these bleak rocks as a herald to proclaim the new era. Entering the straits, called the "Golden Gate," we see perched on the bold, precipitous rocks, where stood the old "Presidio," a fortress, bristling with guns, and over its battlements waves "the banner of stars." A pilot boat dashes alongside and delivers her welcome freight. As we pass up the beautiful bay, dotted with green islands, and stretching far up into the heart of the country, we see many changes; steamers are passing us, puffing away towards the rivers San Joaquin and Sacramento; the bay is filled with shipping; for miles it seems a dense forest of masts. At last, the town is before us; have we, like Rip Van Winkle, slumbered for a century, or has this fair city, a work of magic, sprung up in a single night? Where we but yesterday left a hamlet, we find a city that would seem the growth of years. We have lost our sense of locality; where now is

Clark's Point, with its rugged bluff? Where it should be, is a plain covered with blocks of warehouses; the little boat wharf has gone, but in its place are countless piers, stretching out into the bay, lined with ships and covered with merchandise. The "Plaza," with its adobe custom-house, is a fine square, surrounded by stone, and brick edifices that would do honor to New York; the streets are laid out handsomely and planked; the old ox-cart has given place to the omnibus and stage-coach, though the ruts of the first are scarcely obliterated. Hotels that rival our Revere or Astor, stand where we left the little "pulperias." The bay has had to recede before street after street, and still they go out; where our boats had quietly swung at their anchors, are costly blocks, banking houses and dwellings.

More than thirty thousand inhabitants, eight daily and four weekly papers, three theatres, and sixteen churches, give evidence of the state of prosperity. And this in eight years. But this work has not been done without obstacles. Three times has the Fire King swept over the city, leaving desolation behind; but nothing can affect its growth and progress. Like the Phoenix, fit emblem, it arises from the ashes rejuvenated. Floods come, but their hearts are stout, and they have plenty of boats; so they e'en live in the second story till the first is dry again. Like Mr. Tapley, they "thrive under adversity," and are not to be turned aside by mere trifles.

Society, also, has kept pace with all else. Instead of the rough "vaquero," or bare-footed "doncella," we find our own fair country-women aiding to soften and civilize the land and people, and much have they done, and a great deal more will they yet effect by their presence. Husbands have now their wives to make home not merely one in name, lovers have found means to bring out their adored ones, sisters join brothers, and we find a home circle. Churches have been reared, and societies, as numerous and more zealous than at home, are brought together. A worthy shepherd, leaving his beloved flock to mourn his loss, comes out to establish Sabbath schools, the great object of his life, and succeeding far beyond his most sanguine hopes, returns, alas! to die. Illness contracted on the Isthmus hastens a chronic complaint, and the faithful servant, with the prayers of thousands, lays down his cross, to find his reward in another world.

The city, like the country, is cosmopolitan. The Frenchman cannot work to advantage in the mines, so he opens a "café" in the city, while his wife has a "lansquenet" table, to re-

lieve any whose pockets are plethoric; or, if he has no capital, he invests half a dollar in a brush and bottle of blacking, and with a stand for the foot, cleans your boots on the "plaza," as you would have it done on the "boulevard." The Chinese, exclusive, and shut off from the world, here is changed; rolling up his tail under a hat, he takes a reef in his trowsers, and goes in for the laundry business, having a peculiar faculty for changing your linen shirts into cotton ones. Swiss, Dutch, Greek, and Russian, all, are here at home; gold has levelled all distinctions and barriers. The old mission church is now a store, and where the devout Mexican bowed to the shrine of the blessed Virgin, the puritanical Yankee, abjuring all idolatry, worships the almighty dollar.

THRESHING-FLOOR IN THE EAST.

We left the plain of Hinnis by a pass through the mountain range of Zernak. In the valleys we found clusters of black tents belonging to the nomad Kurds, and the hillsides were covered with their flocks. The summit of a high peak overhanging the road is occupied by the ruins of a castle, formerly held by Kurdish chiefs, who levied black-mail on travellers, and carried their depredations into the plains. On reaching the top of the pass, we had an uninterrupted view of the Subhan Dhan.

From the village of Karagol, where we halted for the night, it rose abruptly before us. This magnificent peak, with the rugged mountains of Kurdistan, the river Euphrates winding through the plain, the peasants driving the oxen over the grain on the threshing-floor, and the groups of Kurdish horsemen, with their long spears and flowing garments, formed one of those scenes of Eastern travel that leave an indelible impression on the imagination, and bring back in after years indescribable feelings of pleasure and repose. The threshing-floor, which added so much to the beauty and interest of the picture at Karagol, had been seen in all the villages we had passed during our day's journey. The abundant harvest had been gathered in, and the corn was now to be threshed for winter.

The process adopted is simple, and nearly such as it was in patriarchal times. The children either drive horses round and round over the heaps, or, standing upon a sledge stuck full of sharp flints on the under part, are drawn by oxen over the scattered sheaves. Such were "the threshing sledges armed with teeth," mentioned by Isaiah. In no instance are the animals muzzled—"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out thy corn," but they linger to pick up a scanty mouthful as they are urged on by the boys and young girls to whom the duties of the threshing-floor are chiefly assigned. The grain is winnowed by the men and women, who throw the corn and straw together into the air with a wooden shovel, leaving the wind to carry the chaff, whilst the seed falls to the ground. The grain is then raked into heaps and left on the threshing-floor until the tithe-gatherer has taken his portion.—*Layard's Discoveries.*

I DREAM OF THEE.

~~~~~  
 BY EFFIE GRAY.  
 ~~~~~

I dream of thee at eventide,
 When nature is at rest,
 When light, soft breezes whisper sweet,
 And in his leafy nest
 The robin's last sweet song is hushed,
 And moonbeams silver near;
 Then, then, it is I dream of thee,
 And wish that thou wert here.

I dream of thee when first old Sol
 Peeps o'er yon distant hill;
 I think, O will he think of me—
 The breeze whispers, he will.
 When night has thrown her mantle round
 The earth, and with a star
 Has pinioned it, then I dream of thee,
 And like a sweet guitar,

The words you spoke when last we met,
 Ring softly on my ear;
 O, shall we ever meet again?
 Shall, shall I ever hear
 Your voice speak to me yet once more?
 Dost ever think of me?
 It is at morning, noon and night,
 I always dream of thee.

~~~~~  
 THE BROKEN EAR-RING.  
 ~~~~~

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"I AM glad you've called, for I have something I wish to show you," said Hester Harcourt to her friend, Isabel Leeds, who had run in for a few minutes, in a neighborly way.

"What is it?"

"Go with me to my dressing-room, and you shall see."

Having entered the dressing-room, Hester handed Isabel a pair of diamond ear-rings.

"Why, Hester," said Isabel, with a look and accent of surprise, "these are as handsome as Mrs. Pendleton's, and she gave three hundred dollars for hers."

"And I gave three hundred for mine. They are much handsomer than Mrs. Pendleton's, I think. Let me show you how well they become me."

Having placed them in her ears, she turned from the mirror to Isabel.

"What do you think? Don't they suit my style?"

"Exactly," was Isabel's reply. "I didn't think that the effect would be so brilliant. I believe diamonds never appear so splendid as when in contrast with black hair, dark, lustrous eyes, and cheeks—as the story-writers say—like the

heart of a red rose. For all that, Hester, I shouldn't care to lay out three hundred dollars for a pair of ear-rings."

"I am as well able to wear three hundred-dollar ear-rings as Mrs. Pendleton. And you wear embroidery of the most expensive kind. In that, you are more extravagant than I am. I don't think of wearing French embroidery, except on particular occasions."

"I never wear it on any occasion. I employ a young girl, who supports herself and her little sister by doing fine needle-work."

"Well, I don't want imitation French embroidery any more than imitation diamonds."

Hester was a little excited, and hastily removing one of the ear-rings from her ear, it caught in one of her curls, and became so entangled as to break the ring.

"How unlucky!" said she. "I must send and get it mended at once, for I wouldn't, on any account, miss wearing them to Mrs. Burford's party this evening."

* She rang the bell, which was promptly answered by a little girl of nine or ten years old.

"Do you know where Wall Street is?" said Hester.

"I was there once, but am not certain that I can find the way."

"If I direct you which way to go, you can find it, stupid as you are, I should think."

"Perhaps I can—I will try; but I've been in the city so short a time."

"Hadn't you better go yourself, Hester?" Isabel ventured to say. "As the child may lose her way, I shouldn't think it prudent to entrust her with anything so valuable."

"Why, it is six o'clock now, and I've not yet concluded what dress to wear this evening."

"Let me go, then; I should like the walk."

"To confess the truth, I want you to assist me about a few little things which I have neglected to attend to, which you can do as well as not, as you've taken it into your head not to attend the party to-night. Come this way, Floy, and mind what I say to you."

The child timidly advanced to the table where Hester stood.

"Do you see this?" said she, holding up the diamond ear-ring.

"Yes, ma'am."

"It is broken, as you see, and I wish to have it mended."

She then gave her what she considered the necessary directions to enable her to find the shop where she was to get it done. "It is worth a hundred and fifty dollars," Hester went on to say, "and if you lose it, you'll wish yourself

back to the almshouse again, where I took you from, out of pity."

"If I lose it, shall you put me in the dark closet, where the great chest is, with the dead man's bones in it?" asked the child, turning pale.

"Yes, and shall keep you there all night."

"Please, Miss Hester, don't make me carry it then;" and tears started in the poor child's eyes.

"But I shall make you; and if you lose it, it will be because you are careless. Remember you are to wait till it's done. It won't take a great while to do it, and you must be back by seven o'clock, or a quarter after."

"Can she read writing?" Isabel inquired of Hester.

"I don't know—can you, Floy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Stop one minute, then," said Isabel; and taking a pencil from her pocket, she wrote on a slip of paper the directions Hester had given, in a clear, legible hand.

The child's face brightened as she looked at what Isabel had written, for she felt sure that it would enable her to find the way.

"What does she mean about the dark closet and the chest?" said Isabel, as soon as she was gone.

"La, Isabel," said Hester, laughing, "you don't suppose I keep a chest of bones, do you? I am not studying anatomy."

"No, but why should the child think of such a thing?"

"Why, I told her about the closet and chest of bones just to frighten her. There must be something to keep her in awe, or I shall lose all control over her."

"I should think it wrong to endeavor to excite a child's fears in that way. What is her name?"

"Florence Lisle."

"A pretty name—don't you think so?"

"Yes, pretty enough; but when associated with the idea of an almshouse pauper, it sounds to me rather ludicrous."

"Do you know anything respecting her parents?" asked Isabel.

"No, I didn't trouble myself about that."

"She has a sweet face, though there is a mournful expression in her large, dark eyes, which made me feel sad. There has been a time, I cannot doubt, when she was surrounded by comfort and plenty. Had she always been poor and friendless, so dark a shade of sorrow could not rest on her fair, young brow. It is by those who have seen better days that the misery, occasioned by want and its attendant evils, is

the most keenly felt. The poor little wretch, who has never known anything but poverty and unkind treatment, possesses in most instances a facility, truly marvellous, in throwing all its griefs to the winds, whenever its physical wants are temporarily supplied, and it can get beyond the reach of the heavy hand, so ready to fall on its luckless head."

"Well, Isabel, leave the subject of beggars and paupers to discuss some other time, and help me to decide what to wear this evening. If you will, I will promise to use all my influence in getting you appointed lady-principal of some orphan asylum. Here are three such lovely dresses, I don't know which to choose. At any rate, I want to wear the one which will best become me, for I understand that there is a gentleman going to be present who has been living in China several years, who is as rich as a Jew, and handsome as an Adonis."

"What is his name?"

"I couldn't ascertain. Mrs. Pendleton, who mentioned him to me, had forgotten."

While Hester and Isabel were examining the dresses, Florence, with a tiny box clasped tightly in her hand, was walking with all possible speed towards the shop where she was to get the ear-ring mended. When arrived, as she entered, a man decently dressed, who was walking leisurely by, stopped and looked in at the door. Florence, having raised the lid of the box, handed it to a man behind the counter, and asked him if he could mend the ear-ring. He could mend it, he said, and she told him that she was to wait till it was ready.

"It won't take long to do it," he said, taking the ear-ring from the box, and examining it. He then opened a door, communicating with a back apartment, and gave directions for it to be done without delay.

Though she was not detained more than half an hour in the jeweller's shop, Florence, when she commenced returning, found her progress retarded by the number of people she met on the sidewalk, there having been either a lecture or a concert near by. She had not gone far, before she was jostled so rudely by one among a number of men and boys, who suddenly turned a corner, that she was thrown down. In her attempt to save herself from falling, the box, containing the diamond ear-ring, escaped from her hand, though almost at the same instant, she regained possession of it. The man who had been the means of her fall, instead of hurrying on with the crowd, had remained behind, and taking hold of her arm, assisted her to rise to her feet.

"Are you hurt, my little girl," said he.

"Not any, thank you, sir," she replied; and raising her eyes to his face, as she spoke, she recognized him as the same man she saw standing at the door of the jeweller's shop, shortly after her entrance.

She, then, thought his face particularly repulsive, and now, though he spoke softly, and appeared kind, she did not like his looks, and wished, within herself, that he would not keep so closely by her side, and more particularly, that he would let go her hand, which he kept firmly clasped in his, lest, as he said, she should be again thrown down.

"How far have you to go?" said he, after they had proceeded a short distance.

"A good ways yet," she replied; and thanking him for his kindness, she told him she did not wish to trouble him to go any further.

"O, it is no trouble—none at all; and if I leave you, and you should be thrown down again, you may get hurt, and lose that little box you hold so tight in your hand. You haven't told me what street you wish to go to—is it Pearl Street?"

"No, sir—Bleeker Street."

"Then we had better turn down this alley. The distance will be much shorter."

"Miss Harcourt told me that I must go this way."

At this moment the clock of a church hard by commenced striking seven, and recollecting that Miss Harcourt told her she must be back at seven, or a quarter past, and recalling to mind the threatened penalty, should she fail to be there at the time, she inquired of the man how long it would take to reach Bleeker Street.

"That," he replied, "depends on which way you go."

"Will it take more than a quarter of an hour, the way we are going now?" said she.

He saw by the earnest way in which she made the inquiry, that she was anxious to arrive within the time she had specified, and shaped his answer accordingly.

"Yes," said he; "twice that time; but we can be there in less than ten minutes if we turn down the alley I spoke to you about."

She hesitated a minute, and then said:

"I believe I had better go that way, then."

Without giving her time to change her mind, he turned, still holding her by the hand, and soon they were hurrying through the narrow alley, which Florence expected would so materially shorten the distance. It terminated in a respectable looking street, but her conductor soon turned from this into another. Several

more turns were made, when Florence, with a feeling of alarm, found they were in a dirty-looking street, where the buildings were mean and dilapidated. She thought to herself how strange it was, that the handsome street where Miss Harcourt lived, should be near such a vile, wretched-looking place.

"Are we almost there?" she asked.

"Yes, we shall soon be there now," was his answer, and looking round to make himself sure that he was not observed, he unlocked the door of an old building, which he quickly entered, drawing Florence in with him. All this was done so suddenly and unexpectedly, that it was hardly realized by her, till she saw the man lock the door inside, and put the key in his pocket.

"There, sit down and rest yourself," said he, "and then you'll be better able to find that fine street, where you live."

"I am not tired. Please let me go, now. Miss Harcourt said I must be back by a quarter past seven, and if I don't get there at the time, she'll punish me."

"Well, it's more'n half past seven now, and as it is too late to escape the beating the fine lady will give you, you may as well be quiet, and stay here a while longer. I've got to go away now, and while I'm gone, you may go in back here, and stay with my sister."

He opened a door, and pushed her into a small back room.

"Now," said he, "I'll take charge of that little box you hold on to so tight, and if you're hungry, the woman will give you something to eat."

"O, don't take the box, sir!" said she, "for I mustn't stay any longer. Miss Harcourt is going to a party to-night, and must have the ear-ring to wear."

"There's no hurry about her having it; and in my opinion, it will be safer in my keeping than yours. Give it to me, and save your fingers a wrenching!"

"I can't let you have it, sir—I can't, certain. It is a diamond ear-ring, and is worth a hundred and fifty dollars. Miss Harcourt told me it was."

"That's more than I expected 'twas worth. Come, no more fooling. I mean what I say. Give it to me."

This was said with a look so stern, and in a voice of so much anger, that Florence, not daring to refuse any longer, gave him the box.

"There, that's right," said he. "That's be-havin' like a woman. I'm sorry that necessity drives me to this, for your sake, for you've as pretty and innocent a looking face as I've seen

this many a day. As for the lady, who's counting on dazzling some poor fool's eyes, I shall be glad to have her disappointed."

He then took the woman aside, who since their entrance had been busy about some household affair, and did not appear to pay much attention to them, and having interchanged a few words with her, so low as not to be heard by Florence, he left the house. When Florence found that he had gone, taking the costly ear-ring with him, unable to longer control her emotion, she burst into tears.

"Come, child, there's no use in crying," said the woman. "As soon as it is fairly dark, you shall go back to where you belong."

"I don't dare to go without the ear-ring. Wont the man bring it back by-and-by, and let me have it?"

"No, child—there's no use in deceiving you. You'll never see it again—he has a use of his own for it."

"What shall I do?" said Florence. "I can't go back to Miss Harcourt without it."

"She'll beat you, I suppose?"

"I don't think she will; but I had rather she would than to keep me in the closet all night with the dead man's bones;" and as she spoke a shudder crept over her, and her eyes dilated with fear.

"Well, I'm poor, and have done things which I had better not have done, but I've more feeling than to do such a wicked thing as that. If you don't dare to go back, you're welcome to stay here. You shall fare as well as my brother and I do."

Florence reflected a while, and then said:

"I thank you, but I mustn't stay."

"You'd rather go and be shut up in the closet you speak of. Well, as I told you, as soon as it is dark, I'll show you the way. My brother told me I could, if you wasn't content to stay."

"As soon as you are ready, I should like to go," said Florence.

Florence had decided in her own mind not to return to Miss Harcourt's, though she did not mention her decision to the woman. She knew that Isabel Leeds lived in the same street, and the kindness and consideration she had manifested towards her, made her determine to go to her, and beg her to let her remain at least for the night. She had, for a long time, been so little used to being treated kindly, that had not early moral culture taught her to shrink from associating with the vicious, the sympathy manifested by the woman might have tempted her to remain where she was.

"I suppose it is best that you should go," said

she, in answer to the wish expressed by Florence. "If I had a daughter as pretty as you are, I should know that this was no place for her."

"Do you remember ever being in this part of the city before?" said the woman, when it had got to be fairly dark.

"Never—I've not been in the city long."

"Well, it's time to go now. We must go out by the back door. My brother locked the other door on the outside, when he went away."

The night was cloudy and very dark, and her conductor, holding her fast by the hand, led her through what appeared to her a labyrinth of lanes and alleys. The truth was, she purposely chose a circuitous rather than a direct way. After a while they entered a well-lighted street. The woman did not speak, but continued to pass rapidly on through several others. At last she slackened her pace, and asked Florence if she knew where she was.

"In Bleeker Street, I believe," was the child's answer.

"Yes, and you can now find the way."

"I think I can."

"Good night, then, and remember that, bad as I am, I shouldn't have the heart to treat you as cruelly as the proud lady does, you live with."

Florence bid her good night in return—thanked her for showing her the way, and looking back, saw her turn a corner. She then walked slowly along, and soon came in sight of the large and magnificent mansion of Mr. Harcourt. The sight of it inspired her with dread, and turning quickly back, she inquired of the first person she met where Mr. Leeds lived. Fortunately, he knew how to direct her, and in a few minutes she had reached the house. Isabel Leeds, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, had just arrived from the opposite direction. The strong light of the lamp in front of the mansion fell upon Florence, and Isabel saw and recognized her.

"Why have you been gone so long?" said she.

"I couldn't come before. Miss Harcourt's ear-ring is gone!"

"How did it happen? How did you lose it?"

"I didn't lose it—a man took it away from me."

"What man?"

"I don't know."

"Come, we will go into the house. This should be attended to at once."

"My poor child," said Isabel, addressing the trembling Florence, when they had entered the

parlor, "come and sit down by me, and tell me all about what has happened."

Florence, whose agitation was in a measure soothed by the kindness of Isabel, related those particulars already known, in a manner so artless and unhesitating, that both Isabel and the gentleman present, whose name was Kingsley, were perfectly satisfied that what she said was true.

"I must let Hester know the fate of her ear-ring," said Isabel, when she had finished. "If I don't, as she is waiting for Florence to return, she may be too late for the party. When I parted with her, half an hour ago, she was talking of sending to the jeweller's to inquire why Florence was so long detained."

"Are you going to send me?" said Florence, looking much alarmed.

"No, you may remain here for the present. I will send her a note."

In a few minutes the note was written, and on its way to Miss Harcourt. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Kingsley was told that there was a gentleman at the door, who wished to see him.

"If a friend, invite him in," said Isabel, as Mr. Kingsley left the room.

He soon returned, accompanied by a gentleman, whom he presented to Isabel as his friend, Austin Lisle, just arrived from China, where he had been a resident for several years. The moment Isabel had responded to his salutation, Florence approached him, and in much agitation, said:

"Uncle Austin, I thought you were dead! Mr. Byles told me you were."

"Why, this must be my little Florence, I parted with three years ago! But how came you here? I expected you were in the country. Is your mother here?"

"Mother is dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes, sir—she died more than a year ago."

"This is sad news, which I was not prepared to hear. Where have you been since she died?"

"In the almshouse till about six weeks ago."

"A daughter of Edward Lisle and Florence Linton been living in the almshouse! Why did you go there?"

"Mr. Byles carried me there. He said that all the money you let mother have was gone, and that I must be taken care of by charity."

"The last letter your mother sent me, and which I must have received about the time she died, said that she was amply provided for, for at least three years to come. This Mr. Byles, I suspect, is a dishonest man. He expected that I should remain abroad several years longer,

which tempted him, I'm afraid, to pocket the money which should have been appropriated to your maintenance. You were friendless, and he imagined he should escape detection."

At this moment the door was unceremoniously opened by Hester Harcourt. Mr. Lisle sat near the door, with his arm encircling the waist of Florence, who stood at his side. She entered the room in a manner so sudden and impetuous, that she passed on to the centre of the apartment, without being aware of their presence.

"I hope," said she, addressing Isabel, "that you didn't expect me to be imposed upon by the vile falsehood so cunningly fabricated by Floy Lisle, if you were. I never liked the child from the first. She pretended to be excessively delicate and sensitive, but I always thought that it was all mere pretence, and now I am certain it was. Where is the little thief? Have you taken her under your protection?"

Isabel had several times during this speech vainly attempted to interrupt her, and when she found her attempts unheeded, had endeavored by expressive signs to make her sensible of the presence of a stranger; but her mind was so much pre-occupied, and so disturbed by passion, she was unable to attract her attention.

"Have you taken her under your protection?" she repeated, with increased vehemence.

"Florence Lisle is here," said Isabel; "and previous to my sending you the note, I had made up my mind to let her remain here till I had an opportunity of a personal interview with you. Since then, she has unexpectedly found a natural protector, which will, in part, preclude the necessity of my interference."

"Yes," said Mr. Lisle, who rose and came forward, leading Florence by the hand, "I am the child's uncle, and am both able and willing to take care of her. I have yet to learn in what way she has excited your anger, and for what reason you call her by such an opprobrious name. The child of a mother so amiable and so exemplary as hers was, cannot be guilty of taking what does not belong to her. Will you have the goodness to tell me what cause you have to accuse her?"

"Uncle Kingsley," said Isabel, "you are acquainted with the circumstances—will you be so kind as to explain them to Mr. Lisle?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Kingsley; and as briefly as possible he made the necessary explanation.

"I promised my friend, Mrs. Burford, to attend her party this evening," said Mr. Lisle, after Mr. Kingsley had finished his narrative, "but I will send an excuse, and attend to this

affair immediately. The sooner the facts of the case are made known to the detective police, the better."

"You are right," said Mr. Kingsley; "and if you please, I will go with you."

When they were gone, Hester inquired of Isabel who this Mr. Lisle was.

"He has recently arrived from China," was her answer, "and is, I presume, the gentleman you expected to meet at the party this evening, on whom you were somewhat desirous to make a favorable impression."

"And you knew this, and yet permitted me to say what I did in his presence."

"I did my best to prevent you."

"I will not dispute the point—but, remember, that we are no longer friends."

Without waiting for Isabel to reply, she left the house, and stepping into the carriage which was in waiting at the door, she was soon on her way to Mrs. Burford's party.

By the vigilance of the police, the man who robbed Florence was arrested just as he was entering the shop of a pawnbroker, whose integrity, it was suspected, was not altogether unimpeachable. The diamond ear-ring was found in the man's possession, and quickly restored to its owner.

It is not improbable that a few months afterwards, when Isabel Leeds became the bride of the wealthy Mr. Lisle, who was in every respect worthy of her esteem, that Miss Harcourt regretted having treated the friendless Florence with so little kindness and consideration.

In her uncle's house, Florence found a home in the true sense of the word, and when, at a suitable age, she was introduced into society, there were few transcended her in beauty of person, and none in moral and mental culture.

EVIDENCE OF ILL-BREEDING.

There is no greater breach of good manners—or, rather, no better evidence of ill-breeding—than that of interrupting another in conversation while speaking—or commencing a remark before another has fully closed. No well-bred person ever does it, or continues a conversation long with any person that does. The latter often finds an interesting conversation abruptly waived, closed or declined, by the former, without even suspecting the cause. It is a criterion which never fails to show the breeding of the individual. A well-bred person will not even interrupt one who is in all respects greatly his inferior. If you wish to judge the good-breeding of a person with whom you are but slightly acquainted, mark such persons strictly in this respect, and you will assuredly not be deceived. However intelligent, fluent, easy, or even graceful, a person may appear, for a short time, you will find him or her soon prove uninteresting and insipid.—*Transcript*

A HUGE PILE OF SERPENTS.

Baron Humboldt says: "In the savannahs of Isacubo, Guiana, I saw the most wonderful and terrible spectacle that can be seen; and although it be not uncommon to the natives, no traveller has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead, in order to sound the passages, while I preferred to skirt the great forests. One of the men who formed the vanguard returned at full gallop and called to me, 'Here, sir; come and see serpents in a pile.' He pointed to something elevated in the middle of the savannah or swamp, which appeared like a bundle of arms. One of my company said, 'This is certainly one of the assemblies of serpents which heap themselves on each other after a violent tempest. I have heard of these, but never saw any; let us proceed cautiously, and not go too near them.'

"When we were within twenty paces of it, the terror of our horses prevented our approaching nearer, to which none of us inclined. On a sudden the pyramid mass became agitated; a horrid hissing issued from it, thousands of serpents rolled spirally on each other, and shot out of the circle their envenomed darts and fiery eyes to us. I own I was the first to draw back, but when I saw this formidable phalanx remain at its post, and appear to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack us, I rode around in order to view its order of battle, which faced the enemy on every side. I then thought what could be the design of this assemblage; and I concluded that this species of serpent dreaded some colossal enemy which might be the great serpent or cayman, and they re-united themselves after seeing the enemy, so as to resist the enemy in a mass."

SKILFUL FINANCIERING.

Last fall, at the time when there was quite a panic about banks in Maine, a "rush" commenced upon a bank located in a town on the Kennebec. The principal director was absent at the time the "rush" began; but immediately on his arrival home he ordered the bank closed, and taking possession of the key declared he would devise a remedy, and that the doors should not be opened until his return. He then took a large parcel of bills, with abundance of securities, and started in the next train for Boston, where he bought about \$10,000 worth of specie, of the smallest denomination he could get, chiefly dimes, half-dimes, and three cent pieces. Having secured these, he started on his return. As soon as the bank was again opened, the "rush" was recommenced; but the cashier, acting under instructions, doled out the three and five cent pieces to the discontented bill holders. The operation was not a very rapid one, as may be supposed; but by the time several baskets full had been carried off, finding the supply still inexhaustible, the timid ones gave in, "acknowledged the corn," and to this day the bills of bank are counted good as gold, and the director reckoned the shrewdest financier on the Kennebec.—*Portland State of Maine.*

Some say that hurt never comes by silence; but they may as well say that good never comes by speech; for where it is good to speak, it is ill to be silent.

FAITH AND LOVE.

BY MARY GREENVILLE.

Go, tell me what is the highest joy,
That the soul of man can know?
And what the balm, with no harsh alloy,
That will soothe his keenest woe?
Say, what can quench his burning thirst,
When wandering far and long,
In deserts where no love-springs burst,
And toil-strife binds it strong?

Does it know that joy when mirth beats high
To the winning notes of fame?
Or feel the balm when earth's lullaby
Soothes some smarting pang of shame?
Does it quench that thirst—the soulless light,
In beauty's dazzling eye;
While it bears like some rich dream at night,
The earth-chained senses high?

O the soul of man is a restless thing,
On the trackless flood of life!
Oft thrice 'twill fold its weary wing,
Ere it ends its search-worn strife.
And not till the breath of humble prayer
Plumes those wings with faith and love,
Can it bear the palm of peace so rare,
From the worlds of light above.

MRS. TIBBITS.

BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

EVERYBODY in the course of his lifetime has his adventure; Mr. Tibbits had his. He enjoyed it, too, in the evening.

"I want to go to the concert, this evening."

That was what his wife remarked to him—a by no means unprepossessing woman, by-the-by—just as he came home from business to supper.

"Well, you can't go," said he, with an emphasis, considerably above the middling.

She looked at him through a pair of eyes that made a great effort to express both fear and astonishment at the same moment.

"Can't go, Mr. Tibbits?" she repeated.

"No, Mrs. Tibbits, can't go!" said he, again, after her.

It appeared, then, that at last she fairly understood him.

"Now I should really like to know why?" she earnestly inquired.

Most women naturally would like to know that much, at least.

"There's reason enough for it," remarked Mr. Tibbits.

"That's no reason at all," said Mrs. Tibbits, in reply.

"I can't go, myself," he finally condescended.

"I've neither the time nor the money to spend at such a place to-night."

She studied his countenance closely, to see if his seriousness was beyond question. Something or another—she never could have told exactly what, assured her it was assumed for this particular occasion.

"Then that matter is settled," she persisted, with a true woman's spirit.

"It is settled," said he, in a tone that very skilfully combined the peculiar properties of aloe and vinegar.

Therefore she made an effort to compose herself to the disappointment that awaited her. Mr. Tibbits took his evening meal very much as usual, spent a brief time afterwards at his glass, and departed from the house again, as if to his regular avocation.

Mrs. Tibbits was not, as such matters usually go, a downright suspicious woman, though it must be allowed she kept her eyes open as wide as anybody else did. This she had a perfect right to do, even if she was married. No one will be presumptuous enough to deny that. She thought it something quite unusual for her husband to adjust his dress before returning to business for the evening, and accordingly determined to go up stairs, and institute a search concerning the matter for herself.

A clean dickey had been exchanged for his soiled one, and the latter lay on the floor behind a chair. He had furthermore dressed his neck with another cravat, and doubtless exerted himself over a tie that should answer the fastidious requirements of his taste. She ran over his wardrobe, determined to pursue the investigation just as far as it would bear. There! his old coat hung up there from the peg, and his very newest and nicest dress-coat was gone.

That settled the question for good and for all. She hurried down stairs again, seized hold of the young gentleman boarder just at the moment he was putting on his hat to go out, and whisperingly communicated so much of her plan as she thought at that moment necessary.

"I wish to claim your services this evening," said she to him.

"Certainly, Mrs. Tibbits," he answered, removing his hat and turning his face full to hers.

"Will you accompany me to the concert?"

"Most assuredly, Mrs. Tibbits, with the greatest pleasure in the world, ma'am."

"Another thing. I may not wish you to come home with me."

He looked rather blank for a minute, as almost any young gentleman would, under like circumstances.

"Don't be alarmed about it," added Mrs. T., "and pray don't be anxious to understand any more than just what I feel inclined to tell you. May I rely on your serving me, on such a condition as this?"

"I have already given you my word, Mrs. Tibbits. Pray, proceed to command me."

"Just please to wait in the parlor, then," she returned, "and I will make haste and get ready."

He went in and sat down, amusing himself with what few books lay scattered over the table, till she again made her appearance. This time in full dress and smiling most deliciously.

"I'm all ready," said she, "but mind that you say nothing of this little affair to any one."

"Nothing at all," protested he. "Not so much as a single word."

It was enough. Mrs. Tibbits gaily took his proffered arm, and they walked away from the steps with as much elasticity as if they were a pair of new and confiding lovers.

The concert room was jammed. It held a brilliant assemblage to greet a brilliant performer. The *vivas* and *encores* that rose from the packed auditory were a sweet offering to the female genius who stood and sang before them so rapturously.

And Mrs. Tibbits was carried away, too, with the rest; that is, with a very slight reservation. She would certainly have given the whole of her appreciation and critical attention to the songstress of the night, had she not felt compelled to bestow a very little of it in another direction.

Her eyes ran searchingly over the heads and faces of the assembly. Over and over again she scanned them all, and studied them all. Thus far, however, in vain.

But luck comes sometimes just when we are least on the lookout for it. She turned her gaze from the stage to the middle of the room, and there in an instant, it alighted on the long-desired object of her search. There sat the delinquent Mr. Tibbits, eagerly engaged in expressing his sentiments—whatever they might have been—most tenderly to a lady close at his side. Had his distant spouse been able just at that particular moment to reach his person, it is really entertaining too much charity for poor human nature to suppose that she would wind her arms about his neck in a transport only of affection.

It would be nothing to the purpose to tell how she colored in the face, and how the white chased away the red, and the red drove the white off the field again. These symptoms very naturally go along with a case of so peculiar a character. Nor to describe, either, with what a

nervous motion her hands seemed to twitch, especially when he leaned his head close down to his fair companion's face, as if those delicate members, now so neatly gloved, would like nothing better at that instant, than to toy with a few wisps of his black hair, or to just play ever so lovingly with the red rims of his long and narrow ears. All this is left with the reader's imagination to work over at its leisure.

Mrs. Tibbits's escort, however, availed himself of his situation to now and then look round in her face, and see how she was enjoying the evening. As he gazed at her this time, she happened, alas, to be very earnestly engaged in gritting her teeth. The evening melodies had lost their wonderful effect on her feelings, it seemed.

Well, to get along as fast as the story will allow, pretty soon the concert drew to its close. There was a great deal of whispering, and a great deal of flustering, and a great deal of general confusion consequent upon the winding up of the matters of the evening. In due time, however, all reached the door. Mrs. Tibbits, in a hasty whisper, had cautioned her companion against showing his face to her husband, and quietly recommended him to observe as closely as possible all her own individual motions. In case she might require it, it was her wish that he be ready to offer her his escort home again.

Accordingly, he did little else than observe her, keeping a few paces behind her, even as she kept about the same distance in the rear of her spouse. All entered the spacious vestibule in close array.

There was a fine spot for a little crowd, and for a great deal more of confusion; all which was duly taken advantage of by such as had the fortune to occupy the ground in season. Cloaks were missed and fancy hoods were ditto. Parties got sadly separated in the melee, and oddly mixed in with other parties to which they could never have belonged. It was a general stir up with them all. To add to the confusion of their prospects, the sky outside had, during the evening, become obfuscated with inky clouds, making the night dark beyond the help even of corporation gaslights.

"Come," said Mr. Tibbits, turning prettily about, and offering his arm to his female friend.

Mrs. Tibbits had carefully studied how she might best take advantage of the confusion of the moment, and was therefore quite ready to answer to his call. The other lady—poor, unfortunate thing, had got jammed far away into another quarter.

Mr. Tibbits's lawful wife it was, who took hold

gently of his arm, and walked forth with him as she should no doubt have done in the first place, into the street.

"How very dark it is," said he.

"Yes," was the faint reply, in a voice greatly disguised by affectation at that.

Mr. Tibbits took the lady's hand very tenderly in his own. Seeing it was only his wife's hand, what was there at all out of the way in that.

She responded to the gentle and repeated pressures his rather amatory nature inclined him to bestow, with quite as much warmth as he could reasonably have desired.

Mr. Tibbits muttered words of love—or something very like them—possibly to the stars, that were elsewhere that night to be seen.

Mrs. Tibbits on her part properly fetched long and deep sighs, as any lady in like circumstances would, or should—which is it, pray?

This did but add more fuel to the infatuated man's flame. As they passed along, they finally turned a corner on which a gas light flamed wildly above their heads, and immediately were plunged again into the usual darkness beyond.

The excited Mr. Tibbits felt himself waked up to a pitch of excitement that he could with difficulty control. He passed his arm very quickly around his fair companion's waist, and, bending forward with indescribable dexterity, rifled her ruby lips of a sweet, sweet kiss. And what was the great harm of that, I want to know, of a man kissing only his own wife!

The lady played her part admirably, and feigned a modest resistance for an instant, and then yielded herself up altogether to the conquest she could not control. Such a hearty kiss she had not probably got from her husband since the very earliest of their happy honeymoon days.

"Shall we go straight home?" asked he, after he had run on a long while with such other talk as his peculiar state of feelings inspired.

"I think we'd better," said she, still in a low tone.

The shrewd woman. She was itching at that moment to know where her husband's unknown friend dwelt. Off they posted, therefore, in the direction of the house desired. Reaching the door, which fortunately happened to be in the shadow, she appeared suddenly to hesitate. A moment she glanced at the name and the number.

"No, let's take a little longer walk," she broke out, as if she had changed her determination. And away her gay escort pushed with her again.

She piloted him this time, though she took much pains to have it all seem to be without the

least design on her part. And he walked along by her side, thoughtless utterly of his course or his destiny, so he but felt assured of her agreeable company. Before he knew it, he found himself in the immediate vicinity of his own house! The discovery cost him an involuntary shudder.

"This is pretty near home," he observed.

"I know it. But who's afraid now? I'm in for a bit of a frolic—I am. 'Let's ring the door-bell and then run.'"

And while he was trying to frame some polite sort of a protest, she fairly drew him along until she stood with him directly before his own door. Then she mounted the steps, still clinging to his arm, and whispered, as if in a gay frolic—"I'll ring now, let's see the fun."

He coughed up a hollow laugh, and secretly wished himself anywhere else in the wide world. Instead of rattling the bell-pull on the side of which she stood, she rattled her night-key in its proper receptacle, and all at once the door swung wide open! The lamp was still burning in the hall, and Mr. Tibbits had an opportunity to look full in the face of his wife. He stood appalled and speechless. A statue was never more dumb!

"Come, Mr. Tibbits," said she, pleasantly, "You'll not need to go home with Mrs. Maypole to-night. I think you had much better retire. It's getting too late to go out again!"

What followed next—how long it lasted—who came off conqueror—I have nothing to do with that; nor has the reader any claim on me for one single syllable about it. It is enough that the matter has been brought along as far as it has.

At all events, Mrs. Tibbits had finally got her husband home! That was something gained. When he next went to a concert, Mrs. Tibbits went along with him, and it is rumored in the circle where she is best known, that not long afterwards she fastened under her plump chin an elegant opera cloak and hood, for the purchase of which her husband had always before said that his means were in no sort of a way sufficient.

THE JUJUBE TREE.

The seeds of this tree were imported a short time since from the south of Europe for experiment in the South. It grows in the form of a shrub, of middle size, bearing a red oval fruit about as large as olives, enclosing a stone of the same shape. They are sweet, but only eaten among us in the form of a paste. In Algiers the fruit ripens in the month of June, and is much sought after by the inhabitants, who consume large quantities, both fresh and dried, as well as in the form of a delicious paste.—*Washington Union*.

THE HOUSE OVER THE WAY.

BY H. O. WILLY.

"Tis a tall, white house, and stately,
Untouched by slow decay;
And crowds who walk the busy street,
Pass by its door each day;
But I know that house is haunted,
The house that stands over the way.

And those who dwell in that stately house,
I do know that ghosts they be;
And like shadows through the casements,
Oft their filmy forms I see;
I hear them revel at midnight,
And laugh in their ghoulish glee.

But well I know that they all are ghosts,
And though they seem to be gay,
They stop and shudder whenever they think
How short is the time they can stay.
They'll haunt that house for a little while,
And then they will go away.

THE GOVERNESS.

BY T. A. KIMBALL.

"WANTED, a Governess. Apply at No. 22, Melville Street, Baltimore."

"Shall I apply for the situation?" mused Ella St. George, as she thoughtfully laid the newspaper, in which was the above advertisement, upon the table; "my little stock of money will soon be exhausted; I must come to some decision quickly, and I may be fortunate enough to find a good home." And she fell into a painful reverie, and thought of the happy time when she had no care for the future, when a kind father had protected her from every ill, a fond mother had gazed with pride and affection on her, and her brother had lovingly twined his fingers in her golden curls.

The tears started to her eyes, as she thought, "where are they now?" From her little window, she could see the white marble that headed her father's and mother's grave. And she had never heard from her brother, or seen him, since the time, five years before, when, on the eve of his departure for Anstralia, he had cut off one of the locks she prized so much, and pictured to her the future, and the happiness that awaited them when he should have become rich.

Mrs. Allen had just settled herself in the library of her comfortable home, for a quiet morning, having given orders that she should be denied to all callers, with the exception of the applicants for the situation of governess. The servant opened the door, and ushered in a tall, graceful girl, apparently about eighteen. She

looked very beautiful as she timidly entered, her auburn hair hanging in rich profusion, her large blue eyes beaming with intelligence, and the purity of her complexion enhanced by contrast with the black habit she wore. Mrs. Allen arose in some surprise, and awaited the object of her visit.

"Madam, I understand you are in want of a governess?"

"Ah! yes; pray be seated. You saw my advertisement in the paper, I presume?"

"Yes, madam."

"Can you teach the usual branches of an English education, with the addition of music, Italian, and French?"

"I think I can, madam. I am a proficient in music, and can teach singing and the rudiments of French and Italian."

"Ah! Would you oblige me by singing, and accompanying yourself upon the piano forte?" said Mrs. Allen. "We will proceed to the drawing-room, if you please," and gracefully rising, she led the way.

Ella seated herself at the beautiful instrument, and commenced singing, with great sweetness, "The light of other days."

Mrs. Allen said, "you sing sweetly; that song is a favorite with me. I think if my terms suit you, I shall like you very well. My daughters are of the respective ages of nine, twelve and fifteen, and the salary I thought of giving is two hundred dollars a year."

Ella accepted the situation.

"If you like," resumed Mrs. Allen, "you can come this evening. You will take your meals in the nursery, with the children, with the exception of dinner. Mr. Allen insists upon the children coming down to dinner; of course, you will accompany them."

Ella assented, and taking leave of Mrs. Allen, promised to come at seven o'clock in the evening.

She now proceeded to the little cottage, where she had boarded since her bereavement, and busied herself the remainder of the day in making the necessary arrangements for her change of residence. Having completed these, and finding she had still an hour at her disposal, she strolled towards the little grave-yard that contained the remains of her parents, and she almost wished that her struggle in life was over, and that she was quietly sleeping beside them.

The time for her departure at last arrived; and stepping into the carriage she had ordered, was soon conveyed to the stately looking house that was, for the present, to be her home.

Mrs. Allen and two of her daughters had

gone out for the evening, and Miss Lucy, the youngest, was in bed. Miss St. George was informed that she was to share Miss Lucy's room, and was glad to retire at once. Lucy was sleeping, and Ella thought, as she gazed upon her fair, sweet countenance, that she would not have much trouble with her. Hastily undressing, she joined her little companion; and fatigued with the exertions of the day, she was soon in a sound slumber.

The next morning, Mrs. Allen entered the school room, accompanied by her two daughters, Ellen and Genevra, whom she introduced to Miss St. George. "You have already made the acquaintance of Lucy, I perceive," she said; "I shall leave them entirely to your own judgment, as my time is quite taken up, and I hope you will get on well together."

Twelve months glided away happily. Mr. Allen expressed himself highly gratified with the improvement of his daughters; and their mamma was glad to have the responsibility off her hands. They kept very little company, and with the exception of a Mr. Stanley, a constant visitor, Ella had not seen any strangers.

Herbert Stanley was a handsome, intellectual looking man, about thirty years of age, and possessed considerable property in the South. He had never had any chance of conversing much with Ella, as she left the room immediately after dinner, each day, with the two young ladies; but he was particularly attentive to her during dinner, and evidently admired her.

"Mamma, do you not think Ella very handsome?" said Lucy one day to Mrs. Allen.

"I don't know, child; what makes you ask?"

"Well, Mr. Stanley said to pa that he thought her a lovely girl—that she had the grace of a fairy, and the prettiest blue eyes he had ever seen. Pa said he thought so too, and so do I; don't you think so too, mamma?"

"I don't know what Miss St. George is doing, to allow you to plague me now," exclaimed Mrs. Allen; "go up stairs, directly."

"We have finished our studies for this morning, mamma."

"Tell Miss St. George to walk out with you, then."

Ella little dreamed of the storm that was brewing overhead, as she dressed to go out with her young charges. Lucy looked very sad, and felt afraid she had got her gentle governess into some trouble, though she could not see why her mamma should be so ugly.

It was a lovely morning, and they walked towards the old mill, gathering the wild flowers on their way; Genevra playfully insisted upon dress-

ing Ella's hair with the flowers, "just to see how they looked," she said, "as nobody would be coming that way to interrupt them."

They were thus pleasantly occupied, Geneva, in making her governess look like the "Queen of May," and Ellen and Lucy bringing her flowers, when they were startled by a deep toned voice, saying, "Good morning, ladies." Ella started to her feet, and the color rushed to her temples, as she perceived Mr. Stanley, smiling at her confusion. She tried to disentangle her hair from the flowers, but Genevra had fixed them in so well, that neither she nor her governess could get them out.

The gentleman proffered his assistance, though he said it was a pity to take them out, they were so becoming to her. They now began to think of returning to the house, and Mr. Stanley said he was going to dine with them, and with Miss St. George's permission, would accompany them home. Genevra smiled archly at her governess.

Mr. Stanley and Ella entered into a pleasant conversation, and his animated countenance showed how much he was pleased with his fair companion. They reached the house just as the dinner bell sounded, and she and her pupils hastily ran up stairs to arrange their dresses.

After dinner, the ladies retired, as usual, and Mr. Stanley strolled into the library, and through the door communicating with the conservatory. He had not been there long, when he was aroused by the sound of voices in the library, and he heard Mrs. Allen say:

"I insist upon your leaving my house this evening, Miss St. George. I thought, when I engaged you, that you were a respectable person, and not a detestable flirt."

Ella indignantly repelled the accusation.

"I tell you," exclaimed Mrs. Allen, "that your conduct towards Mr. Stanley was truly shameful, and he might well say, 'that you were a disgraceful flirt!'"

"Madam, I cannot believe that Mr. Stanley would say so, as he has not had any opportunity of judging; and as to 'flirting with him,' I cannot tell what you mean."

"Never mind that. He said so, and remember, you leave my house to-night!"

Ella answered haughtily, "let it be so then," and was about to leave the library, when Mr. Stanley entered, from the conservatory, and begged her to stay a moment.

"I am sorry to have to contradict you," he said, addressing Mrs. Allen, "but I think Miss Ella anything but a 'flirt,' and I think she is, indeed, not suitable for her present situation; she might fill a better one."

Mrs. Allen flounced out of the room.

"Miss Ella," said Stanley, as he seated himself by her side, "will you permit me to ask a few questions, in a spirit of friendship, without attributing it to impertinence?"

"Certainly."

"Where do you think of going, upon leaving Mrs. Allen's?"

"I have not decided; my dismissal has been so perfectly unexpected."

"My mother would be delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Ella, and you would be very comfortable with her for a few weeks. Do not let any feeling of delicacy induce you to refuse this temporary home. I am at present staying at a hotel, and would feel gratified if you would allow me to convey you to Evergreen Cottage this evening."

Ella felt uncertain what to do. She did not like to refuse Mr. Stanley's offer, he seemed so earnest and respectful in his desire to serve her, and she finally consented to remain with his mother for the present.

Stanley said he would come for her in an hour. Accordingly, at four o'clock (much to Mrs. Allen's annoyance), a carriage drove up to the door, and Mr. Stanley alighting, inquired if Miss St. George was ready. And, having taken leave of her young charges, and promising to write to them, Mr. Stanley helped her into the carriage, and they soon found themselves in the cheerful little parlor of Evergreen Cottage, his mother's pretty residence.

He introduced Ella, and explained the circumstances that had transpired at Mrs. Allen's. The old lady welcomed her with great cordiality, and assured her she would feel happy in her company as long as she would stay with her. She then rang the bell for tea, and soon after, Herbert, looking at his watch, said he had an engagement, and must leave them; but he would call in to see them in a few days.

When Ella came down, the next morning, she found Mrs. Stanley sitting at the breakfast table, waiting for her.

"Good morning, my dear; how did you sleep?"

"Soundly, madam. I hope I have not kept you waiting for breakfast."

"Not at all, my dear." Just then the servant entered with a beautiful bouquet, of the rarest flowers. There was a slip of paper attached: "For Miss Ella, with Herbert Stanley's compliments."

"O, how very beautiful!" exclaimed Ella; "how I love flowers!"

Mrs. Stanley smiled, and remarked that Herbert was always fond of flowers.

A week had passed away, and Herbert Stanley had not been to his mother's cottage, but each morning he had sent a bouquet for Ella. It was a fine evening, and the ladies were seated at the window, pleasantly conversing, when a barouche drove up, and Stanley bowed and smiled, as he alighted.

"Well, ladies, how do you get on? Ah! Miss Ella, you are ruining your complexion by staying in the house. Will you not ride with me, this lovely evening? come, it will do you good;" and coming nearer to her, he said, "I have something particular to say to you, and may not have another opportunity, as I leave for the South in a fortnight."

Ella's cheeks were rosy enough, as she left the room to prepare for the ride. She was soon ready; Stanley assisted her into the barouche, and waving their hands to Mrs. Stanley, were soon out of sight. For some time they rode on in silence; Ella admiring the scenery, and Herbert apparently lost in thought. At length, arousing himself, he said:

"Miss Ella, I told you I should have to go South in a fortnight; I shall probably remain two or three years; but I cannot go, without saying how much I esteem—how fondly I love you. Dear Ella, will you be my wife? the light of my southern home? If you refuse, life will indeed be a dreary blank;" and he looked anxiously for an answer.

Ella trembled, and said: "Mr. Stanley, you forget the difference of our stations in life. Your mother——"

"Will be delighted," he said. "Dear Ella, say at once that you will accompany me to the South, as my darling wife."

She was confused; but Stanley construed her silence favorably to his wishes, and tenderly drawing her shawl more closely around her, he turned the conversation upon indifferent subjects, and they were soon once more at Mrs. Stanley's. They entered the parlor together. Herbert's countenance was radiant with happiness. Ella was going to run up stairs, but he, gently detaining her, said:

"Dear mother, allow me to introduce you to my promised bride!"

The old lady was very much affected, and said: "God bless you, my children! May you ever be happy."

And now, need we say how beautiful Ella looked, in her bridal robe of pale blue satin and white lace, and the violets and lilies in her hair? Or how proud the handsome bridegroom looked of his lovely bride? and how the long lost brother returned to witness their happiness?

EXPLOIT OF A PRIVATEERSMAN.

A writer in the Salem Evening Journal is giving some interesting facts in relation to the marine of Salem in years gone by. Among other things, he gives the subjoined statement of an exploit of one of the Salem privateersmen in 1814.

December 5th, the Macedonian, Captain Penn Townsend, arrived with prize goods and twenty-two prisoners. The way in which the captain came at and captured one of his prizes, is fully elucidated in the following anecdote, the substance of which the writer had from his own lips.

It appears that just after he left the Western Islands, where he had stopped to recruit, and while he was cruising between those islands and Tristan de Acunha, a sail was discovered on his lee bow, towards which he immediately kept away.

Whilst running slowly down, with a light breeze, the lookout-man at the mast head was hailed from the quarter deck as follows :

"Mast head, there!"

"Sir?"

"Do you see that sail now?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"What does she look like?"

"She looks very large, sir. Guess she's either a frigate or Indianan."

On hearing this, Captain T. took his glass and went aloft to satisfy himself in regard both to his enemy's strength and calibre. After doing so, he came down from aloft, luffed his vessel up in the wind, sent all his men, with the exception of nine or ten, below, hoisted Dutch colors and kept off again before the wind. Disguising himself so as to appear as much as possible like a Dutch skipper, and having transformed such of his men as remained on deck into very respectable Dutch sailors, Captain T. ran boldly down across the enemy's stern, and coming to under her lee quarter, was hailed as follows :

"Ship ahoy!"

"Hullo."

"What ship is that?"

The name of some Dutch vessel with which the captain was well acquainted, but which we have forgotten, was given in reply, and then Captain T. in broken English, inquired:

"Vot ship ish dat?"

In reply to this, the name of a noted Indianan was given, with the following addition :

"We are last from Barbary, bound to London, and short of provisions—can't you supply us?"

In answer to this, Captain T. replied in substance, that if the captain of the Indianan would favor him with a visit, he would see what he could do about it, and in a short time he had the satisfaction of seeing a boat alongside his vessel with the English captain in full uniform, who immediately came on board.

With the utmost politeness and civility of manner, Captain T. invited the stranger into his cabin, as was customary in those days, to take a glass of wine. This invitation was of course immediately accepted, and the captains went below, where the first officer of the Macedonian, as had been previously arranged, acted the part of steward by placing on the table wine and such other refreshments as the larder of the vessel at the time offered.

Then the two skippers sat down to the table, and after pledging each other in a friendly glass of wine, entered into animated but general conversation, in the course of which the Englishman animadverted at considerable length and with much warmth, on the proceedings of a certain privateersman commanded by one Townsend who he solemnly averred was a regular Yankee devil.

At this point of proceedings, Captain T. gave the wink to his steward *pro tem*, who in a clandestine manner handed him a couple of pistols, one of which he instantly presented at the English captain, saying as he did so:

"Sir, you are my prisoner. I am that Yankee devil T. about whom you have been so freely speaking. Choose now whether you will have your brains blown out or surrender your ship."

Seeing in a moment that all resistance would be utterly useless, the Englishman said:

"I surrender."

Then he gave orders to his 3d lieutenant who had charge of his boat, to return to his vessel and haul down the colors which was immediately done. A prize crew was then put on board and the prisoners were transferred to the Macedonian, and the result was that one of the richest prizes taken during the war arrived safely in the United States.

EARLY EXERCISE.

Dr. Hall, in his Journal of Health, very decidedly condemns the practice of taking out-door exercise early in the morning, and with an empty stomach. The reason he gives for this opinion is, that the malaria which rests on the earth about sunrise in summer, when taken into the lungs and stomach, which are equally debilitated with other portions of the body from the long fast since supper, is very readily absorbed, and enters the circulation within an hour or two, poisoning the blood and laying the foundation for troublesome diseases; while in winter the same debilitated condition of these vital organs readily allows the blood to be chilled, and thus renders the system susceptible of taking cold, with all its varied and too often disastrous results.

A YANKEE TAKEN IN.

An ingenious down-east individual, who has invented a new kind of "love-letter ink," which he has been selling as a safeguard against all actions for breach of promise of marriage, inasmuch as it entirely fades from the paper in two months after it is written, was recently "done brown" by a brother down-easter, who purchased a hundred boxes of the article, and gave him his note for ninety days. At the expiration of the time, the inventor called for payment, but, on unfolding the scrip, found nothing but a piece of blank paper. The note had been written with his own ink.—*Portland Transcript*.

YOUR CONVERSATION.—Of what character is it? Is it pure? Whatever it may be, be assured it is an unerring index to your heart. The tree is known by its fruit. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Let your words be words of truth and purity.

MY GRAVE,

BY H. H. HUDSON.

O bury me not mid the city pomp,
 In the field of the loathsome dead;
 Where the air with disease and death is rife,
 Where the stranger will tread o'er my bed.
 O bury me not in the deep, damp, vault,
 Where the sunbeams bright ne'er fall;
 Where the balmy breath of smiling spring
 Ne'er stirs the dusky pall.

But bury me in some lonely wild,
 Where the flowers bloom and die;
 Where the forest boughs shall o'er me wave,
 And the gentle zephyrs sigh.

O bury me where so oft I have roamed,
 In childhood's happy hours;
 As free, as wild as the little birds,
 Amid their leafy bowers.

O bury me there, in that valley fair,
 Where all is wild and sweet;
 And the pure and sparkling brook I love,
 Shall murmur at my feet.
 Let no sculptured stone preserve my name,
 Or mark the lonely spot;
 For I would die with the summer flowers,
 And be with them forgot?

HOW MRS. COLEMAN LEARNED WISDOM.

BY MIRIAM F. HAMILTON.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.—Prov. 21: 23.

It was one of the loveliest days in October. The sun shone into Mrs. Coleman's sitting-room, bathing the carpet in a glow of soft light, and causing the prisms of her solar lamp to perform all sorts of fantastic leaps and quiverings on the same carpet.

It was just such a day as is universally pronounced too pleasant to be spent in the house, and as Mrs. Coleman rose from her seat by the cradle and approached the window, her wistful gaze into the street proved that she at least did not differ from the rest of the world in that assertion; even pussy who had been sitting on the window sill, lazily opening and shutting her green eyes in the sunshine, and occasionally regaling herself with a hapless fly who ventured too near her paw, seemed possessed with the restless spirit of the day, for she jumped down, rubbed her back against her mistress, purring gently to attract her attention, then walked to the closed door and looked beseechingly back.

Mrs. Coleman understood her. "You shall go, puss," said she, opening the door, for "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and it was not without reason that our heroine had ac-

quired in the village the title of a gadder, since usually neither rain, snow nor hail could keep her in doors.

With a discontented look she again took her seat by the cradle and picked up her work that she had allowed to fall on the floor. It was a long seam that she was sewing, and she did not ply her needle with her accustomed swiftness.

"It is provoking," thought she, "that I should be tied down to this baby—at least I might take her out. Mr. Coleman is too old bettyish—the air would do her good, but here I must stay and slave myself, while everybody else is out enjoying themselves."

The baby stirred, tossed one little arm uneasily, and opened its bright blue eyes with a smile. That smile went to the mother's heart. It did not seem so great a hardship after all to stay at home with such a baby.

"Troublesome little comfort," said her mother, smiling back again, and taking her child in her arms, she began talking to it, in that broken, disjointed way, peculiarly called baby talk, and to which Miss Allie listened with her head perked one side, as if she had been really what her mother called her, "her birdie."

Just then the door bell rang, and in a few moments Bridget ushered in a lady visitor.

"Mrs. Green, I am delighted to see you!" exclaimed Mrs. Coleman, and her sparkling eyes and pleasant smile re-echoed her words of welcome. "Do take off your bonnet and stay to tea!"

"Thank you, I couldn't possibly, but while I do stay, I'll throw off my shawl," returned Mrs. Green, suiting the action to the word.

"It's a lovely day," she proceeded, taking her seat in the rocking chair which Mrs. Coleman offered. "It's altogether too pleasant to stay in the house."

"Just what I was thinking as you came in," replied her hostess, "but Mr. Coleman is so particular about Allie, that I can't get out half so often as I might. He would think it was a dreadful thing if I left her with Bridget, though she is as faithful as the days are long, and it must be just such a day, and Allie must be in just such a state of health, for him to be willing to have her go out. Now to-day he imagined that she had taken cold, and his last words as he went out after dinner, were, 'Sarah, don't take that child out this afternoon.'"

"It used to be just so with Mr. Green," returned her companion. "Men are always just so fussy. The baby will take cold, was his song from morning till night, till I got out of patience. I just took the reins into my own hands. I told

him that it was none of his business—that it was my baby, and I guessed a mother could manage to take care of her child without his help, that either he might take the whole charge of her or I would, but I wouldn't have any interference. That settled the matter. Now you had better do the same—just set up that you will do as you have a mind to."

Mrs. Coleman shook her head, for she well knew that although Mr. Green might be awed by such a declaration of independence, on her husband it would either produce no effect, or quite the opposite from that which she desired.

"It would never do for me to try to drive my husband," said she. "I can coax him to almost anything, but I verily believe that he wouldn't do a thing that he really wanted to himself, if I undertook to make him do it."

"Well, I declare! What a difference there is in people," replied Mrs. Green, and each lady drew mentally a comparison between the two husbands, and each in favor of her own.

"I am glad Mr. Coleman isn't such a hen-pecked, spiritless man," thought the one, and "I'm thankful that Green is not such an obstinate brute," thought the other.

But as neither hoped to convert the other to her way of thinking, by tacit consent they dropped the subject.

"How do you like your new neighbors?" suddenly asked Mrs. Green.

"O very well. They seem like nice people, at least Mrs. Ashley and Carrie. I don't know so much about Frank."

Her tone said, "what I do know isn't in his favor."

Mrs. Green's sharp ears detected it instantly.

"Rather wild, isn't he?" she suggested.

"I shouldn't hardly have liked to say so," replied Mrs. Coleman, "but as you seem to know something about it, I may as well say that I have been afraid for some time past that he wasn't just what he ought to be."

"What a pity," said Mrs. Green, "when he might be such a comfort to his mother. He's her only support, too, I suppose, for what she and Carrie earn by sewing, can't be much—they must feel dreadfully, but perhaps they don't mistrust that he's so wild."

"O yes, they do!" exclaimed Mrs. Coleman.

"What makes you think so?" eagerly asked Mrs. Green.

"O any mother could tell," replied Mrs. Coleman, trying to evade the question, for she had been a little more unguarded than she had intended to be.

But Mrs. Green was not to be put off.

"Now Mrs. Coleman, you know something that you don't want to tell. Now just tell me. It need never go any farther. Two friends in their own houses can talk over these matters, you know, and nobody need ever to be the wiser."

Thus urged, Mrs. Coleman proceeded to say, that knowing that Mr. Ashley had died of delirium tremens, she had watched Frank rather narrowly, fearing that he might have inherited his father's appetite for ardent spirits, and not a week ago, as she was standing at her window, who should she see but Frank, actually holding on to the door to steady himself, then Carrie helping him into the house, and putting cold water on his head, crying over him, too, she was sure, but all of a sudden Mrs. Ashley pulled down the curtain, and she could see nothing more.

"You don't say," ejaculated her horrified listener. "Poor Mrs. Ashley."

"Now don't breathe a word of this," reiterated Mrs. Coleman, again and again. "It isn't generally known, and it seems so mean for neighbors to tell all they see."

"O never fear me," replied Mrs. Green; "some people can't keep their tongues still, but I'm thankful I know how to hold mine. There is Mrs. Lancy, now, whatever she knows, everybody knows. By the way the sewing circle met with her last week—you were not there, were you?"

"No, who was there?"

"Mrs. Harris, for one, and she was dressed beautifully, in a new silk that cost all of five dollars a yard, elegant laces and rich diamond ear-rings. Her husband came in the evening, and he seemed perfectly devoted to her; he couldn't keep his eyes off of her. I should think she must be perfectly happy."

"All isn't gold that glitters," replied Mrs. Coleman, with a wise look. "To be sure she has everything that money can buy, but if a man has such a jealous disposition as her husband has got, no money can make up for that."

"O, I guess you must be mistaken about his jealousy," returned Mrs. Green, wishing to draw Mrs. Coleman out.

The bait took wonderfully.

"No, I'm not, I assure you. Don't you remember that Mrs. Harris went to ride with Dr. Wood? Well, I happened up there, that day. Just as I was going in, Mr. Harris came out. He slammed the door after him with a bang, and looked as black as a thunder cloud. He hardly spoke to me but walked right by. Lucy was on the sofa—her eyes were as red as they could be.

She tried to appear as if nothing was the matter, but she couldn't deceive me. We were old school friends, you know, and finally she owned all about it. Mr. Harris was provoked to think she went to ride. She tried to excuse him, but I think and always shall, that he's a regular Bluebeard!"

"Well, now, I always thought Mr. Harris was one of the salt of the earth," returned Mrs. Green. "How little we know of people till we find them out."

"Very true," was Mrs. Coleman's rejoinder to this sage reflection. "Mr. Harris has some good points, but jealousy is enough to spoil any man. Who else was at the circle?" she continued.

"Mrs. Lewiston, and I must say, haughty as she is, she is the most fascinating woman that I ever saw. I always wonder when I see her how she came to marry her husband."

"Why, he was considered a great match for her, when she got him," answered Mrs. Coleman. "I knew all about it. He was a shoemaker and she bound shoes for him. He took a fancy to her and married her. He was a very respectable man, and she was from one of the lowest families in town. Mr. Lewiston got rich, and they moved away. They have travelled a great deal, and she has studied all manner of things since she was married. To do her justice she is really a fine appearing woman, but he is just about as graceful as one of his own rolls of sole leather, and always reminds me of one, when he undertakes to make a bow. She has tried to make a gentleman of him, but she might as well attempt to make a pair of cow-hide boots into patent leather, by blacking them, as to try to make anything but a clown out of him. As for her, with her grand manners, who would imagine, as she sweeps into a room with her silk stockings and satin slippers on, that she has seen the time when she hadn't a shoe nor stocking to her foot."

"This is all news to me," said Mrs. Green. "She needn't give herself so many airs nor hold her head so high. Have you called on her, Mrs. Coleman?"

"Yes, and after a long time, madam rode here in her carriage and left her card. I was so provoked I could have thrown it in the fire."

"One of her foreign notions, I presume," said Mrs. Green.

"I don't know nor care where she got her notions, but it was impudent in her at any rate. Why, when we were girls I was as much above her—why, I never used to speak to her when I met her in the street."

"Perhaps she is paying you in your own coin," thought Mrs. Green, but she made no reply.

She rose from her seat.

"Dear me, how the time has passed. I must hurry home," said she.

"O, it isn't late, don't be in haste," returned her friend.

"I should admire to stay, but it's impossible," replied Mrs. Green, as she resumed her shawl and kissed the baby.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Coleman."

"Good afternoon," and Mrs. Green was gone.

Two weeks had passed since Mrs. Green's call. Mrs. Coleman was again alone in her pleasant sitting-room, and was beginning to wish that somebody would drop in. Hardly had the wish arisen in her mind, when a visitor was announced. No less a person than Miss Carrie Ashley.

Mrs. Coleman greeted her cordially and was proceeding to inquire after the health of her brother and mother, when Carrie, who was laboring, evidently, under strong excitement, instead of replying, exclaimed:

"O, Mrs. Coleman, how could you be so cruel?" and burst into tears.

"For mercy's sake, Carrie, what's the matter?" asked Mrs. Coleman, from whose mind all remembrance of her chat with Mrs. Green had long since vanished.

"Tell me, dear child," she persisted, as Carrie still sobbed convulsively.

After the first burst of grief had subsided, Carrie explained that Frank had been on the point of securing a situation as book-keeper, in Mr. Green's store, when suddenly, without any apparent reason, Mr. Green had informed him that he should not require his services, and a few days since the story of Frank's supposed dissipation had reached them, not only that he had once been seen intoxicated, but that Mrs. Coleman said he came home drunk every day.

Mrs. Coleman indignantly denied this, and repeated with no little humiliation what she had said:

"I remember the day well," replied Carrie, "and how much we feared he might die. That was one of his attacks of vertigo, a rush of blood to the head, that he may sometime never get over. The doctor will tell you so," she continued, and again tears choked her utterance.

"O, Mrs. Coleman," she continued, "he is the best and kindest brother that ever lived, and he is so sensitive, that this cruel report has almost killed him. He says it is of no use for him

to try to be anything, if the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. He can neither eat nor sleep—and my mother—” again the tears that she tried to restrain, flowed over her cheeks.

She did not weep alone. Mrs. Coleman’s sobs mingled with hers, and again and again she repeated: “I am so sorry.”

“What can I do?” was her next thought.

Her resolve was soon taken, and no sooner had Carrie gone, than Mrs. Coleman hastened to Mr. Green’s store, where with sincere regret she confessed her unjust suspicions, gave Carrie’s explanation, and begged him to give Frank the situation.

Mr. Green was quite ready to do his part towards repairing the wrong done poor Frank, and made some severe remarks on the gossip of women, under which Mrs. Coleman winced a little, though her joy at her success with Mr. Green, soothed her wounded self-love, somewhat.

With mingled joy and shame, she hastened to Mrs. Ashley’s, begged Frank’s pardon, and informed him that Mr. Green would be glad to receive him into his employ.

She had hardly reached home when Mrs. Harris came in. She did not offer Mrs. Coleman the usual caress, but seated herself rather stiffly.

She had not long to be kept in suspense. Mrs. Harris began:

“There have been some most ridiculous stories afloat concerning my husband and myself, and stranger than all, purporting to come from you, whom I had always thought my friend.”

“I should never have taken any notice of the gossip of a little village, but when it is stated that Mr. Harris and I are on the eve of separation, on the authority of an intimate friend, that is going rather too far. It is not confined to this village, either. Imagine my annoyance on the receipt of this letter from Louisa Wells, in which she speaks of my intended divorce as an established fact. I have taken pains to trace the story, and found that it all grew out of an exaggerated account of a quarrel between my husband and I. Not a quarrel, either, but a thoughtless act of mine, which his better judgment did not approve. I could not have believed it of you, Sarah!”

“I am sure,” replied Mrs. Coleman, “I never had the least idea of causing such a wild report. I only spoke of Mr. Harris’s high temper, which you know, Lucy, was only the truth.”

“I do not deny that my husband has faults, Sarah, but he is one of the best of men, and it ill becomes a friend to make use of the advantages which her friendship gives her, to expose the foibles of those she professes to love.”

“You are severe, Lucy, you know I never meant to do any harm.”

“I believe you,” replied Mrs. Harris, “but nevertheless the result is the same.”

“I am really sorry,” said Mrs. Coleman, “and will contradict the story wherever I go, and however mortifying it may be, I will take all the blame. Will you not forgive me, Lucy? kiss and be friends, again.”

“Certainly, I forgive you, Sarah,” said Mrs. Harris, as she impressed a kiss on Mrs. Coleman’s lips.

Then resuming her seat, she said, with some little embarrassment:

“You must not think hard of me for what I am going to say. Mr. Harris wishes me to say to you that he has no objection to our remaining on the footing of common acquaintances; but we can never be anything more. He says that he could never feel safe to have a person in the habit of coming frequently to the house, who would proclaim to the world all that passes within. He forgives you, but can never respect you. Do not be offended, Sarah; you know how outspoken he is, and he insisted on my telling you all this.”

“Well, then,” replied Mrs. Coleman, her eyes flashing fire, “tell him from me, that his forgiveness reminds me of the Indian’s, who said ‘he would forget, and forgive, and always remember.’ Tell him that I don’t respect him, if, when a fault is owned, he hasn’t generosity enough to overlook it. I am not angry with you, Lucy, I shall love you just as well as ever.”

Mrs. Harris looked sad.

“I hope some day that you and my husband will understand each other better,” said she, as she bid her good-by.

Another ring at the door bell, and Mrs. Green appeared. She gave glowing accounts of a party which Mrs. Lewiston was about to give, and finished by asking Mrs. Coleman if she was invited.

No, she was not, she was obliged to confess, and when the next day, she met Mrs. Lewiston in her carriage, that lady did not deign to notice her bow. She felt sure that the haughty lady had heard her remarks, and had perhaps given this party for the purpose of slighting her.

Mr. Coleman set before the glowing fire and listened to his wife’s narration of all this. He lifted a brand that had fallen into place, and

“It seems that one afternoon’s chat has made you at least one enemy, and estranged a friend. Let it learn you one lesson, ‘that whose keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.’”

A PLEASANT LIFE IS THIS.

BY DE FLETCHER HUNTON.

A pleasant life is this, Lizzie,
Sweet as the poet's dream,
And peaceful as the gentle breeze
That fans the rippling stream.
No darksome clouds of sullen gloom
Have gathered o'er the sky,
To hide the bright, propitious rays,
That shine on you and I, Lizzie,
That shine on you and I.

We have a happy home, Lizzie,
Where love will ne'er depart;
It is the place of all the world,
The dearest to my heart.
No marble walls are shining there,
Nor tapestry of gold;
Yet still beneath that humble roof,
Our hearts are never cold, Lizzie,
Our hearts are never cold.

Through many a weary round, Lizzie,
I've passed in years gone by;
Yes, many a cheerless day I've had,
And many a heartfelt sigh.
But some good angel has been near
My wandering steps to guide,
To bless me with a happy home,
Worth all the world beside, Lizzie,
Worth all the world beside.

I am content with life, Lizzie,
I know that I am blest,
And with an honest, earnest pride,
I hold thee to my breast.
O, why should I bow down to gold,
Or fickle fame reverse;
Since thou art to this heart of mine
A thousand times more dear, Lizzie,
A thousand times more dear?

JACK'S PROPHECY.

BY WILLIAM MELVILLE.

THE old "*Flyaway*," a ship of some eight hundred tons, lay at Trieste, where she had put in for a load of oil, almonds, and wine. The captain, whose name was Lot Sanders, was a good seaman, but quick in his temper, and revengeful in his disposition; and since we had left the States, quite a number of the younger portion of the crew had been flogged for one thing and another, but in most cases for "insubordination"—said insubordination being insolence to the captain; and in every case, I believe, this insolence had been the result of the captain's inordinate passion and harshness.

Jack Provost and myself were walking up and down the larboard side of the waist on the second afternoon of our arrival at Trieste. Our ship had a small topgallant fore-castle, and beneath

lay a young sailor in irons. His name was Ben Greene. He was not over twenty years of age, and one of the best-hearted, truest men on board. When the ship was coming in, he and the captain had a "spat." Ben was stationed at the foretop-sail halyards by the first mate, and told not to leave until the yard was down. The captain saw him there and ordered him to go and stand by the main-brace.

"I'm stationed here," returned Ben, meaning no harm, and thinking none.

"O—you are, eh?—now go!" And he gave the youth a kick as he spoke.

In a moment of pain and rage poor Ben uttered: "You're a brute!"

At that instant, the pilot ordered the courses to be cleared up, and the captain smothered his vengeance. But as soon as the anchors were down, he ordered the mates to put Ben in double irons. "And," said he, in conclusion, "we'll give him just the sweetest taste of the cat-o'-nine tails when he comes out that he ever dreamed of!"

So Ben had been put in irons, and there he lay. We knew that the captain would keep his promise, for he was a man whom persuasion never moved.

"It's too bad!" said Jack, looking first upon Ben, stowed away on a couple of gratings, and then looking upon me.

"So it is," I returned, "and if any exertions on my part could help the poor fellow, I'd make it. But Captain Sanders is not the man to be turned from his purpose. If he has said he'll flog Ben Greene, then Ben may consider himself doomed."

"I know," responded Jack, thoughtfully, "but I've been thinking of something."

"Eh?"

"Yes," he said. "You know Sanders is very superstitious."

"Most men of his character are," I replied.

"But he is more so than any man I ever saw before," Jack resumed, in a low tone. "He would sooner go without his grog for a whole year than to have a storm-petrel killed by a man on board his ship. No power could induce him to go to sea on a day when the moon could be seen while the sun was up. I know him well, and I think if I could get on shore this afternoon, while the captain is there, I could prevent Ben's flogging."

As soon as Jack had whispered to me somewhat of his plan, I went at once to the mate and told him that I wished Jack Provost to go on shore with me. He hesitated a moment, and then gave me permission to take him along.

Jack had been in Trieste twice before with Sanders, and he knew all his haunts. Our first movement was to the shop of an old Jew, who kept masquerade costumes of every style, shade, cut and finish—from the full dress of a Mogul grandee to the habit of an Indian peasant. Jack selected a pair of deep blue Turkish trowsers, which buckled about the ankle with a plated band; a robe of purple silk mysteriously figured over with all sorts of cabalistic characters done with silver thread; then he selected a wig of flowing white hair, with an enormous beard to match; and having procured some water-colors, he made me lay on a few false wrinkles and odd veins. Next came a hat with a tall crown, like a pyramid, figured with silver, and a rim very wide and stiff. After all this, he stepped into a pair of wooden shoes—and his disguise was complete.

Most assuredly I should not have known Jack Provost under that guise, nor would his own mother have dreamed that he was her son.

"You must disguise, so as to go and see the sport," said Jack.

I quickly consented, for I did not want the captain to know his supercargo that afternoon. I selected a peasant's dress; browned my skin with umber: put on false hair and beard, and was ready. Jack borrowed a very large parchment book, written in Hebrew characters, and a globe of the heavens, and thus accoutred, we set out, leaving our own clothes and ten dollars as pledges for our safe return.

We found Captain Sanders at the *café*, where Jack said we should, and, very fortunately, he was at a small table alone, with a glass in his hand. Jack walked slowly and totteringly towards him, and sat down upon the opposite side of the same table, and having rested the end of his huge book upon the marble top, he opened the volume, being careful to hold it so that Sanders could look into it. The captain did look into it, and when he saw the strange characters there, he was puzzled. The old astrologer—for so we must call Jack—bowed his head upon his hand, and at the end of some moments, he started up and uttered:

"*Americano!* America's son is here!" speaking in a most mystical idiom. In a moment more, he fastened his eyes upon Sanders, and added: "*Pardon!* I felt your presence!"

"Did you?" whispered Sanders, showing by his every look that he was deeply moved.

"Yes—I was reading the stars, and I came to the *fourteenth day of the year's first month*, and I saw a new star flash forth. That was the day of your nativity!"

(Jack knew that the captain was born on the fourteenth day of January.)

Sanders was astounded, and his lips trembled.

"Yours has been a dark, tempestuous life!" resumed the astrologer, solemnly, closing his book, and turning the globe upon its axis. "Two fair children lie buried in your native land. A wife now—"

"What?" grasped the captain, turning deadly pale, and trembling.

"She waits for you, and prays?"

Sanders breathed more freely.

"Shall I tell you more?"

"No—ye—yes!"

"All is not dark—you have seen much joy. But a cloud comes—a most strange and curious one. I can read it not from this," setting the globe aside, and taking up the book.

"What is it?" whispered Sanders, while Jack pored over the strange book in silence.

"This is passing all belief," uttered the astrologer to himself, still reading from the cabalistic characters of his book. "There is torture—but 'tis not for him! 'Tis for another—and yet he dies! *Wonderful!*"

And thus speaking, the strange man gazed fixedly into the captain's face.

"What is it?" hoarsely whispered the anxious, superstitious man.

"You are commander of a ship?" said the astrologer.

"Yes."

"Is there any one suffering there?"

"No!"

"Then there will be. 'T will not be you—and yet you will be the victim, for so 'tis written!"

"But tell me all! What do you see? What do you read?"

"Thus I read," answered the astrologer, in a voice that seemed to come from the vaults beneath the house: "There shall be the sound of woe and wailing, as of one in distress. A lash shall make sharp music in the air, and the waiting flesh shall quiver when it receives the stroke. The blows fall thick and heavy, and the suffering one shall bow in shame and grief. His pain of flesh will not equal his pain of soul. But yet I read that you are not that sufferer—and yet, *such shall be the scene when you die!* That is what I hold so wondrous strange! And yet my record never yet deceived me. Surely, sir, you must be connected with this in some way!"

"With what? How?" gasped the captain.

"With this scene I have described. I see the bared flesh—the lash—the wound—the oozing blood! I hear the wail and the groan! And

your death is there! You must read the rest, for the heavens tell me no more!"

"But wait—one moment! Answer me one question!" cried Sanders, now the very picture of terror. "Shall I die soon?"

"T is not so set down. You may live long for all that I can tell, for this dread scene I have found is not fixed,—it only appears as a cloud which threatens you. But be sure of this: When you see what I have described, then know your hour draws nigh, and then you must pray!"

Thus speaking, the strange man left the *cafe*, and I followed him. In due time we reached the Jew's, exchanged our clothes, washed our hands and faces, paid two dollars for the use of the disguises, and before dark were on board.

On the next morning, Captain Sanders came off, and his first order was that Ben Greene should be set at liberty.

"Will you flog him?" asked the mate.

"No, sir!" whispered the captain, with a fearful shudder. "And mind you," he added, in a quicker tone, "let not a man be struck on board this ship without my orders!"

The men wondered much at this—all but Jack and myself. But the captain did not disappoint us. From that time forth no revengeful blow was struck on board our ship. He never knew how he had been deceived, and we meant that he never should, for many a poor sailor's back has been saved by *Jack's Prophecy*, and the captain's superstitious belief in its truth.

PLANTS IN OUR BED ROOMS.

Mr. D. Beaton, in the Cottage Gardener, remarks that "although it is quite true that plants do vitiate the air of a room to comparatively a fractional degree, it is equally well ascertained that they consume and destroy a very great deal of foul air; and that without foul air, such as would kill a man, plants could not be kept alive at all. We gardeners know this fact from our every-day experience; we cannot grow plants so well or so quickly, in the sweetest air, as in a stinking hotbed. All the animal creation vitiates the common air every time each one breathes the breath of life, or life-sustaining air; and were it not that all the vegetable kingdom depend on this vitiated air for part of their subsistence, and a great part, too, this world would have been at an end as soon as animals covered the face of the earth. Therefore, and without the shadow of a doubt, plants are the best purifiers of all the agents that have yet been known to cleanse the air of a bed room, or any other room in a house, provided always that such plants are not in bloom, or, at least, do not bear blooming with a strong scent."

Contradiction should awaken our attention and care, but not our passion; we should be on no side nor interest, but that of truth.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

It stands upon seven hills, which gives it the aspect of the largest city in the world. It is built in a triangular form, at the extremity of the Bosphorus, where it joins the sea of Marmora. There is a treble line of walls round the city, of about eight miles in circumference, flanked by a double row of houses. Constantinople contains 12 imperial mosques, 350 ordinary mosques, 30 markets, more than 300 fountains, and 109,000 houses. The population is about 600,000. The imperial residence may be said to form a city within a city, the walls being three miles in circumference, with twelve gates, and the number of residents is between 6000 and 7000. The marine arsenal is a fine establishment, built upon the northern bank of the harbor. The naval arsenal is near the quay, close to which the Turkish men-of-war are moored. A large and magnificent barrack for sailors is built near the dock-yard, in which there are large basins for the repair of ships. At Tophana is the barrack for the cannoners, and at Scutari, on the opposite or Asiatic coast, is an extensive pile of barracks, capable of accommodating 10,000 troops. The harbor, or Golden Horn, of Constantinople, is a quiet and safe anchorage of the length of 4000 fathoms, and the breadth of 3000 fathoms. Its depth is so great, the largest ships-of-the-line approaching the two banks, can almost touch the houses. The city is surrounded by a girdle of natural fortifications, and her position enables her to become the first naval and military port in the world.—*London Globe*.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

The following proof of canine intelligence and temper is related in a French paper: "Count de N—, living a short distance from Lisle, possesses a Newfoundland dog, formerly called Castor, but, within the last year, Menschikoff. A short time ago, the Count left his palace to proceed to Lisle, to carry to the Receiver General's office a parcel, containing notes and other securities to the amount of forty thousand francs. When starting, Menschikoff appeared resolved to accompany his master, who was at last obliged to beat him back with his cane. When the Count arrived at Lisle, he found that he had lost his parcel. Much alarmed, he proceeded to search for it on the road by which he had come. There, at a little distance, stood Menschikoff, gently wagging his tail, but not daring to advance, from his reminiscence of the Count's cane. In his mouth was the precious parcel, which he had picked up, and was faithfully carrying to his master."

AN ANCIENT NOVEL.

Many of the Chinese novels are very ancient. Some of those read in the shops in Sacramento street to-day were written a thousand years ago. One of them is the "Sam-kwok-chi," composed in the days of the emperor Constantine, about three centuries after Christ. But it appears we are to have some older still. It is said that Osborne, the Egyptian scholar, has published, or is publishing, a novel found in the tomb of an Egyptian, supposed to be by a scribe attached to the court of the Pharaohs.—*San Francisco Herald*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Those people who have long and strenuously advocated the cause of temperance in New England, have at length reached an important crisis in their career. Laws of the most stringent nature have been passed, and prohibition on prohibition enforced, until mere legislation can do no more. We have taken no part in this issue; we have the cause as much at heart as the most radical, but we have silently favored in our own bosom the moral, rather than the legal argument. The spirit is apt to rebel at what it conceives to be oppression, but kindness, like the warm sun, will melt the most obdurate. By force you can break ice, but it is ice still; but who ever saw frozen liquid or a frozen heart that gentleness could not subdue?

We much fear that if people are resolved to drink intoxicating liquors, they will find the means to possess themselves of it, let the law be what it may; but the potent and ever present moral effect of example strikes at the fountain head of this vice, by rendering it disgusting and disgraceful. Let it be rendered *unfashionable* to drink wine, and the growing generation will not come on to the stage wine drinkers. Let those high in social and political station leave off the intoxicating cup, and the masses will follow their example. Let the better class of the people *live* temperance, and they need not legislate upon the subject. Let *ladies* set the example to gentlemen by refusing wine on all occasions, and they will silently but potently preach eloquent sermons in behalf of the cause.

Forbidden fruit is sweet, and he who is told that he shall not do a thing, is apt to consider the matter little less than a challenge, and sets about to outwit by cunning, or out-general by force of arms, all opposition. Success with him becomes a virtue, because he is determined to conquer, and what should be his shame becomes his pride. Take away the prohibition from such an one, say to him, you are free, go on and disgrace yourself and your friends, if you will, and we rather think the purpose is so robbed of its chivalrous aspect, then, as to, cease to be longer an object.

CHEAP.—Beef is selling in Texas at four cents per pound—here at *twenty-five*.

RATHER FRENCHY.

An old rag-picker died in Paris, in a state of the most abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who lived as servant with a green-grocer. The girl always assisted her uncle as far as her slender means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was upon the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Susette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that their marriage must be deferred, as she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Susette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost at once her place and her lover, who sided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of the savings for her wedding attire, but of all her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room, weeping bitterly, when the master of the faithless lover, a young, good-looking man, entered. "So, my good Susette, I find you have lost your place?" said he; "I am come to offer you one for life—will you marry me?" "I, sir?" exclaimed Susette; "you are joking." "No, faith, I want a wife, and I'm sure I can't find a better." "But every one would laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me?" "O, if that is your only objection, we shall soon get over it; come, come along; my mother is prepared to receive you." Susette hesitated no longer, but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle; it was a cat that he had had for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal that he determined that even her death should not separate them, for he had her stuffed and placed upon the tester of his bed. As Susette took puss down, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. A thousand gold napoleons were concealed in the body of the cat; and this sum became the just reward of the noble girl and her disinterested lover.

ENGLAND, FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

Up to the period of this writing, the game of war as played in the Crimea by England and France, has proved a splendid failure. The two proudest nations in Christendom have been completely humbled before the stronghold of Sebastopol, and the enormous expenditure of life and treasures has been for naught. Sad as is the aspect of the case to the eyes of philanthropists, still we cannot regret the stern, steady check that the allies have received before the Russian fortifications. It is estimated that *sixty seven thousand souls*, from out the ranks of the besieging army, have either died of disease or fallen in battle since the expedition landed in the Crimea!

What a terrible sacrifice! How awful to contemplate! A few such months as have just passed, crowded with the same fatality, would blot out to a man the invading forces, while the immense outlay of money requisite to keep up such vain-glorious display, would impoverish the treasures of both nations. The allies are laboring at great disadvantage; far from home, they are in an enemy's country; that enemy, besides the enthusiasm of his religious belief, is fighting on his own soil, and for his hearth stone. Russia has only to retire within herself, so to speak, and leave her enemies to follow, and they march to almost certain ruin. The world has not forgotten Moscow; the very name rankles in the breast of every French soldier.

It is affirmed that the general, commanding the French artillery, has written to the emperor to the effect that having, according to promise, kept up the bombardment for fourteen days, his task was accomplished; that the allies had not reduced the place, and were not in a condition to attempt the assault; that their guns, from the protracted firing, were completely unserviceable; and that it only remained for them to withdraw their troops in good order, and leave the guns as old iron in possession of the enemy. The English, however, declare that the suspension of the bombardment is but temporary, so as not to exhaust their ammunition, and also to await the arrival of such reinforcements which were expected. All this goes to show how little has been effected by the incessant discharge of five hundred pieces of artillery for fourteen days!

The telegraph has now brought Lord Raglan and the war office in London within four hours of each other, and even now the commander may be sending over the wires, "We have at last taken Sebastopol;" but we very much doubt whether it can be done by means of the tactics which have been adopted. In the first place, the fortifications have never yet been in-

vested, and up to the last intelligence received, the Russians were still throwing troops into the city, and ample stores of ammunition. We do not believe the end is yet; when the allies take this stronghold, it will cost them three-quarters of their army.

BATTERIES AT SEBASTOPOL.

In the bombardment of thirteen days at Sebastopol the guns of the allies performed as great service as is considered safe to look for in iron ordnance. In the United States service, one thousand rounds are as many as it is thought desirable to fire from these guns, although there are instances where twice that amount of service has been required of them. In these thirteen days, with one hundred and twenty rounds per day, each gun was discharged fifteen hundred and sixty times, and the effect upon the defences of the enemy was not deemed sufficiently great to warrant an assault. From experiments made by officers of the United States Ordnance Department, and more particularly from those of the late Captain Walbach, our service has acquired a much more thorough knowledge of the means of testing the strength of cannon than any other in the world.

LOBSTER TRADE.—It is estimated that there are consumed annually in and about Boston, about 700,000 lobsters, the prime cost of which is about \$80 per thousand. This makes the snug little sum of \$56,000. About 500,000 of these lobsters are brought from the State of Maine, and the remaining 200,000 are taken from Massachusetts Bay. About 700 men are engaged in taking the fish, and some 800 tons of shipping are employed to bring them to Boston, exclusive of what are brought by steamboat and railroad.

PLANTING TREES.—What better monument can a man have than the tree he has planted? Governor Stuyvesant's pear-tree, at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue, New York, still keeps his memory green. It was set out in 1639—more than two centuries ago.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The proper way to subscribe for a paper, and secure its regular receipt, is to enclose the subscription money in a letter plainly directed to the *office of publication*, and the paper will be sent by return of mail.

EXPENSIVE.—The cost of the Norwalk disaster to the New York and New Haven Railroad has been \$280,000, and there are still unsettled claims against the company, outstanding.

CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

England and the United States are now about the only countries in the world—we except a few smaller States—where the press is entirely free, and where a man may write an editorial or a book without the fear of government officials using the scissors where he has used the pen, or suppressing his labor altogether. In Russia the press is a mockery—in Austria the same—in Italy a nonentity—in France, killed outright, stifled and strangled by Queen Victoria's friend, the new-made knight of the garter. The *auto da fe* which the curate, the barber and the housekeeper made of poor Don Quixotte's library, reminds us of the proceedings of the inquisitorial gangs of officials, who, in the despotic states of Europe destroy without remorse the labor of years, because it does not happen to square with the notions of the crowned minions who have the power to destroy what they have not the brains to conceive or comprehend.

Leo X. by a bull of 1515, completely established the ecclesiastical superintendency of the press. This was done to suppress heretical opinions. From time to time different councils published carefully prepared indexes of prohibited works. The ecclesiastical censorship was afterwards imitated and adopted by the secular authorities. If it was right to suppress heretical opinions, it was certainly right to suppress the views of political opponents. Sometimes local governments interfered with the tyranny of ecclesiastical authorities in behalf of a free literature and a free press. The censorship of the press in England, during the sway of the Stuarts, was confided to the infamous Star Chamber, and abolished in 1641. In Holland, in the 17th century, the press was almost entirely free.

The efforts of tyrants to suppress the truth was never completely successful even in Europe. Books prohibited in France are printed in some adjacent country where the same language is spoken, and find their way back in spite of the vigilance of frontier custom house officials and spies everywhere. Thus Victor Hugo's scorching pamphlet, "Napoleon the Little," printed in London, in French, finds its way to Paris, and is read by thousands who enjoy the moral flaying alive to which the brilliant and powerful author subjects his brutal enemy. His "Châtiments," printed at Brussels in a portable shape, infallibly glide into France, and pour poison into the ears of the subjects of the imperial scamp, and prepare them for the "good time coming," when all true lovers of their country will be called upon to rally round the throne, not for the purpose of upholding it, but

to upheave it, as the same people did that of Louis Philippe—poor fellow—quite a decent man, compared to the present "cut-purse of the empire."

In all the despotic countries of Europe, France included, there is now a rigid and general censorship of the book-trade and the press, and this supervision extends to foreign books imported into the above countries. The Holy Alliance of crowned scoundrels and fools, whom the battle of Waterloo and the arms of England set on their legs, have arranged this matter in the most beautiful way. They are the candle-snuffers of creation—their business being to put out the light and produce the greatest possible amount of moral and intellectual darkness. It is all done, however, decently, orderly, and according to rule and system. The following is the way in which Austria uses the extinguishers. She has four forms. 1. *Admittitur*—it is admit—which means that the books or journals referred to, are entirely free. 2. *Transeat*—it may pass—signifies that the book or newspaper is free, but must not be advertised for sale. 3. *Erga Schedam*, signifies that the publication may be sold only to public officers, and literary men after they have procured a permit to purchase. 4. *Damnatur*—it is condemned—expresses entire prohibition.

We can hardly conceive of this state of things in a country where publication is free as air. Here there is indeed a censorship of the press—but it is the censorship of public opinion. Before the verdict of an enlightened public opinion—treason, fanaticism, scandal, immorality stand rebuked. Severe censure or withering neglect awaits those journals which are false to the spirit and the mission of the press—while success attends those who are true to their calling, and honest, sincere and eloquent in the expression of their opinions.

WHO WRITES THEM?—The endorsements on bank bills—such as—"my last dollar—now for the Prussic acid!"—"O, the gaming-table—my wife and children are now beggars, etc." We suspect some comfortable wags are the authors of these inscriptions.

SHORT ALLOWANCE.—Seven men on the wreck of the ship William Laytin, lately lived a week on a rat they found swimming in the bilgewater.

EQUINE.—"My prospects are going to *Brighten*," as the old horse said, when he took the Milldam road last Thursday.

MEMORY.

Memory has been defined as "that faculty of the mind which receives ideas presented to the understanding, retains them, and exhibits them again." Abercrombie, however, on the Intellectual Powers, says, "We remember the facts, and we can also recall them to the mind at pleasure. The former is *memory*, the latter that modification of it which we call *recollection*." Little is known about its operations, though many data and phenomena respecting it are susceptible of observation. In some cases it would appear as if both the impression of an idea on the mind, and its recollection, were involuntary. But in general, it may be said, that an act of volition is necessary to fix impressions. We remember only what we take an interest in—and hence memory may be said to be only another word for attention. When we say that memory may be strengthened almost indefinitely by exercise, we only mean that by practice we may obtain the power of enchainning the attention to whatever object or ideas we choose to contemplate—thereby fixing these images and ideas, whether they be concrete or abstract, on the mind—engraving them, as it were, too deeply to be obliterated. We are inclined to the opinion, that of late years the cultivation of the memory has been undervalued—the practice of verbatim recitations in schools is scouted as calculated to cripple the judgment. In youth, however, the judgment is inactive—the memory vigorous—it should be spent therefore in accumulating those facts on which the judgment may afterwards work as upon raw material.

Let us give a few authenticated examples of good memories. Cyrus the Great knew by heart the names of all the officers and soldiers; Otho, successor to the Roman Emperor Galba, knew the name of every man in the army in which he served, and used to call each man by his proper name. Each, therefore, supposed himself to be a special favorite, and did his utmost to invest Otho with the imperial purple. Modern politicians have made the same use of a verbal memory—though after success has crowned their efforts, they are invariably troubled with very poor memories! A French Jesuit, Father Menestrier of Lyons, was possessed of a very remarkable memory. Christina, queen of Sweden, to test his powers, called on him, and handed him three hundred of the most uncouth words she could think of, written on a sheet of paper, and after a certain time the Jesuit was able to repeat them, not only in the order in which they were written, but backwards, or in any order in which the queen and her suite prescribed.

It was an extraordinary memory which enabled Mithridates, king of Parthia, to address the representatives of the twenty-two nations that he ruled, each in his own language. Cato the censor, by the help of a strong memory, learned the Greek language perfectly in a few months. Cæsar dictated to half a dozen secretaries in as many different languages at the same time, and a military officer of Louis XV., of France, named Marcet, could dictate to ten different persons in ten different languages at the same time. When the poet Campbell had finished the "Pleasures of Hope," he read it one evening to Sir Walter Scott. The next morning Sir Walter said to the poet, "Take care, Campbell, that no one steals your poem and prints it before you publish it yourself!" "How can that be?" asked Campbell, "when there is only one copy and that in my own hands?" "I willow," show y replied Sir Walter, and to the poet's astonishment, he repeated the long poem he had heard the night before, from beginning to end, without making a single mistake. Cardinal Mezzofanti spoke fifty-two different languages. He used to say, "I never forget a single word I hear or see once."

Seneca mentions a friend of his named Portius Latro, who remembered and could repeat word for word, all the speeches he had ever heard spoken by the orators of Rome. The orator Hortensius never committed a word of his voluminous orations to writing. He once passed a whole day at an auction room—at the close of the sale he was enabled to enumerate every article that had been disposed of, the price of each, and the amount of every bid and the name of every bidder. Klopstock, the author of the Messiah, could repeat the whole of Homer's Iliad. More wonderful yet was the achievement of Joseph Scaliger, who learned the whole of the Iliad and Odyssey in twenty-one days. Most of the persons above cited are said to have had great natural memories, but it is difficult to believe that they did not owe much to assiduous culture of their faculties. An indifferent memory may certainly be greatly improved by conscientious study.

THE CAMELS.—There is no doubt that camels may be domesticated and prove serviceable in this country. The camel is a native of the same country as the horse, and since the latter has flourished here, it follows that the "desert ship" may do so.

APOLLO.—Temperance and a clear sky are Apollo and the Muses.

A GREAT PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

The national (formerly royal) printing-office at Paris is the greatest establishment of the kind in the world. It was founded in 1640 by Louis XIII., and was located in the gallery of the Louvre. Two similar establishments, one at Versailles, and the other at the war department, were united in 1789. Its location has been changed once or twice since then. This printing-office renders important service to the cause of science and industry. It affords the printers of Paris and the departments special characters they do not possess, and they may, even, with the authority of the ministry, have elegant works set up which they have not the facility of executing at their own offices. Foreign nations do not hesitate to avail themselves of the typographical wealth of this establishment. Here the king of Prussia had the catalogue of the Chinese works in the library of Berlin printed; the Pacha of Egypt had his account-books printed here; the London Bible Society has Turkish, Syriac and other Bibles printed at this establishment. The annual receipts exceed the annual expenditures by several thousand dollars. The collection of type cannot be matched by any other establishment in the world. There are fifty-six fonts of oriental characters, comprising almost all the known languages of the Asiatic nations; and sixteen fonts of characters belonging to European nations who do not employ the Latin types we make use of. Besides that, there is a vast collection of Chinese characters engraved on wood for the reproduction of the innumerable graphic signs of the Chinese language. Five hundred and sixty-four men and boys and two hundred women are employed. The foremen, ten in number, receive 6 francs per diem; the compositors 5 francs, 50 centimes; pressmen and type foundry 4 francs 50 centimes. Two per cent. of the wages is retained for a relief and pension fund. The male workman, when disabled by sickness, receives 1 franc (20 cts.) and a female two-thirds of a franc (15 cts.) a day. After thirty years' service, a workman is entitled to a pension of 400 francs; and after thirty-five years, to an annual pension of 500 francs. The women receive a third less—their salaries averaging a third less than the males.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK.—The travel between these sister cities may be estimated from the fact that passengers pay \$800,000, and freight \$500,000 per annum.

HOMŒOPATHY.—There are about two thousand homœopathic physicians in the United States Calomel is going down.

DANDIES BY THE MONTH.

There are conditions of existence, says a French editor, which successively disappear. To carve well at table was formerly a talent the possession of which procured a man not only invitations to the best tables, but the certainty of eating the tit-bits. Now carving is no longer performed at table—it is confided to servants. The *elegant*, or dandy, for a long time enjoyed great success in society. The conditions of his part were very difficult. They have successively been very much simplified. Yellow gloves have been substituted for white hands; wit, smartness, politeness, knowledge of the world and tact, have given place to the "frigid air," the "English air;" a well cut pair of pantaloons takes the place of a well-formed leg. A company has been formed which undertakes to furnish dandies at three dollars a month. The company furnishes the subscribers with so many hats, so many patent-leather boots, and so many overcoats a year—the whole wardrobe conforming to the most authentic fashion plates; an eye glass or opera glass is thrown in. You pay your three dollars a month, and there is an end of your trouble. The company makes you a dandy, a fashionable man, a regular lady-killer. You pay in advance, of course—a necessary precaution to secure the association against loss. You must renew your subscription before its expiration, otherwise you are exposed to the fate of Cinderella, who on leaving the prince's ball after midnight, found herself reduced to the garb of a scullion. If you do not choose to renew your subscription, you are transformed to your former man—you resume your well brushed beaver, your seedy coat, your shabby boots. You resign your opera glass—and society—that is, fashionable city expels you from its brilliant circle. The peacock becomes the jackdaw. The lady who polked with you at the court ball, passes you by without a smile of recognition—Prince Prettyman has become a chimney-sweep.

APOCRYPHAL.—In Paris they are getting up an establishment for suicides. The following is the tariff of charges—it appears reasonable—"use of rope for hanging—two francs; pan of charcoal and close room, two francs; Prussic acid—one franc; use of rain water cistern—one franc. Remains carried to the morgue gratis." There is a higher charge for those who prefer to throw themselves from the fourth story window.

SIX-PENNY SAVINGS BANK.—There are 6000 depositors in the New York Six-penny Savings Bank and deposits vary in amount from five cents to over \$2000.

THE FASHIONS.

There used to be such a thing as rationality in costume; a man's birthplace could instantly be distinguished by his dress, as the Turk by his turban and caftan, the Spaniard by his cloak and sombrero, the Scotch Highlander by his plaid and kilt, and the natural integument of his lower limbs; but now-a-days, all nations dress alike, and France imposes the fashion of garments on the entire world. The dress of our exquisites is the same as that of the Parisian *elegans* who flaunt on the Boulevard Italien, and the troops of the Sultan Abdul-Medjid wear the French infantry cap. The Spaniard has abandoned his cloak for a *paletot*, and the Scotch Highlander has submitted his stalwort limbs to the restriction of a garment cut after the French model. France, the *arbiter elegantiarum* has had its fashionable revolutions which have kept pace with its political ones. With the old French revolution the three-cornered hat disappeared forever. The minister Roland one day presented himself before Louis XVI. with a round hat—such as we wear now. The master of ceremonies approached Dumouriez with an uneasy air, and said: "He hasn't even buckles in his shoes." "Ah," replied Dumouriez with a sardonic laugh, "everything is lost." And so it was—down went diamonds, plumes, satin gowns and trains, embroidered coats and spangled vests—and down went the throne and the aristocracy. The Jacobins appeared in wooden shoes, and carried knotty clubs for canes. Then came the Greek and Roman mania. Some of the women wore flesh-colored stockings and sandals. Not a few appeared dressed as savages. Under the empire of Napoleon, the greatest revolution of all was effected—small-clothes gave way to pantaloons. During the latter part of Napoleon's reign, women wore a sort of military helmet, called the *Casque a la Clorinda*, and a regular jockey cap with an imitation of epaulettes on the shoulder. Somewhere about 1820—if we remember rightly, the leg of mutton sleeve came into vogue—it was of enormous dimensions, and accompanied by monstrous bonnets, short waists and short dresses. The costume was perfectly hideous, and yet all the fashionable world thought it charming. For about twenty years the male costume has remained nearly stationary—a little longer or a little shorter waist, a little ampler or a little tighter pantaloons, a broad skirt or a swallow-tail—these are mere modifications. The cut and color vary, but the main features of the dress are the same. There is a tendency towards a reproduction of the dress of the middle ages, and some signs of rationality in the leaders of fashion. Hats are

less absurd, and better adapted for the purposes for which they were designed—coats are easier. Perhaps, on the whole, there is less attention to dress, and dandies are fewer and farther between than formerly—but still we are all of us far enough from the picturesque, and more or less slaves to fashion.

FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

The New York Times is rather severe upon well-dressed persons in New York. It says, "This is true: the best coats in Broadway, at this time, are on the backs of penniless fops, broken-down merchants, clerks on pitiful salaries, and men that don't pay up. The heaviest gold chains dangle from the fobs of gamblers and gentlemen of very limited means; costly ornaments on ladies indicate to eyes that are well open, the fact of a silly lover or a husband cramped for funds. And when a pretty woman goes by in a suit of plain and neat apparel, it is the presumption that she has fair expectations and a husband who can show a balance in his favor. For women are like books—too much gilding makes men suspicious that the binding is the most important part."

RUINS.—"Very fair—very fair, indeed," said a cockney, who was "doing" the Hudson River from the deck of a steamboat, by the aid of a lorgnette applied to his gooseberry eye. "Quite well got up; very Rhenish; but you have no ruins." The laws of the Romans provided that the queen of cities should not be dishonored by ruins—

Ne ruinis aspectus urbis deformetur,

and we thank Heaven that there are no ruins in America. They may be picturesque, but they don't pay.

DEATH OF MRS. NICHOLS.—The recent death of Mrs. Nichols (formerly Miss Bronte) at Halloworth, England, is a sad loss to literature. Her first work, "Jane Eyre," is one of the most powerful—if not the most powerful novel of the nineteenth century. It will be immortal.

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS.—Seventeen years ago, the first Atlantic steamship, the *Sirius*, arrived in New York harbor in the morning; the Great Western going up the bay a few hours later.

SALERATUS.—Mrs. Stowe thinks that one reason why the ladies of England are so much healthier than ours, is that they don't use saleratus.

Foreign Miscellany.

A ship lately sailed from Liverpool for Australia with a cargo of 262 unmarried females.

It is said that France intends to take possession of the whole Turkish territory.

Ten thousand of the Chinese insurgents have lately received Christian baptism.

The recent discoveries at Pompeii have been described and illustrated in a French work.

The British allow the purchase and sale of Chinese servants at Hong Kong.

About sixty cases of Assyrian antiquities from the excavations of Mr. Layard, Mr. Rassam and Mr. Loftus have arrived at the British Museum.

At Weimar, counterfeit autographs of Schiller have been made use of in an audacious manner. The heirs of the poet are amongst the dupes.

The estimated population of England and Wales in 1854 was 18,617,000; the number of births, 634,506; of deaths, 438,239; and of marriages, 159,000.

Dogs are henceforth to be taxed in France; a law has just been passed by the Legislative body, levying a duty, varying from one to ten francs per head yearly, on these animals.

A letter from St. Petersburg states that the Emperor Alexander intends to visit Helsingfors, with his brother Nicholas, before the commencement of operations in the Baltic.

Samuel Rogers the poet, is greatly improved in health, and is now enabled to take carriage airings daily. The venerable poet enters on his 93d year in July next.

A tribunal of honor, consisting of five members, is to be chosen at Madrid every month, to arrange personal disputes between gentlemen of the press in that city.

Moore's "Last Rose of Summer," in his own handwriting, was recently sold by auction for two guineas. Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," on the same occasion, brought \$20 10s.

One of the largest distilleries in Scotland, the Leith distillery, where 1,200,000 gallons of whiskey used annually to be made, has just been converted into a flour mill.

A speculator named La Tour, who had lost the whole of his own and his wife's fortune on the Bourse, and incurred liabilities to the extent of 200,000*fr*, which he could not meet, committed suicide at Versailles recently.

A post-office is established at the Crimea by the British government. A postmaster and three assistants are stationed there, and eighteen horses and mules are required for the transportation of the mails.

There are 962,898 persons in the United States over 21 years old who cannot read or write. Of these 6819 live in Vermont, and 27,539 in Massachusetts. New Hampshire has the least of any State, 2957.

It is intended to hold a "Grand Bazaar" in London to promote the movement now making to extend the use of free labor in cotton goods, with a view to the discouragement of slavery in the American States.

There are 50,000 Free Masons in Turkey.

There are 315,000 native Roman Catholics in China.

There are over *ten thousand* emigrants in Liverpool, waiting for passage to this country.

The Emperor of France was 51 years old on the 21st of April.

The subscriptions opened in Holland for the relief of the sufferers by the late terrible inundations, amount to \$190,000.

Several parties in Naples have been arrested and imprisoned for allowing their beards to grow. Barbers must be popular there.

Over 100,000 copies of Barnum's Autobiography have been sold in England, without the slightest advantage, however, to the author.

In France, a method of distilling alcohol from saw dust has been discovered. Woodsawyers may now get "high" on their own dust.

A treaty has been concluded between the United States and the Kingdom of Hanover, for the mutual extradition of fugitives from justice.

London extends over an area of 76,029 acres, or 122 square miles, and the number of its inhabitants, rapidly increasing, was on the day of the last census, some 2,362,286.

The town of Lissa, in the Grand Duchy of Posen, has manufactured for the Universal Paris Exhibition a magnificent fur carpet, formed of 8542 pieces of fur indigenous to the country.

More whisky was drank in Scotland last year than in 1853, or almost any year preceding; and much more was spent on whisky in Scotland last year than in any preceding year whatever.

A rumor of the day, is the existence of a secret understanding between Russia and Austria for the signal partition of Turkey, on the model of that of Poland, in case the war results in the final defeat of the allies.

The town of Cheltenham, Eng., recently witnessed the departure of a delegation of men and women, converts to Mormonism, who are en route to Utah. Several of them are persons of respectability.

A French priest has discovered that cholera, war, famine, and pestilence, are nothing more and nothing less but the direct lineal offspring of that most lascivious dance, "polka," and of that "last sigh of expiring virtue, the waltz."

They are making excellent fuel in England out of refuse coal-dust. The process adopted is merely heating and pressing this dust into molds or bricks, when the fuel is found quite equal in all respects to the coal from which it is produced.

The King of Belgium is a Protestant, though his subjects are mostly Catholics. The King of Saxony is a Catholic, though the greater part of his subjects are Protestants. The King of Greece is a Catholic, though most of his subjects are of the Greek Church.

The monthly returns of deserters from the army, navy, and militia of Great Britain, show a large increase in the number of defaulters, the total being 646. Of these, 280 are from the regular troops, and 276 from the militia. From the navy there were 74 deserters, 15 stragglers, and one person discharged with disgrace.

Record of the Times.

One farmer in Illinois planted ten thousand acres of corn this year.

Die Clapperton, a famous race mare, has been sold in North Carolina for \$2500.

Col. P. T. Shaffner has presented the Czar of Russia with a cane cut from Jackson's Hermitage.

The electric telegraph shows that all great storms in this latitude move in one direction.

Eighty patents were granted in one week at the United States patent office.

Some of the gambling tables in San Francisco, yield a monthly revenue of \$5000 or \$6000 each.

The Chinese have got an opera at San Francisco. The music is unearthly.

There is a club house in New York city which cost \$200,000.

McCormick's claim to the patent right for making the reaping machine, is sustained.

A Poor Boy's College has been established in the town of Blackstone, Mass.

The Maryland lotteries will be broken up in 1859, the Constitution of the State forbidding them after that time.

✓ Eighteen dollars a gallon was the price which the Otard pale brandy of 1820 brought at the sale of Mr. Hope's liquors in New York.

Mrs. Green Wormely, of Memphis, fainted and died immediately, upon a young man telling her, in jest, that her husband had been run over by a cart and injured.

Boston issues 113 papers, with an annual circulation of 54,000,000; New York, 104 papers, circulation 73,000,000; and Philadelphia 51 papers, circulation 48,000,000.

The grand jury of Orange county, Florida, in their general presentment, made at the late term of their court, mentioned the fact that, out of a population of 600 in the county, there has not been a single death in twelve months.

Emigrants to Western Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, are coming in as they used to do in the days of the "Platte Purchase," fifteen years ago, and our Western borders are now fast making up the loss incurred by the California fever.

Cuttings of the prune, received from France, have been distributed by the department at Washington to Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, and other northern latitudes, to be engrafted on the plum tree.

The Pittsburg (Pa.) Despatch says that a Hungarian named Kossuth, a nephew of the illustrious Louis Kossuth, ex-Governor of Hungary, and employed as a coal-digger in Snowden township, was crushed in a horrid manner, recently, by a falling mass of coal, and killed almost instantly.

It is quite fashionable now in Albany for pleasure parties to charter some small steamboat and take a short excursion for exercise and fresh air before breakfast. A steamer is always ready to fire up every pleasant morning at a rate only a little higher than the price of a horse and buggy.

A gentleman of Maryland lost \$100,000 at the N. York faro tables, and tried to kill himself.

They say Queen Victoria is ill-tempered, beats her children, and snubs "Halbert." Hawful!

Our Philadelphia friends are going to have a new opera house—cost \$200,000.

An apothecary in New York put up a tartar emetic instead of belladonna, and killed a child.

The new New York steamer for the Havre line, has been named the "Arago."

Hon. C. C. Hazewell is now the editor of the Boston Chronicle. He is an able scholar.

Military parades and visits are now the order of the day. Present arms!

Mexico is still in a broil, as it always is and will be.

The selectmen of Watertown and Woburn are trying to detect incendiaries, by rewards.

The new city government steamer is called the "Boston Pilot," and registers 350 tons.

John W. A. Scott, a Boston artist, lately sold more than fifty landscapes at auction.

Four or five Cincinnati houses have made by a rise in sugar, \$100,000 each.

Imprisonment for debt is still provided for by the Massachusetts statutes.

The pollen of the Alanthus tree is said to be certain death to the rosebugs.

Some of the Lake fisheries have been very productive this spring. The gross shipment from Saginaw alone will exceed 3500 barrels.

The fishermen about Cohasset have had "hard luck," this season, on account of rough weather, but have lately made very good hauls.

So long as we stand in need of a benefit, there is nothing dearer to us; nor anything cheaper, when we have received it.

Every man has his chain and his clog; it may be more loose and light to one than it is to another; but he who takes it up is more at ease, than he who drags it.

Lucinda C. Nevers, of Longmeadow, Mass., has recovered \$5249 34 of Samuel C. Boothby, for injuries received by the bite of a dog some months ago.

Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, thinks mankind are rapidly growing worse, and nothing but a miracle can save them. This is true of some, at least.

The officers of the board of health, of Philadelphia, recently seized eighteen milch cows that were penned up in unwholesome quarters, and fed upon distillery slops.

A fine hospital, recently erected by the Jews of New York city as a testimonial to the memory of the late Judah Touro, was lately consecrated with much ceremony.

A new kind of guillotine has been brought into use at Gallatin, Mississippi, where a negro man was standing on the lever of a cotton-gin, with his chin resting on one of the arms of the main wheel and his back to the horses, when, as he passed under one of the cross beams above, his head was caught and cut off smooth, just above the ears.

Merry Making.

"Ours is no common lot," as the toads said, when they got into the clover field.

Love is a theatre in which women distribute the checks.

When does a man look like a cannon ball? When he looks round.

"Come, rest in this bosom," as the turkey said to the stuffing.

Why is a man who never lays a wager, quite as bad as one who does? Because he's no better.

Might not a publican who, having been unfortunate in business, had reopened his house, be termed a "republican?"

Bill Brown says that his Shanghai rooster is so tall, that he has to get down on his knees to crow.

A Vermont Yankee has invented a pump by which horses and cows pump their own drinking water.

Dobbs says he would have died of cholera in August, if it had not been for one thing—"the doctor gave him up."

A genius in New Bedford is fitting up a steamer for the purpose of towing icebergs to India, where they sell for six cents a pound.

People are apt to complain of the vile tunes that are played about the streets by grinding organs, and yet they may all be said to be fond of the music of Handel.

A Picture—A tall ladder leaning against a house—a negro at the top, and a hog scratching himself against the bottom. "G'way—g'way dar! You'm 'makin' mischief."

The man that started for a walk in the "field of speculation" lost his way for the want of land marks, and after a diligent search by his friends, was restored to the bosom of his family.

A young lady being asked whether she would wear a wig when her hair turned gray, replied with the greatest earnestness, "O! no, I'll dye first!"

At the Printer's festival at Lowell, the following definitions were given: *True Progress*—Subscriptions in advance. *Old Fogysm*—Owing a printer's bill.

The cheapest kind of a horse is a saw-horse. It supports itself and a good deal of fuel. Besides, it isn't dangerous to children and the ladies.

"Why is a Laplander like an umbrella maker?" asked Snooks, of his wife. "D'ye give it up? 'Cause he derives his support from the rain, dear (reindeer)."

"They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a pair of sunken eyes, wrinkled face and livid complexion in a glass that she usually looked into.

The world is progressing. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," is now rendered—"A flower is capable of exerting the same titillatory influence under any and every cognomen."

"That's my impression," as the die said to the dollar.

"If you bite me, I'll bite you," as the pepper-pod said to the boy.

The young lady who "took the eye of everybody," has been arrested for stealing.

A quaint writer has defined time to be "the vehicle that carries everything into nothing."

Since the passage of the new liquor law, the motto of Maine is generally spelled "Dri-I-go."

A Jew dealer in very tattered garments is apt to be named Mordecai (more decay).

Ducks enter the water for *divers* reasons, and come out for *sun-dry* motives.

Some persons take more trouble in looking for pins than they would for stars.

The young lady who caught a gentleman's eye is requested to return it.

We have met with a very curious sort of lady, which we scarcely expected. An advertisement runs thus: "Lost, a purple and black lady's bag."

Napoleon said in 1812: "In my dictionary the word, impossible, cannot be found." At a later date, he probably procured a more perfect copy.

A young lady declared in our hearing the other day, that she would marry no man who could not keep a carriage and horse. We presume her favorite air is—"Wait for the wagon."

Doctor Charles Wilson has written a volume of some hundreds of pages, to explain this pathology of drunkenness. Diogenes defines it in two syllables—zig-zag!

A woman's life is made up of "five minutes," for she never takes more to put on her bonnet, change her dress, go out shopping, order the dinner, or do anything else.—*Punch*.

"My German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vell, dis is a ting that I seldom don't like to talk about, but ven I does, it seems so long as it never vas."

Printers are said to be intellectual smelters, who receive the dross for their labor, while the world gets the metal; and editors the locomotives of society, which cannot go ahead without them.

It is found that women make the very best clerks for the electric telegraph. Very rarely, indeed are they at fault. The only difficulty is, to prevent each young lady at either end of the line from having the last word.

Bayard Taylor delivered a lecture, recently, at Kalamazoo, Michigan. Next day a lady was asked her opinion of the lecture, when she replied: "O, it was excellent; he has such a sweet moustache!"

Our army has been so long trying to march into Sebastopol, that one would almost imagine it had come to a stand-still under the influence of a lame commander, in the shape of a "General Halt."—*Punch*.

As the sun in all its splendor was peeping over the eastern hills, a newly married man exclaimed, "The glory of the world is rising!" His wife, who happened to be getting up at that moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered—"What would you think, my dear, if I had my new silk gown on?"

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.—No. 2.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1855.

WHOLE No. 8.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

MR. ABRAHAM GUNTER was very rich. When a mere youth, he moved from the State of New York away to the far West. As a trapper, no one had such luck, for every spring he had a small sized sloop full of furs. Then in his latter days, he had speculated some, and to a wondrous advantage. In a small book that he carried hidden away within the bosom of his vest, was set down sums which he had now invested and secured, drawing all the way from five to seven per centum. And that column of figures was footed up, and in the result one would read something after this fashion, \$1,400,000.00.

Abraham Gunter had now seen his fifty-fifth summer, and of kindred known to him, he had only one daughter. His wife and four other children had been lost by the burning of a prairie. So now, Abraham's love all centered in his sweet child. For Mabel Gunter was a beautiful girl. During six years that her father had been speculating in Texas lands, she had been in New York, living with a friend of the old man's whom he had met on the Mississippi. So Mabel had become polished, but not enough to wear away any of her real worth. Only the crust had been taken off, for she had been in true hands, and the jewel was not even marred.

And Abraham Gunter had come to Saratoga. His daughter had fairly dragged him there. He had been in his native State only six months, and though his ways were rough and strange, yet his companionship was pleasant, for he was

full of fun and anecdote; and then people had discovered that he was one of the golden ones. To be sure, his wealth was not exactly known, but then people had their opinions about the matter.

Is it a wonder that Mabel was the centre of attraction? She was the loveliest girl at the Springs, for she had abundant health and native modesty to enhance her personal charms. But none of the thousand butterflies could make their way around the old man. He detested them. And yet Mabel was not an indifferent maiden. Far from it. A young cadet from West Point, was stopping at the Springs. His name was Philip Barrows, and he became acquainted with Mabel while she was living in the State before. He was a nephew of the very man with whom Mabel had lived during the six years that her father was in Texas.

But poor Philip dared not look the old western nabob in the face, he was penniless, and he feared to subject himself to the old man's scorn. His uncle, the very one with whom Mabel had lived, was paying his tuition and expenses at the military school, and that was his all of worldly expectancy. Yet Mabel saw Philip often, and they walked and talked together, whenever they could find opportunity. And the foolish things talked of love, and sighed, and vowed eternal fidelity, and such sort of stuff.

Among the crowd at Saratoga, was one who had not yet approached Gunter nor his daughter, but who had watched them sharply. His

name was entered upon the register of the hotel as Rodolphus Gustave. He was somewhere about thirty years of age, dressed in the height of fashion, and sporting an immense quantity of jewelry, most of which had more show than substance. This individual made all the inquiries about Gunter he saw fit, and at length he resolved to "dive into the old gentleman's affections." He put off all his jewelry, procured a plain suit of hunter's clothes, a velvet short coat, fox-skin vest, buck-skin pants, top-boots, etc. And one pleasant morning he asked admission at the old man's door.

"Ah, Mr. Gunter, I believe," said Rodolphus Gustave, handing his cap to the servant, and bowing politely, but using not one of those fop-pish airs which had become so natural to him.

"My name is Gunter, sir," replied Abraham, looking up. He seemed pleased with the young man's appearance at first.

"I am very happy to see you, sir," resumed the visitor, seating himself.

"And your name?"

"Rodolphus Gustave. Funny name, isn't it?"

"Why—yes. I always thought *Gustave* a Christian name."

"So it is—so it is, my old friend. I have reasons for keeping the other name to myself."

"What may that be?" bluntly asked the old man, but without any shade of suspicion.

"Answer me a question first," said the young man, lowering his voice, and speaking very feelingly. "Had you not once a very dear friend?"

"Yes—several."

"But one more beloved by you than the rest?—one whom you left when you both were young?—one whom you have not heard from since?"

Abraham Gunter gazed fixedly into his visitor's eyes for some moments, and then he looked upon the carpet.

"Yes," he said at length. "I did once have such a friend. Brown, his name was—Jack Brown."

"And do you know what became of him?"

"No. I have never heard from him since I went away. That's a'most forty years."

"I can tell you," resumed Rodolphus Gustave, in a very sad tone. "He moved away to the South, and there he married. He had but one child—a boy. He lost his wife soon after his boy was born, and never married again. Six years ago, he died!"

Rodolphus took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes, as he ceased speaking, and the effect was very good.

"But the son?" asked Abraham.

"I am that son, sir. Ah! I have heard my father speak of you often; and once, about a month before he died, he bade me, if I should ever see you, to tell you that he never ceased to love the one best friend of his youth."

Rodolphus Gustave sobbed convulsively, and even Gunter's eyes were moist, for he now remembered his former friend more particularly.

"But," said the old man, after a pause, "why do you thus leave off his name?"

"Ah," returned the young man, smiling through his sadness, "I do it for my own peace. Let it be known that Rodolphus *Gustave Brown* was here, and I should be beset by every unmarried female and scheming mother in the place. A *million dollars* is a great bait!"

"Ah! then your father prospered?"

"Most excellently. Now, if I had your coolness and strength of reserve, I shouldn't care; I'd as lief they'd know me and my wealth as not. But as it is, I have no idea of being taken in for my money."

Abraham Gunter was delighted. He caught *Brown* by the hand and bade him welcome to his board and his heart. After this, the two conversed awhile there, and then they walked off alone together in the fields and gardens. The young man soon found all Gunter's vulnerable points, and he attacked them carefully, but bravely. He went into raptures over hunting and trapping, and swore that his old friend should visit him in the South.

"Ay, my noble soul," he exclaimed, "you shall make your home with me in the genial, sunny South. You shall there find a resting-place for your wearied limbs, and the evening of your days shall be spent among those who will care for you. My purse you shall use, and my home shall be your home. My father's best friend shall be a second father to me. If you want help here—now—I pray you tell me so. Perhaps your purse is low. You may have grown old, with no money to support you. Tell me truly if you are in need, for I would help you with joy."

"No," my kind friend," returned Abraham, with warm tears filling his eyes. "I have enough—more than I can ever use. But I thank you nevertheless."

"Then half my hopes of joy are gone," cried Rodolphus Gustave, half sadly. "But yet that won't prevent you from coming to my home."

Just before they reached the hotel the young man pulled Abraham by the sleeve, and stopped him.

"One word," he said, very lowly and tremu-

lously. "You will not speak to your daughter of my wealth."

"Eh?"

"Excuse me, but I am under a most solemn vow that until I am married my wife shall not know that I am rich. You will not wonder that I have looked upon your sweet child with more than common emotions. Already do I love her, and at this moment would I place my all in her hands. I have long sought for one whom I could love and respect—one who could bring the smiles of peace and joy to my sumptuous home, and whose virtue should be her brightest portion. In Mabel I know I have found that being. O, intercede for me, if you can! O," and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he went on, "turn her heart to me in love, if it lays in your power! Her smile and love alone can make me truly happy!"

"By the blessed Mother of Waters!" cried the old man, in enthusiasm, "you shall have Mabel, if you say so. She shall be yours!"

"But she may object to me, you know?"

"What!—and disobey her father? You do not know her, sir."

Gustave was very happy, and in half an hour afterwards, he was in one of the bowling saloons, drinking cheap brandy, and rolling for "six-pence a string."

Poor Mabel was very unhappy. She had spent one evening with Mr. Rodolphus Gustave Brown, and when he went away her father informed her that she was to become that man's wife. At first she would not believe it; but ere long she was not only convinced that he meant what he said, but she knew that her father never backed out from one of his plans, unless he could see that he had been mistaken. Mabel argued and wept, but the old man would not listen.

"Pshaw!" he uttered, "this is all mere whim. You haven't picked out a husband, have you?"

"No, sir—not yet," returned the maiden, without looking up.

"Then it's high time you had one, for I want to see some of my grandchildren before I die. Mr. Brown is just the best man in the world, and he will make you the best husband. You understand. I have given him my word, and now, if you live one week longer, you will become *Mrs. Brown*."

"Then I must be married here?"

"No. Mr. Brown wants the ceremony to be performed in private. He objects to these big parties, and so do I. He does not want it known here that he is going to marry, for then he will

be bored by a thousand butterfly-friends. He has kept his family name a secret, so that people should not know him, and thus know his vast wealth. But I ought not to have told you of this, for I promised I wouldn't. However, it's too late now. Ha! ha! ha! he wanted you to think him poor, so that you might love him for himself alone. But you won't let him know that you have his secret."

That evening, by some strange coincidence, Mabel and Philip Barrows chanced to meet in one of the gardens, and the poor girl told her whole story.

"*Brown—Brown!*" murmured Philip.

"Rodolphus Gustave," explained Mabel.

"O, I have seen him with your father, and I wondered at it at the time. He is one of the deepest villains in the country! His name is not Brown. I have seen him before, when his name was *Springer*. How did he work himself into your father's favor?"

Mabel told Philip all about it, for her father had told her. She told him about her father's old friend, and how this young man represented himself as that friend's son.

"I see—I see," said the cadet. "It is a deep-laid plot for getting at your father's purse."

"He told my father he left off the name of his family here, because he did not want to be bored by the females and needy males. He said if the people knew his real name, and that he was worth a million dollars, he should have no peace."

"A million dollars! Why, the villain don't own the clothes he wears!"

"And," added Mabel, "he made my father promise that I should not know of his wealth, for he wanted a wife who should love him for himself alone."

"O, the double-dyed villain!" exclaimed Philip. "He works his card well. By my soul, I don't wonder he wanted the matter kept quiet here, for he knows that many of the people know him, and that they would not see him carry away a poor girl into misery and shame. But you shall not suffer from him."

"No," uttered Mabel, while her heart beat with hope, "I will at once tell my father all."

"Stop," interrupted Philip, thoughtfully.

"Let's think of some surer plan. If you tell your father this, he will not believe you; and if you tell him that I told you he may mistrust our secret, and then swear that I have done it all for revenge. You know what the old gentleman is. If he takes a notion you won't move him. Does this fellow know how much your father is worth?"

"No, no one here knows save me."

"But they guess."

"O, yes. They feel sure he is worth over a million."

"Now mark me. This *Mister Brown* wants a wife who shall love him for himself alone. So you tell your father that you want the same kind of a husband. Get him to promise you that for once he will help you deceive this suitor. He cannot refuse you this, for surely he should have as much care for you as for him. You say he would have kept Brown's secret, had he not let it slip by accident?"

"Yes, he meant to have kept it."

"Then get your father to help you plan for Rodolphus Gustave. Make him believe that you will have nothing—that your father has only about enough to support himself, and then you shall see. And—I'll whisper a secret into your ears. I knew the Mr. Brown who was your father's friend. He died in New York—and he was my uncle. He was a brother of my mother, and I am sure your father knew her, too. My Uncle Willis, with whom you stopped six years, married another of his sisters, so Willis, you know, is only my uncle, by marriage. But I wonder how this scamp found out about John Brown?"

"He did not know anything about him, I now believe, until my father first told him," said Mabel. "He first asked my father if he had not once a warm friend—one whom he had not seen, nor heard from, since youth? Then when my father mentioned Jack Brown, as he called him, of course the wicked man was safe in claiming to be his son, and then owning the rest of his name."

Philip saw it all, and he laughed at the absurdity of the thing; and Mabel laughed, too, for she had lost most of her fear.

"Now, be sure," said the cadet, as the two were upon the point of separating, "and treat Rodolphus Gustave as though you accepted him freely. You will know how to proceed. Do not let your father suspect. Good night."

There was a pressure of hands as the two lovers parted, but Philip dared not claim a kiss.

On the next day Mr. Rodolphus Gustave Brown spent several hours with Abraham Gunter and his daughter, and Mabel was all life and animation. Both her father and Rodolphus were delighted.

Later in the day the father and child were alone.

"Father," said Mabel, speaking with considerable earnestness, "would you let my hand go

to a man who you knew wanted me for my money alone?"

"No, by the Mother of Waters, I wouldn't!" exclaimed the old man, vehemently.

"And suppose Rodolphus should want me for your money alone?"

"Pooh! The thing's impossible, child. He's got a million of his own."

"Then he would be a sordid wretch indeed, if he could want me only for more money," said the fair girl.

"He'd be a contempt— But, nonsense! What put such stuff into your head?"

"Just a little plan of mine. He wanted me kept in ignorance of his wealth so that he could prove my love. Now you should be as kind to your child as you meant to have been to him. Why can't you help me deceive him?"

"Deceive him?"

"Yes. He does not *know* that you are wealthy, does he?"

"No."

"Then why, to please me, wont you help me deceive him? and if he proves himself to love me for myself alone, I will marry him without a murmur."

The old man laughed—then pondered—then laughed again—then hesitated—and then, just as his sweet child put her arms about his neck and kissed him, he promised to do anything she wanted.

"

That very evening, somewhere about ten or eleven o'clock, Mr. Gunter and his daughter returned from the ball-room, and Rodolphus Gustave accompanied them. Some remarks were made upon various topics, and finally the young man sat down by Mabel's side and took her hand.

"Angel of my life," he said, "I am happy, for I believe you have listened to my suit. You will accept the poor hand and heart I offer you?"

"Yes, sir," returned Mabel, trembling for fear her plan should not work.

"O, joy!" gasped the lover. "And you love me for myself alone. You know I am poor?"

"Poor?" uttered Mabel, starting.

"Yes. I have no money—no property, save health, strength and talents."

"O, I am glad of that," cried the maiden, with sparkling eyes, "for now there will be no deception. Now I shall not feel that I owe my husband support. We will work together, and by industry and prudence we may prosper. If I have been backward in giving my hand, it was because I feared that I might be accused of having sought a rich husband. Perhaps you

might find a wife with money, but I do not believe you can find one more willing to work for you and aid you."

"You are—are—poetical!" said Rodolphus Gustave, with an uneasy, anxious look. "Surely I—I— But—ha, ha, ha—ho-ho-o-o-h-e-e—your joke is excellent. No money—ha, ha ha."

"I knew you would love me full as well when you knew the truth, and so I told my father," said Mabel, ingenuously. "I feared you might have heard the whispers and surmises which have been started here about my father's wealth; and though I would take no pains to undeceive those who care nothing for us, save for our supposed title to wealth, yet I cannot let you rest under such deception, though mayhap you never heard of it?"

"Really, Miss Gunter, I do not fully understand you."

"Why, my dear Rodolphus Gustave, it's all very plain. You are poor, at least, so says my father—and I am poor; so through life we shall have nothing to feed our pride but the noble emulation of who shall best work for the other's welfare."

"Do you mean that you are not wealthy? not rich—not—not—Mr. Gunter," the fellow added, turning to the old man, "what is all this?"

"My daughter has told you, sir," answered Gunter, not a little surprised at his young friend's manner.

"But you are reputed to be a wealthy man, sir?"

"So I am. That noble girl is a store of wealth."

"But you have money, sir?"

"A very little."

"You told me you had more than you could ever use."

"So I have, sir, for I can't use it. It lies in swamp lands in Texas that won't sell."

"But, you—you—have something?"

"Perhaps five hundred dollars will be left after my debts are paid, and I get clear of supporting Mabel."

"Then, sir, I have been most grossly deceived!" uttered Rodolphus Gustave, rising from his seat.

"Now, sir?" cried the old man, "aren't you going to marry my daughter, and give me a home beneath your roof at the South?"

"Take two beggars on my hands?" exclaimed the young man, indignantly. "No, sir."

"But remember your father—"

"My father be—"

"But my daughter is all that you could ask,"

said Gunter, mastering his indignation with one mighty effort. He saw through the gentleman now, and he meant to punish him. "You told me you only wanted the wife, to love and to honor."

"I am not in the habit of honoring beggars sir, nor do I wish to connect myself with them. Your deception has been very pretty—very pretty, indeed! Perhaps you thought your daughter's husband would pay your bills at the hotel?"

The stout old trapper came very near raising a chair at that moment, and if he had, Rodolphus Gustave would have suffered some; but he overcame his anger, and in a strange, sarcastic tone he said:

"I do not think you fully understand what manner of deception we have practised, sir. You wished to know if my child loved you for yourself alone; and you know the means you adopted for proving it. Now my little Mabel took the same freak into her head, and I agreed to help her. You have seen how her plan worked. Perhaps after all my debts are paid, I should have five hundred dollars left, I told you, and I think I should, with perhaps a million and a half added to it."

"Ah—a—I—ha, ha, ha—" laughed and stammered the young man, strangely. "A fine joke, decidedly. 'Pon my soul, my old friend, you did it well; but you must admit that I drew the truth out of you most keenly. Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho—e-e-e— You thought I was in earnest. Good! Capital! Mabel, light of my soul—"

"There is the door, sir!" pronounced the old man rising to his feet, the whole truth having worked its way through his mind.

"But, ah—my old friend—"

"You are not wanted here, sir. I think you told my child the truth."

"I did—I did."

"When you told her that you were penniless!"

"Eh? No, no. O, no. I am—"

"A villain, sir! There is the door!" cried the old man, now showing his anger plainly.

"But my father—"

"Your father be—just as you wished him a few moments since. If you go soon you will save me the trouble of placing my hands upon you," said the old man, resolutely.

Mr. Rodolphus Gustave very sadly turned towards the door which his host had opened, but before he reached it, Mabel spoke:

"Mr. Rodolphus Gustave Springer—"

The villain started at the sound of that name, and turned pale as death; and the parent was astonished, too. But Mabel went on:

"If you had not told us the truth as you did,

I might never have thought to try this test upon you."

"What truth?" asked he.

"That you are poor, penniless. For the future I would advise you to stick to one thing. If you will live in falsehood, never shame truth by speaking it. Yet I would hope that you might so far reform as never to speak falsehood more."

The rest of that night, Mr. Rodolphus Gustave Springer spent in drinking brandy and cursing his own fate.

Three days after the events last recorded, two police officers visited the Springs, but they did not stop long. When they went away, they had persuaded Rodolphus Gustave to accompany them.

"By the great Mother of Waters!" ejaculated Abraham Gunter, after he had seen the hero marched off, "I'll never again pretend to say who my girl shall marry. I believe her own instincts are sharper than my eyes; and in the matter of husbands, bless me, if I believe a right down sensible woman needs any help."

On the next day, Mr. Nathan Willis arrived at the hotel. He was the man who had kept Mabel so long. In the evening Mr. Willis presented his nephew, Philip Barrows.

"You remember Lizzie Brown?" said Willis, after he had introduced Philip.

"Lizzie! Why, she was Jack's sister?"

"Yes."

"Of course I remember her!" uttered the old man, warmly. "Little Lizzie—she was one of my warmest friends. But she's gone now!"

"Yes, and this is her only child."

"What—Philip?" cried the old man.

"Yes."

Abraham Gunter grasped the young cadet by the hand, and when Mabel saw the energy and affection of her father's greeting, she turned away her head to hide her emotions.

"And you are Lizzie's child?" uttered the old gentleman, still shaking the youth by the hand. "Now, Mabel, we've found one of the pure stock. Go and talk with my daughter, sir. And you, Mabel, may tell him all about Mr. Rodolphus Gustave, while we old folks find out the news."

Philip and Mabel talked to some purpose, for in one week the cadet asked Abraham if he might have his child.

"Ask her," said the old man.

"I have, sir."

"And what did she say?"

"She said—if you were willing."

"What does your uncle say?"

"He says I'm a fool!"

"For what?"

"To think you'd give your child away to a poor, penniless fellow like me."

"You go and tell Willis he's a f——. But no. He shall come to the wedding. But you won't go back to West Point any more?"

"No, sir."

"You'll settle down and stay at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then Mabel's yours."

Shortly afterwards people knew very nearly how much Abraham Gunter was worth, but he was free from annoyance, for Mabel was the only channel through which his vast wealth could be reached, and she was his to dispose of no more, for Philip Barrows had fixed his own name upon her for life.

The old man still lives with his children, almost—perhaps quite—as happy as before that dreadful fire swept down the prairie; and be sure if you visit him, and sit one hour in his presence, you will have to listen to the story of Mr. Rodolphus Gustave Springer, *the Fortune-Hunter*.

LENGTH OF HUMAN LIFE.

Those who are anxious to live long, will find consolation in the speculations of M. Flourens, whose book has lately excited great attention at Paris. He says: "I propose the following natural divisions and natural durations for the whole life of man: The first ten years of life are infancy, properly so called; the second ten is the period of boyhood; from twenty to thirty is the first youth; from thirty to forty the second. The first manhood is from forty to fifty-five; the second from fifty-five to seventy. This period of manhood is the age of strength, the *manly* period of human life. From seventy to eighty-five is the first period of old age, and at eighty-five the second old age begins. These periods all shade insensibly into each other, so that, in an actual life, we can hardly tell where the one ends and the other begins. They vary in length, also, in different individuals, and most men now-a-days become old and die while they ought still to have been in the period of early manhood."

The limits thus assigned by Flourens to the several periods of life are not wholly arbitrary, like those we generally talk of; on the contrary, a more or less sound physiological reason is assigned for each. Infancy proper ceases at ten years, because then the second teething is completed; boyhood at twenty, because then the bones cease to increase in length; and youth extends to forty, because about that time the body ceases to increase in size. Enlargement of bulk after that period consists chiefly in the accumulation of fat. The real development of the parts of the body has already ceased. Instead of increasing the strength and activity, this latter growth weakens the body and retards its motions. Then when growth has ceased, the body rests, rallies, and becomes invigorated.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY C. C. SAWYER.

Some birds are with us but for a season,
While summer is shedding its soft, blissful ray;
But when winter o'er us its cold wings is spreading,
They'll soar high above us, and soon fly away.

And so with some friends! they will hover around thee
While fortune is smiling, and light is thy heart;
But when the dark clouds of adversity gather,
They look at us coldly and soon all depart.

But there is one who will never desert thee,
While she on earth is permitted to stay;
If cold storms of sorrow or care should assail thee,
A mother will for thee more fervently pray.

Then let us always remember our mother
Comfort and keep her from sorrow and gloom;
And when she at last leaves this dark world of trouble,
With tears of affection we'll moisten her tomb.

THE YARN OF THE WATCH.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

EIGHT bells had struck on board the ship *Almeda*. The watch had been relieved, and as all sail was set, and there was every appearance of pleasant weather for the next four hours, at least, the men comprising the starboard watch, all gathered round one of their number, an old gray-headed salt, and urged him to spin them a yarn. The old sailor took a long look to windward, then helping himself to a huge chew of tobacco, seated himself on the fore-castle deck, and began as follows:

"Well, shipmates, seein' as how you want a yarn, and have pitched on me to reel it off for you, I s'pose I can't refuse, though it's a little out of my latitude. So, if you like, I'll give you a few scraps from my log-book, as nigh as I can remember. But the second mate is coming forward, and I guess there's work to be done; so I'll wait till we see what he wants."

The officer came forward and glanced at the head-sails, ordered a small pull at the flying-jib halyards, then went aft again—merely remarking to the man on the lookout, to "keep a good lookout ahead, there."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the response.

Old Bill again seated himself, and began as follows:

"Well, do you see, I was at one time one of the crew of the ship *Argonaut*, of and from Boston, bound on a voyage round the world. We were to stop at San Francisco to discharge our cargo, which consisted of most every kind

of merchandize useful in that market, from dry goods to stage coaches; then proceed to China, take in a cargo of tea, and return home by way of Cape Good Hope.

"The *Argonaut* was a new craft, this being her first voyage, and proved to be a remarkably crank ship, which was a source of great annoyance to the old skipper, for when the wind was abeam, he couldn't crack sail enough on her to suit his fancy, without danger of upsetting her. Howsomever, she was a fast sailer, and when we were eighteen days out, we had overhauled and run away from everything in our track, including some of the crack ships from New York. The skipper had begun to think by this time that there wasn't another craft afloat that could sail with her before the wind, and calculated on about an eighty days' passage to California. But the next morning, when we were washing down decks, we sees a large clipper ship right astern of us, standing on the same tack, and overhauling us rapidly. The wind was very light, and what little there was, was dead aft. We had studding-sails set below and aloft, on both sides, and every stitch of canvass that could be carried to advantage, was set, and we were not making more than two or three knots at that; but she gained upon us every minute.

"The captain didn't think strange of this at first, for he reckoned the stranger had got a better breeze than we had; but as she came nearer to us, the old man swore enough to sink the whole ship's crew to the bottom of the ocean. We set taut on all the halyards, and hauled home on the sheets, and everything that could be done, was done, to make the *Argonaut* sail, but it wasn't no use; the stranger come right upon our starboard quarter, and hailed us.

"She proved to be the *Sea Witch*, of Baltimore, bound to California, and was then only eleven days out from New York, while we were nineteen days out from Boston, and had all the breeze we could stagger under until that morning. She kept alongside of us a few minutes, till our captain had got the latest news from home, then walked away from us as easy as if we'd been lying at anchor, and the last I see of her was at two bells in the afternoon watch, hull down ahead of us.

"Well, this made the skipper awful cross for a good while; for he hadn't calculated to be out-sailed by anything the whole voyage round, and here he was beaten handsomely at nineteen days out. He declared that if it wasn't for being superstitious, he should think the ship was really a *sea witch*, under the special patronage of old Neptune.

"Well, we had a fine run down to the cape, and passed several clipper ships, but found nothing that could hold their own with us, excepting the Sea Witch. We had a fair wind all the time until we were within fifty miles of the cape; but our good luck wasn't always going to last. One day in the afternoon watch, it became suddenly calm, which is something so unusual for these latitudes, that I knew we would have to catch it before long. I was standing at the weather rail, looking to windward, when the captain came along, and says he, 'We'll smell Cape Horn to-night, Bill, or I'm no sailor.' I turned round to see who he was speaking to, for I thought it couldn't be me, it was something so uncommon for him to speak to a foremast hand, unless it was to 'curse his eyes,' when I see in a minute that the old man was half-seas over in more ways than one, for he was one of that kind of skippers who never *drink* anything, but *pour* it down; and, as little Ned Frost used to say, he thought he made such a rum-cask of himself, he'd float if he should happen to fall overboard.

"When I seed the condition he was in, I bid good-by to all hopes of any comfort till after we got clear of Cape Horn; for in all probability he wouldn't be sober again as long as we had bad weather. He always made it a rule, which I never knew him to break, to get drunk on the first appearance of dirty weather, and keep so till it got through blowing. Then look out for falling spars, for the way he'd carry sail on her was a caution to sober men. Well, sure enough, we did smell Cape Horn that night in earnest. The gale began in the dog-watch, and for forty-five days it blew a regular Cape Horn snorter, right in our teeth, with hardly an hour's cessation, and in the whole time we didn't make a mile on our course. The ship stood it well for a few days, considering that there was a press of canvass on her all the time; for the skipper swore he would drive the masts out of her before he would take in a rag of it; and carried studding-sails on her when he ought to have been under close-reefed topsails. But nothing of any consequence was carried away, except studding-sail booms.

"One afternoon I was standing just forward of the fore-rigging, when the fore topmast studding-sail-boom went in two, and the outer end of it came in-board, carrying away the rim of my tarpaulin, and making a hole clean through the deck. The skipper came forward to order another boom rigged out, but when he was just abreast the fore rigging, she pitched her bows clean under water, and the sea swept her decks fore and aft, and washed all hands clean back to

the quarter-deck. The captain picked himself up, and started once more to go forward, when she went under again, and washed him clean to the taffrail. He'd been a goner this time, but the end of the mizzen royal clewline happened to be off from the belaying-pin, and the old sinner caught hold of that just in time to save him from going overboard. This sobered him a little, and he ordered the studding-sails taken off from her, and the topsails reefed. The reef tackles were hauled out, and the men were laying aloft to reef sail, when a sea struck her broadside, and stove her weather bulwarks into kindling wood, quicker than you can think.

"After that the old man was a little more careful about carrying sail for a while, but a few days after the weather moderated, so that we shook the reefs out of the topsails, and set the top-gallant sails. But it soon began to blow again bad as ever, and while we were furling the foretop-gallant sails, little Phil Low, a youngster who had shipped as ordinary seaman, was on the weather yard-arm with me, when the sail flapped back over our heads, and knocked Phil off the yard. He struck on the fore yard, and rolled off into the sea. The ship was put about as soon as possible—but it was no easy job, for there was a nasty sea running—and the quarter-boat lowered; but it swamped before it got its length from the ship, and all hands came near being drowned. Life-preservers and hen-coops, and everything handy that would float were thrown overboard in hopes that Phil might get hold of one of them, and keep up till we could take him off. We lay about there for an hour or two, but seeing nothing of him after he first touched the water, we finally gave him up as lost, and the ship was again headed on her course. Phil was a good swimmer, but we supposed he must have been hurt when he struck the fore yard, so as to disable him. Nothing of any account happened after this during the passage to California. We had a tedious passage, and instead of eighty, were one hundred and forty-five days on the route.

"When our pilot came aboard, the first question we asked him was, if the Sea Witch had left there. He said there had been no such ship in that port that year. We were all taken aback at this, for we supposed from her great speed that she must have got in and gone out again before this time.

"We come to anchor in the bay that night, and the next morning hauled up alongside the wharf. We had just got all fast, and the decks cleared up, when we sees a big ship coming up the harbor, in tow of a steamer. She hauled up

to the next wharf with us, and a pretty-looking mess she was, too. Her foremast was gone close to the deck, her bowsprit carried away chock to the knight-heads, and her starboard bulwarks were gone. So I goes over to see what craft it was that was used up so, and come to find out 'twas the same Sea Witch that had given us the go-by so handsomely. She had a good run down to the cape, when she took a heavy gale, but instead of lying-to, the captain piled on the rags, and swore he'd drive her round. But the very first night, he run foul of a Spanish schooner that was hove-to, and sunk her with all hands on board. The Sea Witch was very much damaged, and leaked badly; but the skipper called all hands aft, and told them they could have their choice, either to let her sink, or take her up to San Francisco, for he was bound not to put into any port this side of there.

"While I was looking about her decks, who should I sea come up from the forecandle, but Phil Low, the chap we supposed was lost off the cape." Here Bill was interrupted in the yarn by the second mate. The wind was hauling abeam.

"Haul in the lee fore brace," was the order given.

"Ay, ay, sir," was quickly responded, as the willing tars sprang to the work.

The yards were soon braced up, and the watch again seated on the forecandle-deck to listen to the remainder of Bill's yarn. Stowing away a fresh quid in his capacious mouth, he begun:

"Well, shipmates, I don't exactly recollect when I was cruising where I left off, but I believe it was where I see Phil Low coming up out of the Sea Witch's forecandle. I thought it was either his ghost, or else I was very much mistaken. Any way, I couldn't believe it was him, because I see him go overboard off the Horn; but shiver my timbers if he didn't steer right up to me, and hail me:

"Well, Bill, says he, 'what's the news aboard the Argonaut? How long have you been in?' and forty other questions he asked before I could answer a thing.

"Why, Phil," says I, as soon as I found tongue, 'I thought you were overboard off the Horn.'

"Well," says he, 'I was; but I had a chance to ship in this ere craft, and finding that a hen-coop in a heavy sea, wasn't the best sea boat that ever was, I come aboard of her. But I've most wished sometimes I'd stayed aboard the hen-coop, for you see this craft aint exactly in a condition to keep a foremast hand comfortable;

and then, I was captain, mates, and all hands on the hen-coop.'

"Well, as soon as I'd answered his questions, we went ever aboard the Argonaut. As soon as our chaps see him, they were scared eenamest out of their senses; but when they found it was Phil himself, and no ghost, a jollier set of fellows never was seen aboard one ship than the Argonaut's crew, for Phil had been a great favorite with all hands. It appeared that when he fell overboard, he was not much hurt, but as soon as he rose he struck out for a hen-coop, which he managed to get hold of. He hollered as loud as he could yell, but we could neither hear nor see him. He was washed off the hen-coop twice, but managed to get on to it again, and seeing a bit of rope hanging to it, made it fast round his waist. He floated about in this way till he was almost dead, when the Sea Witch came along and picked him up.

"Well, we layed in California a little more than a month. The stevedore and his gang discharged our cargo, and we had nothing to do but go ashore and spend our time and money as we saw fit. The cook of our vessel, a Chinaman, on the passage out, ran away in California, and we shipped a big darkey in his place. He was, without any exception, the strongest man I ever saw aboard a ship. One day, on the passage to China, he caught a big shark, and hauled him in board as easy as if it had been a dolphin. Another time, when the men were carrying a kedge anchor from the mainmast forward—there was four of them hold of it, and they couldn't but just stagger along with it, a little ways at a time,—he come along and looked at it a minute. Then says he: 'Get away, and let dis nigger hab a lift.' The men stood back, and he took the anchor, and throwing it over his shoulder, carried it clear forward, and laid it down. 'Now,' says he, 'any time you want any anchors moved, don't strain yourselves liftin' 'em, but jes let dis nigger know, and he will move 'em for you d'rectly.'

"When we left San Francisco, the Sea Witch was lying there, just as she came in. They had not done the first thing towards repairing her, and in all probability, she could not be got ready for sea in less than a month. We made a good run to China, and was there about a month, taking in our cargo, and getting ready for sea. Phil Low didn't go in the ship to China. He said he wouldn't ship twice in a craft he couldn't go the whole voyage in.

"When we were four days out on the homeward bound passage, and right abreast of Hong Kong, we saw a large clipper ship standing out

from the land. She soon came up on our weather quarter, and spoke us, and as true as I'm a sailor, 'twas that everlasting Sea Witch. We were all hands taken aback, for we had a very quick run to China, and when we left California she was lying there a wreck. Well, in spite of all we could do, she run away from us again, and we saw no more of her at present.

"When we got down to the Straits of Sunda, we stopped there to trade with the Malays for yams, sweet potatoes, etc., and to take in fresh water. While we were bartering with the natives, some of our chaps bothered them, and they went off mad. Just before we got ready to sail, I, and three or four of our chaps, takes a boat and goes ashore after another cask of water. We hadn't got a great ways from the boat, when a whole posse of Malays run out of a clump of bushes, and pitched right in among us, and as we had no arms but our sheath-knives, we thought the best course we could steer was to cut and run. The other chaps all got to the boat safe, but being in something of a hurry, I hit my foot against a big stone, and fell head foremost, and before I could gather myself up, the beggars were upon me. But I wasn't taken prisoner easily. I fought like a tiger, for I knew they wouldn't show me any mercy, if they didn't kill me on the spot. The way I flourished my old knife was a caution. Once I got clear from them, and got to the water's edge before they overtook me, but the boat was then some distance from the shore, and making for the ship. I should have plunged into the water, and tried my luck at swimming, but I saw several ravenous-looking sharks waiting to receive me, if I did; so I was taken prisoner at last, and had the pleasure of seeing the ship put to sea without me.

"Well, the first thing the lubbers did was to strip me of all my valuables—which consisted of a broken knife and an old tobacco box,—then run me back a little ways into the bushes to a big log that lay there. They laid me flat on my back on the log, then lashed me fast, and went off and left me. I certainly hadn't any objections to their leaving, for I thought when they were tying me to the log, it was all day with old Bill; but I wasn't at all pleased with the situation they left me in. Being lashed flat on one's back on a log, is not altogether the most enviable position a fellow can be placed in. I'd lain on deck many a time, watching the stars, but then I could get up when I got ready. But there I was tied so tight that I couldn't start neither tack nor sheet, and I was obliged to see stars, or close my toplights. I expected every minute the lubbers would come back, and either

cut my windpipe, or knock me over the head with a cudgel; but such wasn't the case, for my cruise wasn't up yet. Well, I lay there till after dark, when it began to rain. This didn't make things any more comfortable for me. Being aboard a log, with one's face upwards, in a rain storm, aint quite the thing, now I tell you. I should rather have been aboard a hen-coop off Cape Horn, for then I could have the satisfaction of knowing that if some craft didn't come along and pick me off, I should die a kind of a natural death, any how; but to be killed here by these bloody Malays was entirely agin my principles, and something I wouldn't put up with, without making an attempt to get away. I wriggled and twisted as much as I could, but instead of getting loose, I sprained my starboard wrist badly, so I give up trying for the present, and waited as patiently as I could under the circumstances, for morning. Morning came at last, and with it Malays enough to man a seventy-four gun-ship; but they only came and tried my lashings, and seeing they were all fast, cleared out again, all the while keeping up a bloody pow-wow, and making more noise than a whole ship's crew, singing, "Storm along, stormy," of a windy night.

"I thought it was mighty unkind in them not to bring me a little grub of some sort, for I hadn't had a mouthful of anything since I was pressed into their service, and somehow I got the idea into my head that they was going to leave me on the log to starve to death, for I hadn't a might better opinion of them than that. While I was calculating the chances of getting away, and considering which would be the most agreeable—to be starved to death, or roasted alive,—three or four of 'em come back and cast off my lashings, and stripped every rag of clothes off of me. But when I sees they were calculatin' to lash me to the log again, I concluded I wouldn't submit, without making another attempt to get away; for, to tell the truth, my back was getting a little lame. So I pitched into 'em. If it hadn't been for my sprained wrist, I whipped the whole four of 'em, and got clear." But I soon found they were too much for me, for my starboard flipper was almost useless; so after a little persuasion in the form of blows, I give in, and was tied to the log again.

"Well, says I to myself, after they had cleared out and left me alone, here we are again, all the way from Shanghai. I tried to persuade myself that it was all for the best I didn't get away from the tawny rascals, for if I had, I couldn't got off the island until some vessel come along, and it

was no ways probable I could have cruised about that vicinity a great while, without being taken again.

"Well, I was there four days, without a mouthful to eat or drink. My wrist was swollen badly, and pained me dreadfully. On the fourth day, just at night, I heard some one talking good English, and saying something about me, too. I knew in a minute that some vessel had stopped there, and the crew were ashore. I yelled as loud as I could for my life, but the kind of food I'd lived on for the last few days had weakened my lungs, so I couldn't make noise enough for them to hear me, though they passed by, laughing and singing, within a few fathoms of me. They hadn't been gone more'n half an hour, when I hears an awful racket a little further up ashore, and I knew in a minute the sailors were having a row with the bloody natives. Pretty soon after the noise begun, two big Malays come running up to my log, and untied me, and took me farther back into the bushes; but we hadn't got but a little ways, when we met smack, right face to face, about thirty of as smart sailor-chaps as ever used a marlin'spike. My Malay friends let go of me, and tried to run; but it want no use. A few gentle taps over the head with a handspike, in the hands of one of the sailors, hove them to directly. The men all flocked round me and untied my arms, and there happened to be an old shipmate of mine among them. He knew me in a minute, and hailed me:

"'Well, there,' says he, 'may I never eat another mouthful of salt beef, if there aint old Bill Bowers! I was talking about you not half an hour ago, and telling about our cruise in the Polar seas, in the old Columbian. But, Bill, what in the name of all that's salt, brought you here among the bloody pirates? You haint turned pirate yourself, have you?'

"'Not exactly,' says I.

"As soon as I'd told my story, they took the two chaps that had me in tow when they come across me, and tied 'em both on the same log that I'd been aboard of, and gagged 'em. Then says I, 'If you've got a ship hereabouts, I'd like to go aboard of her; for to tell you the truth, boys, I'm eenamost used up.' They took me and carried me to their boat—they wouldn't let me walk a step, and in a few minutes more, I was safe aboard the ship *Messenger*, of Boston. When I'd got some clothes on the outside, and a little gruel inside, I felt much more like a seaman than I did any time during my stop ashore.

"It was a week after I went aboard the *Messenger* before I could stand my watch, and when I did get round again, bad luck seemed to fol-

low in my tracks, and everything went wrong about the ship. The skipper told me one day, he believed I was a regular Jonah. The *Messenger* was a noble craft in every respect. She could not sail as fast as the *Argonaut*, but she was a much better sea boat; and I didn't care much for extra speed, for I wasn't in any hurry to get back to the States."

"But didn't you hear nothing more from the *Sea Witch*, Bill?" broke in an old salt.

"That I did," resumed Bill, "and you shall have it all in good time. But I guess from the appearance of things, I shall have to belay this soon, for I believe the wind is hauling ahead."

The old sailor paused, and scanned the horizon away to windward. In a moment more, came the order for going about.

The other watch was called, and while they were preparing to obey orders, the braces were thrown from the pins, and strung along the deck, the mainsail was hauled up, and everything got in readiness for going about. In another minute the men were at their stations, and the order was given to put the helm hard-alee, and as the ship came up into the wind, her yards were braced round, the jib and staysail sheets shifted over, the mainsail set and the bowlines hauled out, and the old ship was soon standing off, close hauled, on the other tack. By the time the ropes were coiled up, it was eight bells—time for the starboard watch to go below. So old Bill had to belay, and make all fast till the next pleasant night, when he again resumed his yarn:

"Nothing happened worth relating on the passage to Calcutta. The captain found orders there to go to Shanghai for a part of his cargo. On the passage up, a most narrow escape happened on board the ship. We were tarring down, and a Spaniard, by the name of Antonio Martin, had gone up to tar the main-royal lifts and foot-rope, and while he was laying out on the yard-arm, his feet slipped off the foot-rope, and down he come, tar-bucket and all. Antonio fetched up on the main royal yard, but the bucket of tar kept on down to the deck, spattering the larboard clew of the mainsail all over. Just that minute the steward was going from the galley to the cabin, with the captain's dinner, when the bucket come, bottom side up, ride on to his head. His skull was so thick that no serious damage was done; but the captain's dinner got pretty well seasoned. Poor Antony was scared half to death, and well he might be, for if he'd fell to the deck, he'd never gone on to a royal yard again. It was almost a miracle that he didn't, but the ship was before the wind at the time, and

the main top-gallant yard happened to be braced in a little, and to this carelessness in trimming the sails, Antonio owed his life; for if the yard had been squared in with the rest of them, he must have fell to the deck. When the mate first see the mainsail spattered with tar in that shape, he swore awfully; but when he came to look at Tony, he couldn't help but laugh—for there the fellow stood, covered with tar, and swearing away in choice Spanish about the old diving bell, as he called the ship.

"While we were in the China Sea, we were struck by a typhoon, which carried away our flying jib-boom, the fore and main top-gallant masts, and the mizzen topmast. She was thrown on her beam ends, and the second mate, who was going along to windward, was thrown across the deck, and against a spare topmast that was lashed to leeward, with so much force that he was disabled for the rest of the voyage. The cabin boy had just come up out of the cabin, and he was pitched clean down the after hatchway, into the between decks, bruising him badly, and breaking his left arm.

"After this, things went on pretty smooth for a while, and we had fine weather until we were within a day's sail of Shanghai. Perhaps some of you chaps never cruised in these parts, so I'll describe the lay of the land a little. Shanghai lays on the Woosung River, about twenty miles from the sea, and right at the mouth of the river lays a little town, called Woosung. A few miles below the mouth of the river, there's a sort of cape running out into the sea. Well, this cape aint much of itself, but the shoals there stretch out quite a piece from the shore. We made this cape one morning, and calculated to come to anchor in the river, at Woosung, that night, and the next morning lay up the river to Shanghai. But the old Messenger never went into that river. For two or three days there had been an English barque a little ahead of us, on our lee bow. The wind was pretty fresh on our star-board beam, and we could just keep to windward enough to double that cape, and stand clear of the shoals. But as we neared the cape, the barque stood up a little more to windward, and our skipper thought if he kept the ship off a little to leeward of her, we should get round and get into the river first, although we were then as near the shoals as we could safely go. Orders were given to the man at the wheel to keep her off a couple of points. The mate remonstrated with the captain, and told him he'd certainly have the ship on the rocks if he kept her on that course a great while; but the old man didn't take any notice of what he said. The wind by

this time had increased to a gale; but we didn't take in a stitch of canvass. The Englishman had taken in all his light sails, and was now taking a reef in his topsails; so we were gaining on him every minute.

"The captain stood on the quarter-deck close to the man at the wheel. Once or twice the man, as a sense of the danger we were in came over him, luffed her up a little; but as soon as the captain saw it, he ordered him to keep her away, and stepping to the rail, took out an iron belaying pin, and held it over the man's head till we were within a few fathoms of the shoals, when he ordered the ship put about. But it was too late, she missed stays, and went stern foremost on to the rocks.

"The English barque got round safe, and came to anchor in the river that night; but there we were, fast on the rocks, almost in sight of port, and all for the captain's obstinacy in risking his ship, rather than be outsailed by Johnny Bull, as he expressed it.

"When the ship first struck she stove a hole in her bottom, and the water was fast coming into the hold. The sea was breaking over her, and the wind blowing a hurricane; so we knew that she must go to pieces before morning. There was no possibility of getting her off, as every sea that struck her drove her still further on the rocks; but we stayed aboard till a little after midnight, when we lowered the long boat. It was almost as dangerous to attempt to go ashore in her as it was to stay by the ship, but there was no alternative; so we all got into the boat, except old Davis, the carpenter, who said he'd rather take his chance with the ship than undertake to go in the boat. I took the helm, and by some good fortune that has always followed in my wake when I have been in great danger, I succeeded in getting her within a cable's length of the shore, when she struck on a point of rock that was under water, and tore half the bottom out. The next moment we were in the sea, without so much as a plank under us. The men were all good swimmers, but out of twenty-seven that were in the boat, only seven of us got ashore, and we were dreadfully cut and bruised. We had scarcely crawled back out of the reach of the waves, when the old ship went to pieces. The captain was among the missing, and we all thought it was about as well for him to be drowned, for the mate swore that if he came ashore alive, he'd murder him, and we didn't any of us feel much better towards him, for there we were, wrecked in a foreign country, and everything we had lost—besides so many men being drowned—all owing to his obstinacy.

We lay out on the coast till daylight, when we made the best of our way to Woosung. We found the English barque lying there, and her captain gave us a passage up to Shanghai. We got there at noon, and immediately presented ourselves at the American consul's office, to see if there were any vessels up for the States. We learned that there was a fine little barque, called the *Huntress*, lying there, that would clear for New York in a week; so we went right aboard of her, saw the skipper, and signed the articles forthwith. She had already shipped her officers, so the chief mate and myself shipped as common seamen. The skipper advanced us some money to get some sea clothes with; for we had no clothes or money, since the wreck.

"The greatest thing I see in China, was the way the Chinamen catch wild geese. The river at Shanghai is full of 'em most all seasons of the year. When the old Chinaman sees a flock of 'em light in the river, he goes up above 'em a little ways, and drops pumpkins in the river, and they float along down among the geese. It scares 'em a little at first, but they soon get used to seeing 'em, and don't mind it at all. Then the Chinaman takes a big pumpkin and scoops out the inside, and makes a little hole in the top for an air-hole, then puts it over his head, and wades out into the stream up to his neck; then he wades along slowly down towards the geese. They don't take any notice of him, for they can't see anything but the pumpkin. When he comes in reach of a goose, he reaches his hand up under and grabs him by the legs, and hauls him under water into a bag he has hung to his side; then goes to the next and serves him in the same way, and so on till he gets his bag full. Then he wades a little farther down stream, so as not to scare the geese, before he comes out. He repeats this operation till he has either got the whole flock, or they fly away."

"Now, Bill," said one of the listeners, "if I was to believe this story, there'd be one great goose aboard this ship, I'm thinking."

"Upon my honor, shipmate," returned Bill, gravely, "it's as true now as ever 'twas."

"But I'm getting out of my latitude, so I'll steer a little straighter, or you won't get the whole of the yarn this watch. I've lost my reckoning, but I was somewhere aboard the barque *Huntress*, bound from China to New York. The captain was as fine a fellow as ever walked the quarter-deck. The barque being in good trim, there wasn't much to do but to work the vessel, so he gave us watch and watch the whole passage, and a fine time we had. We were a hundred and two days out, and never lost a spar.

"One morning when we were running down the coast of Africa, and laying pretty close into the land, one of the boys who had been sent up to reeve the foreto'gallant studding-sail halyards, come down to the deck in a great hurry, and reported a curious looking object on the lee bow. We all brought our top-lights to bear in that direction, and we sees something black coming out from the shore, and making for us. It was then about half a mile off. Well, I runs and gets the harpoon, and bends a rope on to it, and stands in the bows, waiting for it to come up; for I was determined, whatever it was, that it shouldn't pass by without coming inboard and reporting itself, for, d'y'e see, I'd a great curiosity to know what it was, for in all my following the seas, I never see anything that swum top of water, and made so much fuss about it as that did.

"While I was waiting for it to come up, the captain came on deck, with his spy glass, and after taking a long look at the crittur, lowered his glass and began to laugh as hard as he could laugh, and says he, 'Bill, I guess you may as well unbend that rope, and put the harpoon back into the locker, for that black thing coming up there aint no sea animal, but a regular live nigger.' Then he sung out to lower away the quarter boat. Well, I takes another look at the animal, and just then I heard him holler, so I knew it must be some poor fellow that was overboard, but how he come there was more'n I could make out. I run and put the harpoon back in the locker, and goes aft to get into the boat, but when I'd got on to the quarter deck, they'd got her lowered, and was shoving off from the barque; but I was bound to go in the boat, so I gives a leap overboard, calculating to strike in the boat, but they was a little too far off, and I went splash into the water. As soon as I came up and began to blow the water out of my mouth, the old skipper, who was mightily tickled, sung out, 'There she blows! Hand me that harpoon.' I thought he'd burst himself laughing, but I said nothing, and struck out for the boat, but just as I was going to put my hand on her, the crew, thinking they would have a little fun at my expense, gives a long pull at the oars and shoves her out of my reach, and I'm blown if they didn't make me stay there in the water, till after they'd got the darkey aboard.

"Well, when I got into the boat, and got a sight at the darkey, I hope never to go up rigging again, if it wasn't Frazier, the big cook that shipped on the *Argonaut*, at San Francisco. We couldn't get a word out of him, till we got aboard the barque, and he'd rested a spell; but soon as he got in shape for talking, I asked him

where the Argonaut was. 'Dibil a bit does dis nigger know about her,' said he. 'Las' time I seed nofin of her, she lay at St. Helena.' He told me she put in there for water, and that he went ashore. He had a little more brandy aboard than was necessary to make him feel good natured, when he met the captain as he was going back to the ship. The old man called him a 'black devil,' and told him to go aboard, about his business. On that the darkey knocked him down, and, says he, 'afore I lef' him, I guess dis nigger wasn't no blacker about the peepers than he was.'

"After that, Frazier didn't dare to go aboard, but kept out of sight until the ship sailed. He soon after shipped in an English man-of-war that was cruising on the coast of Africa, and staid in her till the night before we came along, when he slipped over the side and swam ashore. The night was dark, and nobody saw him from the ship. The next morning, the man-of-war wasn't in sight, but seeing our barque, and thinking she was an American, he swam out to her. 'And now,' says he to the skipper, 'if you wants the services of dis nigger aboard your barque till you gets to New York, you can have 'em, free gratis, for nothing; if not, I'll go ashore agin directly. And I'se much 'bleeged to you for lowerin' your boat, besides. Dis man can tell you whether I'se good for nothing or not,' pointing to me, 'he and I'se been ship-mates.' 'Not very loving ones either, I guess,' said the skipper, 'by the way he made for the harpoon, when he see you a coming off.' 'How's dat?' said the darkey, rolling his eyes round to me. They told him all about it, and ebony was so tickled, he lay down on deck and rolled. 'Well, dere,' says he, 'dat's de fust time in his life dis nigger ever had so much notice took of him.' I testified to his good qualities, and the skipper told him he could stay aboard the barque, but he'd have to go before the mast, for he'd got one cook already.

"After Frazier come aboard our vessel, nothing of any account happened till we got within a few days' sail of New York, though we had a great deal of fun; for I lost no opportunity of playing a trick on the fellows that kept me in the water so long, off the coast of Africa. One night, I managed to tie the whole lot of 'em down to their bunks, so that when the watch was called, not a man of 'em could get up, till some one had cast off their lashings. I knew nothing about it, of course, but I knew they mistrusted me, so I hauled in a little, till one day, just before we got into port, we was painting the barque, and it happened that some of the fellows that I owed

the grudge against, was sent over in a boat to paint the outside. They didn't take any oars into the boat, but the painter was made fast to a belaying pin aboard the barque, and when they'd painted as far as they could reach, some one would cast it off and haul 'em along a little. As soon as I saw they hadn't got any oars in the boat, I thought it would be a fine chance to play a trick on 'em. I was painting on the bulwark inboard, and when they got abreast of me, and nobody was looking, I draws out my old knife, and cuts 'em adrift, then put it back into its sheath, and kept on painting. It wasn't but a minute before some one in the boat sung out, 'Aboard the barque, there, ahoy! throw us over a couple of oars, for we've got adrift.' All hands ran to the rail and looked over, and there the boat was loose and drifting away from the barque. The second mate got a couple of oars, and the first one he threw didn't go anywhere in the same latitude with them, so he threw the next one with all his might, and when it struck, it came endways, and I'm beggared if it didn't go clean through the bottom of the boat, making a hole bigger than a man's hat. This was something I hadn't bargained for when I cut 'em adrift; but I wasn't altogether sorry, for before another boat could be lowered, the boat sunk, and left 'em all kicking about in the water, and that was just what I wanted. I was one of the first to help lower another boat to pick 'em up, but somehow or other, the tackles was afool, and the more I tried to get 'em clear, the more they was snarled up, so before we got the boat lowered, the chaps had all had a pretty good soaking, and I concluded I was about even with 'em. So after this, I let 'em rest. They all knew well enough who set 'em adrift, but they never liked to say anything about it, and the captain didn't know but what 'twas all an accident. But he told me, after we got into New York, that he guessed I had a finger in the pie, for he noticed I looked mightily pleased all the time they was in the water.

"The day after this adventure, the same Sea Witch that had spoken the Argonaut, when I was in her, came up on our weather quarter, and hailed us. She was homeward bound from Liverpool. It was my watch below, when she spoke us, but I came on deck to see what ship it was, and as she came along up, on our starboard side, who should I see, walking her deck, but the captain of the Messenger, who we supposed was drowned in the China Sea. There he was, walking the deck, with a cigar in his mouth, as important as if the lives of nineteen men, and a good ship, hadn't been lost for his carelessness.

What ever became of him, after he got into New York, I don't know, but I afterwards found out, by inquiring aboard the Sea Witch, that just before she sailed from Liverpool, he had come there in a vessel from China. It seems that he got ashore safe, when we were wrecked, but kept out of our sight, and finally made his way to Liverpool, where he shipped in the Sea Witch for New York.

"One day, after we sailed for California in the Argonaut, I put some dirty shirts on to a tow line and hove 'em overboard, and let 'em tow awhile. When I hauled 'em in, I happened to think that I left my bosom pin in one of the shirts, and it had washed out. I felt bad to lose it, for it was a present from a friend that I thought a great deal of. A few days after we got into New York, when I went ashore for the first time, as I was going along up the wharf, I stopped to look at a big merchantman that lay a little further up at the same dock. As I stood looking at her, and admiring her build, who should step over her gangway, on to the wharf, but Phil Low. The minute I set my eye on him, I saw that bosom pin. I thought by the build of it, it must be mine, so I asked him where he found so much brass. 'Which do you mean,' says he, 'the brass in my face, or in this ere bosom pin.' 'In the pin, of course,' says I. 'I know how you come by the brass in your face,' 'Well,' says he, 'in the passage home from Shanghai, just after we got through the Gulf Stream, we hooked a big shark, and hauled him inboard, and come to cut him up, I found this pin nicely stowed away in his locker. After a little rubbing up, it looked as well as new, so I brought it along.' He handed it to me to look at, and on the back of it I saw the first letters of the person's name that gave it to me. Then I knew certain it was mine. 'Young man,' says I, 'privateering aint my business, but I shall be obliged to take that pin off your hands.' So he gave it up, and I've got it now!

"A few days after this, Phil sailed in the Atlanta, for Valparaiso, and I haint heard of him since. As for my colored friend, I met him, shortly after, swelling down Broadway, with a flashy suit of shore clothes on. He told me he had got a situation as waiter, in one of the first class hotels, and was a gentleman now. 'And,' says he, 'I shan't go to sea any more, for they doesn't show respect enough to colored individuals.'

"As for the Argonaut, nothing was ever seen of her after she left St. Helena, and it is probable that she went down and all hands were lost. So it proved well for me, after all, that she left

me at the straits, and after that, I've always thought that everything that happens is for the best, though I'm beggared if it always seems so at the time."

"Now, shipmates, you've heard my story, and if you haint been interested, 'taint my fault, for I told you, before I begun, that I wasn't going to spin a yarn made up for the occasion, but I've given you a few scraps from my log book, as nigh as I can remember."

A SHREWD CALCULATOR.

The consequence which ignorance often assumes, after a trip to Europe, or a seat in some State legislature, is happily hit off by the anecdote told of the old savan, when it was first reported that Professor Morse had been successful in conveying intelligence between Baltimore and Washington, through the wires of the Magnetic Telegraph. The old fellow had been his own schoolmaster and a member of the legislature, and gave it as his opinion that the report was "a humbug." In fact, from his knowledge of "astronomy," he said, he *knew* the thing could not be done! Shortly after, O'Rielly's men were seen setting up the poles directly by the old man's dwelling. One day he joined the crowd, who were witnessing the operation of stretching the wire. Upon being asked what he thought of the matter then, he hesitated a moment, assuming an air of importance, and then replied: "Well, gentlemen, while in the legislature I gave the subject considerable attention, and after much investigation and reflection, I have come to the conclusion that it may answer very well for small packages, but never will do for large bundles—never."—*New York Express*.

RUSSIAN ENERGY.

The head engineer at Sebastopol is a young man named Todleben, who at the commencement of the siege was a captain and almost unknown. When the siege commenced, Prince Menschikoff, it is said, asked the then head engineer how long it would take to put the place in a state of defence. He answered two months. Todleben stepped forward and said he would undertake to do it, if he had as many men as he required, in two weeks. He did it in twelve days, and was made colonel. Since that time he has had the direction of everything in the way of building batteries, defences, etc. The other day the grand duke called upon his wife, who is residing in St. Petersburg, to congratulate her upon her husband's promotion, for he is now general and aide-de-camp to the emperor. The Russians adopt the common sense practice of taking the man who will do the work best.—*Letter from the Crimea*.

There are men who may be called "martyrs of good health;" not content with being well, they are always wanting to be better, until they doctor themselves into being confirmed invalids and die ultimately, you may say, of too much health.

TOUCH-NOT THE SPARKLING WINE.

BY JOHN K. THOMAS.

Touch not the sparkling wine, though red,
Though glittering in a silver-bowl;
Touch not the fiery serpent's head,
For at the last 'twill sting the soul.

O many a form of noblest worth,
With fond ambition's highest aims,
Have passed forever from this earth,
A victim, whom no prayer reclaims.

Ask wretched mothers, left to moan
Their husbands' doom and misery,
What caused their almost ceaseless groan?
Their answer is,—“Wine's flattery.”

Ask dying orphans, cold and thin,
The reason of their forlorn state?
The tears flow fast, their eyes are dim,
“Alas, my father drank too late.”

Go to the drunkard's, view his home;
The squalid misery there spread out,
Was caused by Wine's fell sting alone,
That it was so, say, who can doubt?

Methinks the ghastly forms of yore,
Enshrouded in the grave's dark gloom,
Come forth with conscience stricken sore,
And utter harshly, “drunkard's doom.”

O youth, let not thy future life
Be filled with sorrow and regret;
Let not the first cup lead to strife,
For then the last you'll never get.

And silvery crowned old man of age,
Impart a lesson to the young;
Tell them, “Beware the red wine's rage,
For from it fearful ills have sprung.”

A PASSAGE

IN THE LIFE OF MR. JOHN DOOKS.

BY FREDERICK WARD.

MR. JOHN DOOKS is a gentleman of fifty, and a bachelor. From the early age of seventeen he has held the honorable post of clerk in a banking house, yet notwithstanding the long period in which his services have been faithfully performed, he, from some inexplicable cause, has never been promoted a single step beyond the original desk at which he first seated himself thirty-three years ago; others, who entered the establishment long after he had become a permanent fixture, progressed, and in due course of time became tellers, cashiers, and one of them even became the president of the concern; yet among all these, Mr. John Dooks remained a fixed star in the constellation of employees.

Mr. John Dooks being a bachelor, of course boards. He has occupied the same room, the same seat at table, and been in possession of the same latch-key—for which he has no possible use—that he purchased on the first day of his clerkship.

It is a queer, old-fashioned boarding-house where Mr. Dooks resides. It has been kept as a boarding-house for nearly fifty years. When it was first established by the mother of the present proprietress it made pretensions to being very select and fashionable, and gave itself airs. The lady boarders appreciated the intense respectability of the establishment, feeling a proper degree of contempt for the lady boarders of other houses of less pretension; and elevating their select noses, in proportion as the houses at which their lady friends boarded could be compared with theirs.

As time passed on, the house became older—so did the furniture, and so did the boarders. Other boarding-houses were established, which eclipsed it in the magnificence of its furniture, the selectness and gentility of its boarders, and it became a quiet, old-fashioned boarding-house; but one attempt has ever been made to restore its original splendor.

The old proprietress, after several ineffectual attempts in the shape of fits, finally succeeded in dying, much to the satisfaction of the undertaker, and surprise of her boarders, who seemed to think it very strange that a quiet, methodical woman, like Mrs. Stebbings, should so far forget herself as to create a scene among such respectable people.

The house now came into possession of her daughter, Miss Lucretia Stebbings, a lady dangerously near the verge of old maidenhood, who resolved to make a desperate effort to restore the fashionable reputation of the house, and get a husband for herself at the same time.

A great commotion consequently ensued. Immediately after the funeral had taken place, the old house was turned completely out of doors; new paint, new paper, new servants, everything was to be entirely new. “She was tired,” she said, “of the old things,” including her name; though this last was not said, but acted; as being more emphatic than mere words. New Brussels carpets went down, and gaudy damask curtains went up; new patent fire-grates were put in, and the old boarders were put out; so much put out, indeed, that they left in a body, and the old house was quite deserted for a while; but a new set soon took their places, and one of the new boarders was Mr. John Dooks.

Altogether, the lady had succeeded quite as

well as could have been expected; all was accomplished which she had undertaken, with one exception; that one, however, was of great importance—Miss Lucretia had not succeeded in getting a husband. The frantic effort she had made was like the desperate flurry of a wounded whale, putting forth all its energy to accomplish something before resigning itself to its fate—failing in which, it dies quietly. So it was with her; feeling that any future effort must be equally unavailing, she settled down into a respectable, scandal-loving, boarding-house woman; and the new furniture, and the new landlady grew old together—the lady having much the advantage in the race.

Mr. John Dooks is considered a remarkable man by all the inmates of the boarding-house; he occupies the seat of honor at the end of the table, opposite the landlady; carves the fowl, helps to the pudding, and accomplishes various other feats during the dinner hour, in a manner that procures for him the admiration and respect of the whole household. At home, he is an orator; every disputed point is referred to Mr. John Dooks, and from his decision there is no appeal; but without the limits of his own dwelling, he sinks into the veriest shadow of insignificance.

Mr. John Dooks's great fault and misfortune through life has been his unconquerable diffidence; this it is which has prevented him from rising in the bank; this which made him a bachelor, and it is this which has and will frustrate all his undertakings, of whatever nature they may be. Every one knows Mr. Dooks for a bashful man; he shows it in his looks, in his walk; his very clothes have a timid look about them.

You probably have seen Mr. Dooks, either as he was going from his house to the bank, or from the bank to his house. He always wears a black dress-coat, black pants, black vest, buttoned close up to his chin, and a black silk hat of last season's style, from under the rim of which his sharp, black eyes are looking furtively in any and every direction but one in which he would be likely to catch the eye of another person. He walks with a quick, shuffling, uncertain step, dodging about with the greatest agility, that none of the other pedestrians upon the sidewalk may be incommoded. After executing one of these manœuvres, in order that the apple woman, who wishes to pass him, may have the inside walk—for Mr. Dooks is scrupulously polite—he hurries on with downcast eyes, evidently wishing that there were no such things in existence as hands and arms, for he can find no pos-

sible use or employment for his; first diving them into his pockets, as if in search of something which he feared was lost, then as quickly withdrawing them with a jerk, impressing a spectator with the idea that his pockets are red hot; or he rubs his hands together as if in extacies of delight at something of which the rest of the world know nothing.

As you are going down town to your office of a morning, hurrying along with rapid strides, for you are something late, in turning a corner you run plump into little Mr. Dooks. Now although the fault was wholly your own, Mr. Dooks is overwhelmed with confusion, and blushing clear up to the crown of his hat, stammers some inarticulate apology, and hurries on again, not daring to look behind him, for he has not the least doubt that every person in the street noticed his clumsiness, and is at that very moment talking of it, and making disparaging remarks about himself.

Mr. John Dooks is not a bachelor at heart; on the contrary, he is a most enthusiastic admirer of the fair sex generally. It never was his intention to remain a single man through life, but he never yet has been able to put the decisive question; his miserable little shadow of confidence always deserting him at the critical moment.

At the time of his paying his addresses to Miss Matilda de Smith, I had great hope of him; but although he called upon her once a week for four years, and knew that the young lady's parents were desirous the match should be made, he never dared to approach nearer to a declaration than sundry vague hints, which no young lady of proper spirit would be willing to accept as a genuine offer of marriage.

At that time he used occasionally to go to church with the family of a Sunday afternoon. As my pew was directly opposite the one occupied by the de Smiths, it afforded me much amusement to watch him during the services. I am convinced that at such times he never understood a single word of the sermon. I remember one Sunday in particular. He was alone in the pew with Matilda, and having conducted himself much more like a man than I had ever known him to be before, a malicious thought took possession of me, that I would try how far he had gained in confidence. The width of the aisle only divided us, so taking a large prayer book, I slyly dropped it over the side of the pew. The sound produced was much louder than I had calculated upon, and drew the attention of the majority of the congregation to that part of the house from which the noise pro-

ceeded. I fixed my eyes attentively upon the clergyman, looking as unconscious as if I had been deaf, until the excitement had subsided, when I glanced out of the corners of my eyes at Mr. Dooks. Never shall I forget the expression of agony which overspread his scarlet countenance; I had serious fears that an attack of apoplexy might supervene. To crown all, before he had half recovered from this visitation, a couple of ladies walked up the aisle, and stopped opposite the door of his pew. He sprang up with the agility of a school boy suffering from the effects of a carpet-tack placed upon his seat, and darted into the aisle. Admitting one lady, he hastily followed her into the pew, and closed the door, leaving the second lady standing in the aisle. Upon perceiving this horrible mistake, he made another plunge for the aisle, trying to make amend for the oversight by making a very low bow. But this only increased his misfortunes, for in bowing to the lady entering the pew, he bowed directly *against* another lady passing behind him, nearly destroying her equilibrium. This was the finishing stroke for the rest of that day; Mr. John Dooks would thankfully have exchanged places with a muskrat.

It was a great shock to him when Matilda de Smith married Mr. Samuel Sampson, although he acknowledged there was no one to blame but himself; and I happen to know, as I was formerly quite intimate with Matilda, that she would have much preferred Mr. Dooks, if there had been any possibility of his ever coming to the point, than to have taken up with Mr. Sampson, which she did wholly to spite Mr. Dooks.

A few days previous to his last visit to Matilda, he told me, in confidence, that he intended to bring matters to a focus, and should at the very next call he made upon the de Smiths, ask Matilda de Smith to become Mrs. Dooks. This being communicated to me in the strictest confidence, I of course lost no time in informing Mr. Artaxerxes de Smith, and Miss Matilda, his daughter, of Mr. Dooks's intentions, in order that there might not be the slightest impediment to the accomplishment of this daring enterprise.

As the eventful day approached, Mr. Dooks seemed to become more fully aware of the awfully momentous nature of the undertaking in which he was embarked. His appetite forsook him, he became excessively nervous and fidgetty, and seemed to take a gloomy sort of delight in reading and talking of persons who had committed suicide for the purpose of escaping punishment, of avoiding anticipated troubles and reverses. The effect produced upon him was so

alarming, it was with a feeling of real relief that I saw him, after spending the whole afternoon at his toilet, walk up the stone steps of a four story brick house, and nervously jerk a silver-plated bell-knob, inscribed with the romantic and imposing name, "de Smith."

Upon entering the house, he found the whole family assembled in the parlor—much to his relief, as it put off the terrible moment a little longer. Mr. and Mrs. de Smith used their utmost endeavors to make Mr. Dooks feel at ease. Mr. de Smith, particularly, surpassed himself by the inimitable manner in which he related his time-honored stories, and cracked his venerable jokes; the tact and skill which he displayed in making the anecdotes of his own courtship apply to the case of Mr. Dooks, would have done honor to a veteran diplomatist, and the boisterous "ha! ha!" with which he wound up nearly every sentence had an indescribably inspiring effect; in fact, Mr. Dooks, himself, said, "not one of the many times he had heard Mr. de Smith relate the same stories, had he known him to succeed half as well as he did upon that night."

Mrs. de Smith, in the early part of the evening, hurried off the little de Smiths to their beds, and Mr. de Smith, under pretence of having letters to write, soon followed, leaving Mr. Dooks and Miss Matilda alone in the parlor. The decisive moment had now arrived, and Mr. Dooks felt the terrible importance of the occasion.

Miss Matilda sat at one side of the fire (the de Smiths always used cannel coal in the parlors), busily engaged in knitting. Mr. John Dooks sat at the opposite side attentively examining the toes of his boots. Five minutes had elapsed since they had been alone, but Mr. Dooks could think of nothing to say. Making a desperate effort, he opened his mouth to speak, but, as it occurred to him he had nothing to communicate, he turned it off with a cough.

"Did you speak, Mr. Dooks?" asked Miss Matilda.

"No."

"O, excuse me."

"Certainly."

Miss Matilda resumed her knitting, and for the next five minutes, Mr. Dooks appeared to be wholly absorbed in the contemplation of a pair of cast iron angels, which decorated each extremity of the fender.

The fire was burning brightly, and the gas was neither too high nor too low. Mr. Dooks had meditated a remark about one or the other of these subjects, but as they were both in perfect order, there was of course nothing to be

said. Just then the sound of carriage wheels was heard approaching the house; this broke the silence, which was quite a relief to Mr. Dooks, who listened with as much apparent interest, as if he had been a condemned criminal, and hoped the carriage brought a reprieve; as the sound died away in the distance, he returned to the interesting study of his boots.

"I understand Mary Jones is going to be married," said Matilda, in despair of Mr. Dooks ever saying anything.

"Yes, so I heard two or three months ago. Ha! ha! you don't say so! I'm astonished. Singular circumstance indeed—very singular!"

Miss Matilda looked surprised. Mr. Dooks looked as if he did not know what he was talking about."

"Quite a long courtship, I believe," continued Matilda.

"Yes, I believe they have been some time at it," replied Mr. Dooks, fidgeting about on his chair. "Lucky fellow, that Thompson. I wish I was in his place."

"I did not know that you were so fond of Mary Jones," said Matilda, apparently astonished at Mr. Dooks's avowal.

"No—yes—no, not exactly Mary Jones, that was not what I meant. I mean that I should like to get married to somebody else; he! he! he! somebody else."

"Then I should think you would marry, Mr. Dooks. I have no doubt that there are plenty of young ladies who would willingly become Mrs. Dooks."

"I suppose all young ladies want to get married, don't they?"

"I believe that is the case generally," said Matilda, continuing to knit violently.

"Was you ever—that is, do you want to—I mean, should you like to get married?" and Mr. Dooks looked about as comfortable, and very much the color, of a half boiled lobster.

"Why, what a question, Mr. Dooks?" said Matilda, making a frantic effort to blush; but the thought occurring to her that it was only Mr. Dooks, she concluded not to exert herself.

"I should," continued Mr. Dooks.

"Then why don't you?"

At this moment, Mr. Artaxerxes de Smith entered the room, and before the significant looks and winks of Matilda could send him out again, Mr. Dooks, thinking quite enough had been said, and feeling that his nervous system could not bear another shock, seized his hat and retreated.

Mr. Dooks firmly believed he had made a declaration of love, and asked Matilda to marry him; the poor fellow had been so confused, that

he did not know what he had said. I tried to persuade him to go and see her once more; but this he would not consent to do, saying, "that she knew what his intentions and wishes were, and if she was willing to marry him, would certainly write."

It was in vain I represented to him that matters of this kind were not conducted in such a manner, and that such an epistle would amount to the same thing as a proposal from her. But he would not be convinced, and persisted in the belief that her silence indicated a refusal.

Three months after that eventful night, Miss Matilda de Smith ceased to exist, and at the same time Mrs. Samuel Sampson set out upon her wedding tour.

Thus by his criminal bashfulness and timidity, were the whole lives of two persons rendered unhappy; his life, by being passed in single blessedness,—hers, by being tied to such a man as Mr. Samuel Sampson, who, I am sorry to say, did not prove to be the most exemplary of husbands. After making his wife excessively uncomfortable for a number of years, he finally took it into his head to die, leaving Mrs. Sampson very much in the condition of the widow of the late lamented Mr. John Rogers, who, it will be remembered, was burned at Smithfield some years since. That is to say, the resemblance held good as far as the nine small children were concerned; but here the analogy ceased, for, whereas Mr. John Rogers, having been thoroughly baked, by order of the government, has probably been cooling off ever since; while Mr. Samuel Sampson did not begin to cook, until that time, after his decease, when Mr. Rogers began to cool; and as Mr. Sampson was usually considered what is commonly called a "tough customer," it will probably take a very long time for him to be done completely through.

Another point of difference being, that while the descendants of Mr. John Rogers consider the fact of his being burned as an honor to themselves, the descendants of Mr. Samuel Sampson, compared with whom Mr. Rogers was only slightly singed (such is the inconsistency of the world), consider that the less said concerning the salamander like existence of their ancestor, the better.

Mr. John Dooks, although quite as sincerely attached to Matilda as he dared to be, has so far recovered from the effects of his first love, that a proposal for his hand (either or both of them) from any young lady, who would be willing to dispense with the tedious preliminary of courtship, would be thankfully received, and promptly attended to.

A PRAYER.

BY EFFIE GRAY.

Whilst sailing on the sea of life,
When clouds and storms arise,
I pray for help from him on high,
Who rules all 'neath the skies.

I pray my bark will guided be
By truthfulness and love,
And even if by storms beset,
Arrive at peace above.

THE HEIR OF ALBURN HOUSE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

By the death of his father, Percival Alburn came into the possession of a very large fortune. Hitherto the young heir had been subjected to the discipline of teachers who curbed his restive propensities, and kept him under continual restraint; but now he resolved to throw off the yoke, and in gaining his liberty, devote himself to the pursuit of pleasure.

Percival did not neglect to pay a proper respect to the memory of his father, who was one of the best of men; as soon, however, as the days of mourning were over, he gathered about him a number of gay companions, whom he chose for their pleasantry, and their devotion to the enjoyment of the moment.

For a short time, in the absence of all care and reflection, the young heir was happy. Field sports by day and revelling by night, occupied his time. Percival Alburn prided himself in keeping the best horses, the best dogs, the best guns, and the choicest liquors which were anywhere to be obtained. His table was the wonder of the country, and his house was hospitably thrown open to all his friends. The old country seat of the Alburns appeared to have undergone a change, metamorphosis, so wildly did the hilarity of the heir contrast with the sobriety of his father. Percival was the moving spirit of the whole, and he was, as I have said, very happy for a time. But the gayest life soon becomes monotonous; the young heir wearied at last of the excitements which were no longer novel or pleasing to his taste.

Percival desired a change.

"It is very plain," said he, yawning when he should have been gay, "a man cannot enjoy himself in the country, where there is no novelty. The city is the only place worthy to become the residence of a man of leisure and means. Let us get away from this dull spot as soon as possible."

Another change came over the old country residence of the Alburns. The revellers had all departed, and only the servants remained. The days were once more quiet, and the glare of light and the sounds of mirth no longer invaded the darkness and stillness of night.

Percival mixed with the gay throngs of the metropolis. In seeking the enjoyments of life he suffered no scruples of conscience to deter him; he drank deep of every fancied source of happiness—exhausted the old pleasures and invented new.

At the end of the year, Percival was more thoroughly disgusted with the city than he had been with the country. He even considered the monotony of the latter preferable to the selfishness, vanity and deceit which corrupt the former. But the thought of returning to the home of his fathers was repugnant to him, and he resolved to travel.

"Complete happiness," said he, "is not to be found in any one spot. It must be sought in a variety of places; it must be obtained through a knowledge of the world."

Young Alburn selected a few travelling companions, noted for their gaiety, intelligence and wit, and set out on his pilgrimage. He sought for happiness in Paris, but he found only a glittering counterfeit, which proved to be hollow. He sought for it then amid Alpine scenes, but it was not there—nor in luxurious Italy, nor in sunny Spain. Neither the north nor the south, nor the east nor the west, nor sea nor land, nor the old world nor the new, afforded him the gem he coveted. Sure, he often saw it in the possession of others, but it was not for him; and whenever he flattered himself that he had seized it at last, it vanished from his grasp.

At length, weary of his fruitless pilgrimage, and sighing for repose, Percival Alburn thought him that he had never been so near the enjoyment of what he desired as when he entertained his friends in the Alburn House.

"I will return to it," he said, bitterly remembering the waste of life he had made during his voluntary exile; "I will make the most of what happiness remains for me there."

Ten years from the day of his departure, the heir of Alburn House returned to the mansion of his father, a disappointed, melancholy man. The old servants scarcely recognized in the dark brow, hollow cheek, and cold piercing eye of the traveller, the features of the once careless and hilarious heir.

And now Alburn felt that he had entered a dreary wilderness, so cheerless seemed the halls of his fathers. To live alone in such a place was

impossible; he would have died of ennui. Accordingly, once more the heir of Alburn gathered around him gay companions, who were quite ready to live upon his bounty, and endure his caprices with never-failing good humor.

Again Alburn House resounded with revelry and mirth. The friends of the heir exhibited a great power of facetiousness in the vain endeavor to make him laugh. He only smiled—bitterly. They drank his wine with unaccustomed zeal, and became intoxicated, all for his good. The heir of Alburn was as sober as ever. They rode his maddest horses, leaped fences, walls and chasms, and sometimes periled legs and arms, and even their heads, merely to gratify him—all without avail. True, when Dan Fleetflyer broke his neck in a fox chase, Alburn actually appeared entertained, but in six hours he was as melancholy as before. By following Dan's example, the heir's twelve companions who were left, could, at that rate, have kept him in good humor only three days; and the bare idea of contributing four necks a day to his amusement, was not certainly very encouraging.

Now, when Dan Fleetflyer was comfortably under the sod, and the pleasant excitement attendant on his exit from the world was over, Alburn remembered that he was the hardest rider, the hardest drinker, and the most fastidious reveller of all his comrades, and consequently his most valuable man.

"What did that ungrateful wretch want to break his neck for?" growled the heir, on returning one morning from a dull and unsuccessful hunt. "I would rather have lost any six fellows of the devil's own picking. Nay, Dan was worth more than all of you, with your vast stomachs, red noses, and insipid nonsense."

These words were overheard by the heir's companions, but so far from taking offence at them, they sought to restore his good humor by praising boisterous Dan, and repeating some of his most admired sayings. Alburn was only the more angry.

"Don't exaggerate my loss, or I shall send some of you to keep Dan company!" he said, with an oath.

So the heir's followers were silent; and he, with wrath and desperation in his heart, led the way down a long hill, in the direction of the Alburn House.

At the foot of the hill was a small humble cottage, standing on the Alburn estate, with its doorway fronting the south. As the heir passed by, the happy voice of a female grated harshly on his ear. She was a plainly clad woman of middle age, and she was singing a lullaby to the

baby, in the cottage door. On lifting her eyes, and perceiving the dark scowl of the heir of Alburn, she ceased singing, and with an involuntary shudder, clasped the infant to her heart.

Muttering a curse, the misanthrope passed on, only to meet with another source of annoyance, which angered him more than the first.

The husband of the woman was sitting under a stock of corn, tearing the husks from the ear, which he threw into a basket. When the basket was full, he emptied its shining contents into a crib near by, singing all the time merrily as a cricket. Hard at work, in his stained and patched garments, he appeared as happy as a mortal could possibly be.

Every day, when he had passed that way, the heir of Alburn had seen that man working and heard him singing the same, but he had never remarked him so closely, and with such bitterness in his heart, as on this occasion.

"What stupid boor is that," he growled, "who has found in a bovel what I have sought for the world over in vain? Why is he so happy in his dirt and rags, when I am so wretched in luxury and splendor? He enjoys himself better alone than I with my sporting companions. To him labor is pleasure, while to me pleasure is labor. I will follow his example. I will dismiss my companions, and make my own happiness."

Accordingly the heir sent away the company of revellers, and for a month afterwards did nothing but hate the world and meditate on suicide; while all the time the poor cottager worked and sung as happily as ever.

One day the heir of Alburn, in his most bitter humor, called his steward to him and said:

"Who is this clown that lives under the hill, singing forever and ever?"

"Surely, sir," replied the steward, "you have not forgotten Joe Jarvis?"

"I did not call you, to have you ask me whether I have forgotten this man, or that man," answered the angry heir. "Tell me who and what is this man?"

The steward, too well accustomed to his employer's humors to be disturbed by them, replied in a quiet tone:

"His name is Jarvis, and I thought you must remember him, from the fact that he once saved the life of your father at the risk of his own. This was when he was a boy, but your father rewarded him as if he had been a man. He gave him yonder cottage to live in, and the twenty acres around it to work, as long as he lived, rent free."

"And the fellow never pays any rent?"

"No, sir—I never supposed you would think of doing differently by him from your father—"

"How dare you dictate to me!" thundered the heir of Alburn. "Go—bring this happy man to me!"

Alburn was sitting in the room which had been his father's study, in the midst of the long neglected books, when poor Joe Jarvis appeared.

The misanthrope looked up from the wine glass, in which he had been trying to drown the blue devils which haunted his brain, and scowled darkly upon the cottager.

The latter, holding his faded and bruised straw hat in his hand, bowed respectfully, and stood waiting patiently to know what service the heir of Alburn desired at his hands.

"You did me the honor to send for me, sir," said he, after a long silence, which the heir filled up with a scowl of hatred.

"I did," replied the latter, in a sepulchral voice; "and you have no more respect for me than to make your appearance in a ragged coat."

"Indeed, sir," rejoined Joe Jarvis, smiling ruefully at his working day garment, "I know very well I am not dressed or genteel society; and I assure you, sir, I should have run to the house and put on my Sunday coat—which I never wear except to meeting and on great occasions, and I have had it now six years—but Mr. Peters said you was in a hurry to see me."

"Well, well! I can excuse your dress; but do you mean to say you have only two coats?"

"I had three, sir—but since my wife cut up my old black one for Billy, I haven't but two; and, in fact, I do very well without any more, for I never wear one in the summer, though in coolish weather like this, when I go to a raising, or to town, I sometimes feel as if this shiny and patched old thing was hardly good enough to wear, while you know I couldn't afford to put on my best one. So I sometimes say to Polly—that's my wife—'If I only had a kind of a second best coat.'"

"And is there nothing you want more than a coat?"

"Indeed, sir, there are a great many things. I sometimes think it would be convenient to have—"

"Well, Jarvis," said Alburn, eyeing the cottager sternly, "what are those things?"

"O, it's no use to speak of them, or think of them, so I am contented without them; but since you have done me the honor to ask me, I may say I should like very much to have a new axe to cut wood with, since Billy has badly

nicked the old one, by striking it into the ground; I would like to get little Polly a pair of new shoes for winter—and to be sure the weather is growing too cold now for the poor child to go barefoot—"

"Pshaw! don't mention these little things; tell me do you never desire a carriage—fine horses—a splendid house?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the good-natured man, "how would I look in a fine house? What would I do with a great carriage? No, no; I was not brought up to these things, and though I've no doubt but they would be very pleasant, I don't desire them."

Alburn's brow contracted.

"So you are contented with what you have?" he muttered.

"I think I should be a wretch to complain," replied the cottager. "Thanks to your kindness, in giving me those twenty acres rent free, I and my family have enough to eat and drink."

"My friend," said Alburn, bitterly, "since you can be so happy with so little, you must do with less. I have called you here to tell you that from this day I can spare you only ten acres."

A shadow crossed the poor man's brow, but a moment after he smiled, with a tear still in his eye.

"Indeed, sir," he said, in a trembling voice, "I can only thank you for having given me the use of the land so long, and you are very kind to leave me the other ten acres still. True, Polly can't have the new gown she was going to buy, and I shan't be able to send Billy to school this winter—but I am sure it will all be for the best in the end. I thank you, sir, from my heart."

"Come, you have said enough!" growled the misanthrope. "Go!"

The cottager bowed respectfully and retired.

Alburn, enraged at seeing a poor man so much happier than himself, and at having for a moment, felt a glow of human sympathy in his heart, struck the table savagely with his fist, and called his steward, to whom he gave orders to have the cottager's land divided.

Feeling a fierce joy in the thought that this act must certainly curtail the poor man's happiness, Alburn rode by the cottage a few days after, to exult in the anticipated change.

Jarvis had that morning found a tree, which the autumnal gales had blown down on Alburn's land, and now, with the permission of Mr. Peters, the steward, he was cutting it into fire wood for the winter. Not observing the heir as he rode by, the poor man stopped to rest, and began to whistle in the most cheerful manner.

At the sight of such happiness, the misanthrope was more enraged than ever, and he immediately gave orders that the cottager should be compelled to pay rent for the ten acres which had been left him.

This was a hard blow for the poor man; but instead of complaining, he resolved to make the best of it, look on the fairest side of the picture, and frighten care away with singing.

Now the cottager had a large family, and the heir of Alburn knew that it must take everything he had to supply their more urgent wants, and pay his rent; but angered at seeing the poor man so much happier than himself he remorselessly allowed them to suffer. In the depth of winter Jarvis was compelled to sell his cow; and the proprietor of the estate was one day informed that the poor man's neighbors had actually been obliged to come to the assistance of his family which was very much in want.

"Peter," said Mr. Alburn, on the following morning, "send for Jarvis, and employ him to shovel out the snow from the paths."

The misanthrope rejoiced in the thought that now, if never before, he should have the pleasure, if such the feeling might be called—of seeing the poor man cast down with his misfortunes. As Jarvis approached, wading through the snow-drifts with a scoup on his shoulder, Alburn watched him with a dark scowl, and a lip curling with savage triumph.

To the rage and disappointment of the misanthrope, however, poor Joe Jarvis began to sing, keeping time with his scoup, as he threw up the snow. Alburn stamped his foot fiercely upon the floor, and ordered the cottager to be brought before him.

It was a cheerful apartment; a bright fire blazed on the hearth; there were books and newspapers on the shelves and desk, and wine on the table. The cottager smiled as he entered, for poor as he was himself, he was glad to think the son of his benefactor must be happy in the enjoyment of so comfortable an apartment. Alburn's gruff voice startled him.

"Are you a mortal man?"

Jarvis opened wide his wondering eyes, and returned Alburn's scowl with a look of amazement.

"If you are," muttered the proprietor of the estate, "you are an exception to the human race!"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but—if you will be so good as to tell me—what is my fault?"

"Your fault? Why you are always happy!"

The misanthrope spoke in a terrible tone of voice, as if he had been accusing the poor man of some horrid crime.

"So I am, I believe, now I think of it," replied the cottager, with a guilty look. "I am pretty generally in good spirits, and I hope you will pardon me since I never had any idea of giving offence. Really, I am a poor man, and I suppose have no right to be always happy; and if it displeases you, sir, I will try and not be so happy in future."

"I forgive your insolence," growled the misanthrope, imagining Jarvis to be a great deal more satirical than the poor man had any idea of being. "Sit down, sir, and tell me your secret."

"My secret?"

"Yes, Jarvis."

The cottager scratched his head. Alburn gathered his words.

"Indeed, sir, I have no secret," said the former, frankly.

"The secret of your happiness, Jarvis—tell me what makes you always so happy?"

"O, sir, indeed, sir—excuse me, but I can't tell, I never thought of the thing before."

"Listen to me," said the heir of Alburn House in a suppressed voice. "Twelve years have I spent in search of what men call happiness. Sometimes I have thought it was found at last; but howsoever fair the fruit, it was turned to ashes on my lips. I am weary of everything—even my jovial comrades, who make it their study to counterfeit happiness, I have dismissed in disgust. I have tried books, but they do not interest me. I take no pleasure now in the society of women, and wine has ceased to warm my heart. Friend Jarvis," added the wretched man, earnestly, "I have made you a confidant of my sorrows, that you may teach me the secret of happiness. Do it, and name your reward—if it be to take my place here in this magnificent house, and to give me yours, and *happiness*, in the cottage under the hill."

The cottager was much embarrassed. He scratched his head and screwed up his mouth in a great variety of shapes; and at length he said slowly and thoughtfully:

"I don't know what to say, sir, unless I tell you when I am happiest, and when I am least happy. If I am idle, or allow myself to envy anybody, or to desire anything I cannot have, then I feel uneasy like, and if I suffer myself to speak unkindly to Polly or the children, I am sure to be miserable afterwards. Now I'll tell you when I am happiest—that's when I am busy at something useful—when I feel that I am doing all I can to make others happy—when I am thankful for what God gives me, and contented with my lot. So I should say, if there is a secret of happiness, that secret is to keep your con-

science clear, and to love and labor for the happiness of others."

Alburn cast down his eyes before the open, cheerful and animated countenance of the cottager.

"With my experience in the world, I am satisfied, my friend, that you have given me the true secret of happiness; and although it may be too late for me to profit by it, I will reward you with any boon in my power to bestow."

"O, sir," cried the cottager, quickly, "I ask, I desire no reward; only let me see you happy, and I shall consider myself richly repaid for anything I could do for you."

"And if you do *not* have the happiness of seeing me happy?" suggested Mr. Alburn, searching the open face of the poor man with his piercing eyes, "then you will not be repaid for your trouble."

"And have I not been warming myself by your beautiful fire all this time?" replied Joe Jarvis—"and haven't you been impressing on my mind a truth which I am sometimes near forgetting?"

"And what is that?"

"That happiness does not depend on wealth and station, and that it is often better to be a poor peasant than a powerful prince."

"Jarvis!" exclaimed the heir of Alburn House, earnestly, "you are an honest, sensible fellow, and more of a philosopher than all these dusty, calf-skin pedants that encumber these shelves!"

"O, sir!"

"For my part, I have deserved to be unhappy. My selfishness has been its own punishment, I have even hated you, my friend, because I saw you happy! I ask your forgiveness."

"I forgive you with all my heart!" cried the cottager.

"And from this day," added the heir of Alburn House, "the twenty acres of which I have cruelly deprived you, are yours again; and here, my good friend, is something to make your children happy."

Poor Joe Jarvis would have refused the purse of gold, but Alburn urged it upon him, and would not permit him to go away without it. The cottager almost wept for joy and thankfulness.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I told Polly it would all be right with us in the end."

Having dismissed the cottager, Alburn passed the remainder of the day in meditating on what he had heard. I need not say how much he regretted the twelve years he had thrown away in a worse than fruitless search after happiness,

and how ardently he desired to profit by Joe's philosophy.

"But it is too late!" he said; "dissipation, selfish pursuits and misanthropy have unfitted me for happiness!"

Yet Alburn experienced certain feelings of satisfaction, such as he had not known before for years. The thought that he had done Joe Jarvis a kindness, produced a comfortable sensation in his heart, which surprised him; and had it not been for the bitter remembrance of his past career, Alburn would that night have been comparatively happy.

Resolved to forget himself, and to occupy his time in some interesting and useful pursuit, Alburn, on the following day, bethought him of a number of poor families in the neighborhood, who, report said, were suffering from the severity of the winter. Going to visit them and relieve their wants, he became deeply interested in the novel task, and the night came before he had scarcely thought of the noon. That evening Alburn drank less wine and ate more substantial food than he had done for many months; and on retiring to rest, he said to himself:

"Joe Jarvis has revealed to me the secret of happiness, after all!"

And feeling a quiet joy stealing into his heart, he sank into a genial slumber, from which he was awakened by the crowing of the cocks on the following morning.

That day Alburn paid a visit to the cottager's family, which he could not sufficiently admire for its order, neatness, unity and happiness. Another long and serious conversation with Jarvis strengthened him in his resolution to waste no more time in selfish pleasures, which are only the counterfeit of bliss.

In order to prosecute his good works to the best advantage, Alburn associated himself with an old man named Fisher, distinguished for his public spirit and his kindness to the poor, but whom the heir formerly shunned, with the repugnance which gaiety and folly are apt to feel towards sobriety and wisdom. Delighted with the sentiments Alburn expressed, the old man gave his hand a hearty shake, and proceeded at once to make him a confidant of all his plans of benevolence, and to give him necessary and useful counsel. From that time Alburn and his new friend were united in nearly all their operations; the former became interested in the churches, the schools and in all the public works, and, in a few months, he found himself engaged in politics, not from any low ambition, but from an ardent desire to do good.

So completely was Alburn's mind absorbed

in his new pursuits, that he quite forgot to ask himself whether he was happy, until to his surprise, he discovered that he was as nearly so as he could expect to be in his present position in life. So complete a change had his ideas of life undergone that he was now convinced that *domestic bliss* was the most perfect form of all earthly happiness.

"As I have no mother, nor sister to cheer my hearth and home, I must find a wife, whom I can love, and in whose happiness I can take delight."

Now Mr. Fisher had a daughter whose cheerfulness and good sense were subjects of remark. Alburn had seen enough of her to be assured that report had not exaggerated her virtues, and to feel that she might exert an all-powerful influence over his heart. He sought her society; he portrayed to her the despair he had conquered, the aspirations he had conceived, his weakness, and his need of help. Her interest was awakened—then her sympathy—then her love; and in the course of time, they were married.

Everybody remarked the contrast between Alburn House, of the bride and bridegroom of Alburn House, of the days of hard riding and hard drinking—all was peace and happiness, where once was revelry and discontent. Percival Alburn loved his amiable wife, and from that time he was safe from the demons which selfishness fosters in the soul; but it was not until he was surrounded by children whom he loved, that he felt all the truth of Joe Jarvis's definition of the *secret of happiness*.

Keep your conscience clear, and love and labor for the happiness of others.

RABBIT SOUP.

Many of the Sophomore Classes in Yale College, in the winter of '29-'30, will remember, unless the reminiscence sickens them into forgetfulness, the delicious lunches in Church street, on rabbit soup. The delightful fragrance of that soup, for weeks, nightly greeted the olfactory nerves of as hungry a set of students as ever "boarded commons." It was a wonder, to some, how so tame a country produced so much wild game, but the "Sophs" paid for rabbit soup, and raw fat, until, most unluckily for the windows and crockery of the restaurateur, one night, a pile of heads, with short ears, divulged the fact, that where such rabbit soup was made, *cats were scarce*. Cat soup passed into a proverb.—*Cleveland Herald*.

"Patrick," said a lady, to a slip of green girl, who was officiating in the kitchen, "where Bridget?"

"Indade, ma'am, she's fast asleep lookin' at e bread bakin'."

TYPOGRAPHICAL.

While working at the Clarendon printing-office, a story was current among the men, and generally believed to be authentic, to the following effect: "Some of the gay young students of the university, who loved a practical joke, had made themselves sufficiently familiar with the manner in which the types are fixed in certain forms and laid on the press, and with the mode of opening such forms for correction, when required; and when the sheet containing the marriage service was about to be worked off, as finally corrected, they unlocked the form, took out a single letter, *v*, and substituted in its place, *k*, thus converting the word *live* into *like*. The result was, that when the sheets were printed, that part of the service which rendered the bond irrevocable, was so changed as to make it easily dissolved, as the altered passage now read as follows: The minister asking the bridegroom, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's holy ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor her, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall *like*?' To which the man shall answer, 'I will.' The same change was made in the question put to the bride. It was said the change was not discovered till all the sheets were printed off, and was then detected by the compositor who distributed the types. The whole of the sheets had accordingly to be cancelled; but the real culprits were never discovered till they left the university; and then, when they were beyond the authority of the proctors, they voluntarily confessed what they called their 'lark.'"—*Buckingham's Autobiography*.

A SIGHT OF A GREAT MAN.

Goethe, like many other celebrated men, was somewhat annoyed by the visits of strangers. A student once called at his house, and requested to see him. Goethe, contrary to his usual custom, consented to be seen; and, after the student had remained a short time in the ante-chamber, he appeared, and, without speaking, took a chair, and seated himself in the middle of the room. The student, far from being embarrassed by this unexpected proceeding, took a lighted wax candle in his hand, and walking round the poet, deliberately viewed him on all sides; then, setting down the candle, he drew out his purse, and taking from it a small piece of silver, put it on the table, and went away without speaking a word.—*Traveller*.

RAILROADS IN FRANCE.

Travellers through France, from Paris to Marseilles, were obliged only two or three years ago to perform part of the journey by diligence, and many have very lively recollections of the slow and tedious progress. The entire distance between the two cities is now easily passed by rail. The link between Lyons and Valence was opened three weeks ago—a distance of sixty-six miles. Calais and Marseilles, the English Channel and the Mediterranean, are now connected by railroad.—*Railroad Journal*.

GIVE ME SWEET MUSIC.

BY T. D. WILKINS.

Give me sweet music, for there is a spell
Of magic power in the melodious strain,
Whose soft-toned accents still so gently swell,
And find an answer in the heart again,
Like to some flower which casts its breath around,
While all who breathe its air remain spell bound.

Give me sweet music—when the heart is sad,
When sorrow fans us with her raven wing,
It comes to make the weary spirit glad,
Relief and comfort to the heart to bring:
To chase away the clouds of care and fear,
And charm the hours when its sweet strain we hear.

Give me sweet music—when in pleasure's throng
We mingle in the festive concourse gay,
Then let me hear the swelling tide of song,
That makes old Time fly swifter still away—
It lends a rapture to the hours of night,
And makes the forms of beauty seem more bright.

Give me sweet music—when I seek to sleep,
Let its soft strains persuade the heart to rest;
While guardian spirits watch around me keep,
My mind will stray to Fancy's regions blest—
While still in its imaginings it seems
To hear the voice of angels in its dreams.

Give me sweet music ever as I stray
With lagging footsteps down the course of life;
Let it illumine the darkness of my way,
And cheer me through each varied scene of strife:
A gentle balm the wearied heart to please,
To soothe in grief, and charm my hours of ease.

WILD KATE.

BY EVA CARROLL.

"LITTLE elf-child! What shall we do with her?"

This Mrs. Willard asked of her husband, with a look of real anxiety on her face. Mr. Willard continued to puff his cigar, and leisurely tipped back his chair, and lifted his feet to the railing of the piazza, while he eyed, with a smile, the strange and fantastic performances of a little girl, who was flitting about on the lawn, now rolling over and over in the long grass, now dancing away with odd gestures, and now, to her mother's horror, actually climbing the great elm which overshadowed the piazza, and swinging to and fro on its high branches, all the time singing, or shouting, in the highest glee imaginable.

"What shall we do with her?" repeated Mr. Willard. "Let her alone. She is acting out her nature. Kate was never born to be such a saint as you are."

"But if her natural inclination is wrong, ought we not to check it?"

"Bah! she is not wicked, she is only roguish. Let her act as she pleases. I like to see her raise the very old Nick!"

"Yes, you like it very much when it does not come in your way. Don't you remember how angry you were, and how severely you lectured her, when she threw your inkstand into the well, and several of your unanswered letters with it?"

"And what good did my lecture do her?" said Mr. Willard, laughing. "Didn't she, within half an hour, send down a box of pens to keep company with the ink? No, Mary; scolding will never tame that child."

"Poor girl!" sighed the mother, "I am afraid she has a hard lesson in store for her. But I shall try to correct her while she is young."

"I'd like to see you do it," said her husband. "But, I tell you, Kate is no common child, and the common way of governing children would spoil her. Let her alone. Experience will teach her more than you or I can ever do."

"See her now on that high branch!" exclaimed Mrs. Willard.

"That must be stopped," said Mr. Willard. "Kate, come down, instantly!" he cried, sternly. "That limb is not strong enough to hold you. Come down!"

"Mother, may I jump?" said she, suddenly standing upon the bough, and clinging, with her tiny hands, to the twigs above her.

"My child, you will be killed! You will kill us all! Come down, Katie, dear Katie, do come down!" and the mother held up her hands beseechingly to the child, who only swung faster, and glanced roguishly and wickedly at her mother's pale face.

"Father, may I jump? Speak quick!"

"Are you crazy, Kate? If you do jump—"

He did not finish the sentence, for the little creature gave a wild shout, and let go of the branch. He sprang toward the tree, and just succeeded in catching her by her white dress, or she would have fallen to the ground. Before he could find words to express his surprise and anger, she had slipped from his grasp, and ran, laughing gleefully, down the lawn. He looked after her in mute astonishment for a few minutes, then shook his head gravely, and turned to his wife:

"It is of no use, Mary," said he. "Scolding will never tame her."

There was one room in the pleasant homestead, on a lovely June day, which was darkened by closed blinds and drooping curtains. The shadow of death was there. Mrs. Willard, the gen-

the mother and true-hearted wife, was breathing away her last hour on earth. Her husband was standing by her bedside, his head bowed, and his strong heart bowed within him; and gathered around were the few friends who loved her best. But where was the little Katie, who should have been nearest the dying one?

"My child!" cried the mother, clasping her husband's hand. "What will she do when I cannot watch over her? Who will try to guide her wayward feet as I have tried? Promise me, my husband, that you will talk to her of me, when she is yielding to her wild and rash impulses. Tell her that, even in heaven, I cannot rest, if she is going astray on earth."

"I will do all I can," whispered Mr. Willard.

"Little, wayward thing," continued his wife, "I tremble when I think I must go from her, for she is not fit to be motherless. But all will be well, I trust, if you will only love her, always, and be very patient. The world would deal roughly with her if *you* should neglect her, and, poor girl! I fear she would deal roughly with the world. Be patient, my husband, for though you cannot change her nature, as I once fancied we might, she can be influenced by your forbearance and love."

At this moment the door opened, and Katie Willard, grown a little taller than when she jumped from the elm tree, but with the same wild, fearless eyes, entered the room, her face flushed with running. She had a whole apron full of wild flowers, and a wreath of them twisted around her head, which gave her a singular picturesque appearance.

"Come here, my daughter," said the father, solemnly, drawing her to the bedside. "Your mother is dying."

A strange light came into Katie's eyes as he spoke, and she bent eagerly over the bedside.

"Is it true, mother? Are you going where the flowers are always in bloom, and where the Jesus, you have told me of, is living? Let me go, too, mother! O, do let me go! Here," she cried, dashing the flowers on the bed, "take these with you, and give them to the angels, and perhaps they will come after me!"

The mourners, who stood around, shuddered.

"She has never seen death," they whispered. "She does not know what it is."

"Be still!" she cried, passionately. "I do know what death is; for mother has told me that it is an angel that comes to take us to heaven. Now he is coming for mother, and not for me. O, I want to go there, too!"

"Be good, my darling, and you *shall* come to me."

These were the last words that her mother spoke.

When Kate was told that her mother was really dead, she wept so violently that she almost terrified the mourning friends, and tearing her flowers passionately, she scattered them all over the white face of the dead. With much difficulty her father took her away and led her to his own room. There he succeeded in calming her, and tried to impress her with a right idea of death. But it was a hard task, for her restless mind would not stop to consider the truths which he presented to it. As she glided away, he thought within himself, "In a little while she will be calmed and subdued by her grief, and then I can influence her to become all that we have wished."

But time passed, and though whenever her mother's name was mentioned she seemed overwhelmed with sorrow, yet in not one respect had she changed, except that, freed from her mother's watchfulness, she broke away more and more from all rules and customs. She was indeed a wild, impetuous creature, restrained by neither respect or affection for teachers or friends. Her father sometimes almost repented of his promise, but the pleading voice of his wife could not be forgotten. So he was patient.

Kate was very beautiful. Strangers would often stop and gaze at her when she danced along the roadside, and all who knew her saw a rare beauty in her face and form. Whether her beauty was wholly external or not, they never could discover, for Kate had always managed to keep her feelings hidden when she chose, though free enough in expressing all the odd fancies which came into her mind.

At twelve years old she was not yet developed in any one point of mind or character, but her friends, seeing in her only ungovernable wildness and almost malicious roguishness, rather dreaded the fuller development which years would bring.

"There's no good in *that* child," was often spoken in despairing terms.

Thank Heaven that there is good in every human soul, and that sooner or later it will be revealed!

So Kate grew to maidenhood, more beautiful than any of her companions, but none so little loved as she. Among the gentlemen acquaintances that she was accustomed to meet in society and in everyday life, she had not a single admirer, for, to tell the truth, they were all afraid of her.

The husband-seeking girls were never jealous

of Kate Willard, for she so often shocked the world's nice sense of propriety, that her beauty had never won for her the admiration which many inferior girls received, nor had ensnared a single lover. But there came a change.

One day Kate put on her gipsey hat, and, with her flower-basket on her arm, started for her favorite haunt in the forest which stood not far from the village.

That haunt of hers was a beautiful place. It was a bower, covered with rich green vines, deep in the woods, before which the river rolled gracefully on. There was always music there, of the waters, and the leaves, and the birds in the branches, and Kate loved music dearly, and loved to dream away a day in this pleasant place.

But to-day, as she walked slowly towards it, Kate thought it looked as if it had been disturbed by a stranger's presence. Of this there were several tokens. A little wild flower, which she had transplanted the day before, had been trampled on, and the remnant of a cigar lay on the leaves near it. Coming nearer, she peeped cautiously through the vines, and discovered a stranger, reclined on her favorite seat, and, with a book open before him, reading, as if he had made himself quite at home.

She took a good look at him, saying to herself the while—

"Ahem! You are very well contented, stranger, and are, no doubt, having a most comfortable time on my premises. But you are trespassing, and must be informed of it. Very well contented! But you have given me a surprise, and I must return the compliment."

She darted away with a roguish smile on her lips, and made great haste to fill her basket with the wild roses which grew plentifully around.

Some freak had certainly taken possession of her mind, for she sprang from bush to bush like a butterfly, until the basket was overloaded, laughing and talking to herself all the time. When this was done, she dipped the basket into the river, and, holding it under the water a few minutes, lifted it up all dripping, and ran with the speed of a young fawn to the arbor.

A glance showed her that the stranger had not moved, and, climbing to the bank behind the arbor, she dexterously parted the vines on the top, and, turning her basket over, dropped the wet contents on the very face of the reader, at the same time clapping her hands with a glee which she had no disposition to control.

The stranger started up in great amazement, looking around, beneath and above him with an air of great perplexity. Nor was it to be won-

dered at, for probably the gentleman had never before met with a similar reception in any place where he had chosen to rest.

"Some roguish boy," he muttered, and started out to see if there was any one near.

To be sure there was, but instead of a barefooted, ragged urchin, there stood a beautiful girl, laughing roguishly, and returning his gaze of amazement with one of merry defiance.

"Where did that shower come from?" he asked, as if deeming it impossible that she was the cause of it.

Kate pointed to the top of the arbor. "Showers *always* come from above, don't they?" she asked.

The gentleman looked exceedingly confused, which delighted Kate more than ever, and she laughed outright.

"Did you think it came from beneath your feet?" she said. "O, no! It was a very strange thing, no doubt, but not so strange as you may think."

"Are you a water-nymph?" he asked. "Yes, that it must be, and you rose out of this river and showered your wet flowers on me. But for what reason?"

"You were trespassing," she answered. "See my little daisy which your foot has crushed. See that stump of a cigar, and my arbor all scented with smoke."

The gentleman looked around him. "It is true," he replied. "I confess my fault, and humbly beg your pardon. Water-nymph, will you grant it?"

"On one condition."

"And what is that?"

"You must promise never to shadow this bower with your presence again."

"You are too severe. I cannot promise," said he, with a smile.

"Then remain unforgiven!" she cried, and, springing away, quickly disappeared among the trees.

For days after Kate watched for the stranger with an interest fascinating in itself, because so novel to her. One day she stole down into the woods, and had the satisfaction of seeing him there, with the book open before him, but his eyes turned away. She sat a half hour and looked at him, all the while so still that he did not dream of her presence. She was strongly tempted to fling a handful of flowers on him when she went away, but for once, and perhaps the first time in her life, she resisted the impulse.

The very next day she chanced to see him go by her father's house, and hastily pointed him

out to the neighbor who was calling on her, at the same time eagerly inquiring who he was. Fortunately the old lady was one of those favored people who know everything and everybody, and was all ready to give the necessary information. She said he was a younger brother of the village lawyer—that he resided in the south of Pennsylvania, was wealthy and learned—and, in conclusion, was spending a little time with his country brother, for health's sake.

Moreover the good dame added sundry things in his favor. "He's none of your high-headed folks, that can't notice an old lady," said she.

As soon as her guest had gone, Kate walked directly to the arbor. She did not go really conscious that she was seeking the stranger. She was purely a child of nature, and, without any other motive, feeling attracted towards him, she went to him. She had always followed the quick impulse of her heart, and she followed it now.

As she expected, she found Mr. Gregory there, with his inseparable companion, the book. Raising his eyes from its pages, he suddenly beheld her standing before him, her black eyes fixed upon him with a searching glance, the more striking because of the peculiar expression they always wore. He rose and held out his hand to her.

"Have you returned, water-nymph, to grant the pardon I asked?"

"I am *not* a water-nymph," she ejaculated. "I have left the river, and am living with mortals, on shore."

"Wood-nymph, then, will you grant me pardon?"

"Do you expect it while you continue to disobey? Twice I have seen you here since I forbade your presence."

"Twice! I have seen *you* but this once."

"No matter. I saw you through the vines, two days ago. You had a book in your hand, but were not reading. I don't believe it is interesting. You only hold it for the sake of looking learned."

Mr. Gregory laughed. He liked her wild, free ways. There was a freshness and originality about her which had charmed him from the first moment, and for an hour every day he had haunted the forest, hoping to meet her again. He already desired to study her character, and see if she was as beautiful within as without.

"If not reading, what *was* I doing?" he asked.

"Thinking, I suppose. Perhaps of the show-er of flowers."

Kate turned aside, and began to gather wild

flowers for her basket, half-singing, meanwhile. Mr. Gregory watched her with interest.

"I wonder if she knows how unlike other mortals she is," thought he. "Beautiful, untamed creature! I have seen many who were lovely, but not the loveliest of them has interested me as much as she has done."

"You are a very strange girl!" he said, aloud.

"I know it," she replied, without turning her face toward him.

"Has any one ever tried to make you different?"

"Everybody that cares for me, but I like my own way best."

By this time she had gathered a bouquet, and sat down in the arbor to arrange it. Mr. Gregory stood by her and talked until the sun began to sink. Kate made no effort to interest him; she was too simple for that, yet interest him she did, and in that little hour he contrived to draw out much of the hitherto unrevealed richness of her mind and heart. The frankness and freshness of her whole nature charmed him. His mind, weary of the frivolity and affectation of the world, was refreshed by her presence.

He was a traveller passing over a dry and dusty road, unsatisfied by the stagnant waters he had been compelled to drink, and she was a cool, sparkling little fountain, gushing up before him and offering him rest and refreshment.

Poor Kate! For a long summer-time she had been basking in the sunlight of a sweet, dreamy love, of which she was unconscious, until another heart had been laid open before her, and then, and not till then, had she awakened to the deep life she was capable of enjoying. How her whole being had expanded, and her better nature been aroused! How gladness had sprung up in her soul; how it had blossomed and borne fruit; and now the same hand which had sown the precious seed tore up the full-grown vines.

Yet Mr. Gregory had not acted cruelly or unkindly. Her heart absolved him from all this, and only loved him the better for what he had done.

She sat in her own fairy-like chamber, the evening after bidding him farewell. Her hand was yet warm from the parting grasp of his, and his familiar voice yet sounded in her ears. His presence was all around her, and she felt that she could never again step out from the shadow of that presence.

It is well for you, Kate, that you cannot!

"He said that I was dear to him," mused

she, "and I know it is true, for all this long summer he has been patient with me, and he alone has been always kind. But even his patience was exhausted. I see it all now. How wild and reckless I have been! It is only strange that he has borne with me so long. How could he, so calm and thoughtful, endure my heedlessness and impetuosity? He could not do otherwise than weary of me at last. I am thankful he was with me so long."

She hid her face in her hands, and for a long time was silent. Suddenly she looked up with an eager, excited countenance, and began to talk to herself again.

"It was not for any fault of mind or heart, he said. He believed me to be good and innocent; he believed me capable of becoming a noble character, far above the poor, common-place creatures that so often reprove me. But he could not bear with my rudeness and my fickleness."

"O, I have a thought! In another year he must return, he said, and meanwhile I will make myself worthy of him; then when we meet he will forgive all the past. It will be a hard lesson—hard for me to restrain my sudden impulses and to act from reason and principle instead. But I will try to do it."

"This thought does me good," she continued, walking up and down the room. "It gives me strength. I will be worthy of him."

Up in the heavens the great stars trembled into life and light, making earth radiant beneath them, but in the heart of the maiden a greater star had risen. It was the star of a new hope, and her whole being was illumined. Love was performing the work which no other teacher had ever accomplished. It was *taming* her, and moulding her character into its true proportions.

A year passed, and another summer came, bringing with it bloom and sweet winds. It had been a year of no common experience to Kate Willard, and very plainly could the result of that experience be traced in her countenance, as she leaned one evening from the pleasant bay window, looking upward thoughtfully and watching for the first star.

Her large, black eyes wore no longer the fiery brightness which had made them so weird-like in days before, but a softer brilliancy played in their depths. There was a firmness, too, on her closed lips, giving her the look of one who has struggled and overcome. Yet her face had lost none of its beauty; on the contrary, it had gained immeasurably, for now she looked a creature who could be loved with the whole heart, and no longer half loved, half feared.

Kate had become, what she willed to be, another, yet the same.

So felt one who stood very near to her, gazing earnestly upon her, though she was unconscious of his presence. Mr. Gregory had entered the room unnoticed by her, and was glad to read her face before that peaceful expression should pass away, for he expected that as soon as he should speak the old waywardness would return.

He did not know how she had striven and triumphed. He had returned, thinking she must have forgotten him, and *hoping* that he had forgotten her, but that sweet, calm face conquered him once more.

Suddenly he bent over her, and showered a whole handful of flowers on her upturned face. She started, and meeting his smiling glance, sprang to his side.

"You surprised me, once. I have come back to surprise you," said he. "Wood-nymph, am I trespassing now?"

The glad glance of her eyes was all the answer he needed.

"But you shall not go again!" she cried. "I have not been idle all this long year. I have been working, O, so hard! to make myself worthy of you. And now I will never try your kindness and patience again. Will you not forgive me?"

"Working for me, Kate!" said he, gazing wonderingly upon her. "O, I see it all now! Forgive me; my own loneliness has sufficiently punished me!"

"No; there is nothing for me to forgive," said she. "All has been for the best. In this year of our estrangement, I have been learning the best lesson of my life, which neither kindness nor severity ever taught me before."

"In fine, wild Kate is *tamed*," said Mr. Gregory, caressingly placing his hand on her head. "And love has done the good work."

Kate Willard soon became Kate Gregory, and as her father placed her hand in that of her husband, and consigned her to his care, on leaving her home, he said:

"Love has made Kate human. Before, she was always, as poor Mary called her, an 'elf-child.'"

COURAGE.—True bravery is sedate and inoffensive; if it refuse to submit to insults, it offers none; begins no disputes, enters into no needless quarrels; is above the little, troublesome ambition to be distinguished every moment; it bears in silence, and replies with modesty; fearing no enemy, and making none; and is as much ashamed of insolence as of cowardice.—*Ogden*.

THE PRIZE LEAP.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

MANY years ago there lived in one of the loneliest villages of old Virginia a maiden whose uncommon beauty attracted to her scores of admirers. The father of the fair girl in his early youth was distinguished for his athletic feats. He wore upon his breast three medals which were the pledges of his victorious achievements. His daughter was now a blushing Hebe of eighteen years, besieged with lovers; but the parental obedience which her father demanded led her to defer all to his choice. Still, she had her peculiar favorite in Harvey Carroll, who was the most accomplished and intellectual young man in all the country. But the old father of the maiden, possessed of a perfect monomania upon the subject of leaping, suggested the following singular mode of selecting a husband for his daughter from her numerous proposals, viz., he invited all the declared suitors who had avowed themselves lovers of Amabel to meet at his house, and made to them this announcement: "Young men," said he, "you have solicited my child each of you to become your bride. She is comely and pure. She will prove as fair a gem as she appears. I have money to give her, but you see I don't care about money, nor talents, nor book knowledge, nor military renown, but I want her to marry a man of skill and strength. I obtained the mother of my child by jumping for her. A party of my own age were assembled and my father-in-law avowed that the one who could leap the farthest should be the winner of the prize. My old woman, lads, was worth the effort. I was the successful man, and my daughter shall be obtained only in this manner. Here is the green sward, and there is Amabel—the one that jumps the farthest on the dead level shall win the prize." Amabel clung closely to her father and looked upon her array of lovers with no unmeaning glance. Still her eyes rested on one more lovingly than the rest, and that was Harvey Carroll.

A crowd of spectators were present to witness the feats. The loom and the quilting frame was deserted, the children left their sports, the old men forsook their pipes, and gray-haired, spectacled old dames forgot their spinning wheels, in the excitement of the hour. The avenue allotted for the contest was a level space in front of the village inn, directly in sight of Amabel's home. Exercises of a similar kind were then much in vogue in the Old Dominion, and the green was often used for such sports. The father of Ama-

bel now came forward with his blushing daughter, attended by those patriarchal judges who were to determine by actual measurement the precise length of each leap.

The signal was now given, and each young man in turn took his place in the arena.

"John Watkins," cries a bystander appointed to announce their names,—*"John Watkins, fifteen feet two inches."**

Watkins retired, somewhat mortified at his ill success.

"Edward Keyson, eighteen feet one inch."

The merry shouts of applause here commenced. Many prophesied Edward had won the prize; Amabel, however, looked pale and dissatisfied.

"James Haynes, nineteen feet precisely."

Huzzas rent the air. Everybody loved James; everybody but Amabel.

"Richard Rush, twenty feet two and one-half inches."

Dick replaced his coat very coolly, as if not aware of the shouts which made the air resound with acclamations of joy.

"Henry Pettes, nineteen feet." But he cared not to win the prize. Amabel stood unmoved. Two other young men refused to leap for the prize, and Harvey Carroll was the last upon the roll. He marched into the arena with a firm step.

"Harvey Carroll, twenty-three feet one inch," was announced, and he took the prize!

Amabel rushed into the arms of her devoted lover, to whom of all others she gave the special preference. Congratulations were exchanged—"the handsomest couple in old Virginia" was passed around—"the best match in the country," cries the multitude—when suddenly a young man of most prepossessing appearance presented himself as a candidate for the prize. He had just alighted at the village inn, and hearing the shouts of victory, came forward and inquired of Amabel's father if the ground was still open for competition? The old man having leisurely surveyed the stranger's features, and then looking at Amabel who was resting in Harvey's fond embrace, now looked wildly and wonderingly on the scene. Harvey wore a troubled countenance, for he saw the stranger was athletic and wore a lofty, manly air.

"George Washington, twenty-four feet," cried the man of measurement. He had fairly won the prize, but listen to his words:

"My friends, I am a stranger among you, and for mere sport, I have tried my skill at jumping. The prize, which is adjudged to be mine, I relin-

*This was what is called the flying leap, where the competitor runs and springs forward.

quish to him who has a prior claim. Lovely though she be, yet her affections cannot be kindled by a stranger. Harry Carroll, the prize is yours;" so saying, he left the arena, while a louder shout than ever rent the air. The stranger retired to the inn, and the next day pursued his journey.

Harry Carroll and Amabel were made one in the village church the next morning. Toasts were drank in honor of the stranger who so generously surrendered his prize, and the newly married pair offered fervent prayers for his future prosperity.

In the course of events, many sons and daughters were born of this happy wedlock, and Harry Carroll became distinguished in revolutionary memory.

One evening, when Harry returned from a hard day's campaign, and was resting beneath the vine-clad piazza of his beautiful country house, a stranger drove up, of commanding appearance, and inquired "if he could be entertained there for the night?" Harry had just stepped into his summer house in search of Amabel, whom he found trimming a rose tree. She had now become dignified and matronly; her beauty was of another type from girlhood, still it was none the less captivating. She still glowed with the rose of health upon her cheek, and with a queenly air presided over the domestic hearth; her heart, too, was open to all generous impulses, and she stepped forward and bade the stranger welcome. She then quietly withdrew, to superintend her own repast, leaving Harry to entertain the man of such pleasing exterior, who had become a stranger guest.

The meal was soon made ready, and Mrs. Carroll presided at the well-spread board. She looked at her guest and suddenly dropped her fork; she looked again—a shudder ran over her frame—she recognized the same man, though a little seared by time, who was the successful young leaper that won her as his prize and generously surrendered his claim. It was George Washington!

The general stared; he, too, had a faint remembrance of that face, for once seen, it left an impress. And how, when the mutual recognitions were made manifest, they discoursed of what had befallen each in their journey, may be imagined. The general, though courteous and polite in speech, uttered no regrets that he did not avail himself of the prize—for he had found another, without making a fatal leap. He was proud of her virtues, and in due time Mrs. Carroll visited Washington, and was there most hospitably received, and a lasting bond of friend-

ship was created, until they were separated by infirmity, and finally by death.

We smile at the record of leaping to obtain a prize; but would not the encouragement of such athletic feats among the young men of our age do away with that sickly effeminacy which rejects all manly, vigorous exercise which tends to develop the nobler faculties, and instead of growing dwarfed and made into the proportions of a dandy, might we not admire the lofty and graceful carriage of men strong and brave, such as made the heroes of the last century, and won the hearts of maidens who were run in nature's nobler mould?

FAREWELL TO THE EAST.

Farewell to the gay gardens, the spicy bazaars (exclaims Bayard Taylor, on leaving the Orient), to the plash of fountains, and the gleam of golden-tipped minarets! Farewell to the perfect morns, the balmy twilights, the still heat of the blue noons, the splendor of moon and stars! Farewell to the glare of the white crags, the tawny wastes of dead sand, the valleys of oleander, the hills of myrtle and spices! Farewell to the bath, agent of purity and peace, and parent of delicious dreams—to the chibouque, whose fragrant fumes are breathed from the lips of patience and confinement—to the narghileh, crowned with that blessed plant that grows in the gardens of Shiraz, while a fountain more delightful than those of Samarcand bubbles in its crystal bosom!

Farewell to the red cap and slippers, to the big turban, the flowing trousers, and the gaudy shawl—to squatting on broad divans, and sipping black coffee in acorn cups—to grave faces and *salaam aleikooms*, and touching of the lips and forehead! Farewell to the evening meal in the tent door, to the couch on the friendly earth, to the yells of the muleteers, to the deliberate marchings of the plodding horse, and the endless rocking of the dromedary that knoweth its master!

Farewell, finally, to annoyance without anger, delay without vexation, indolence without ennui, endurance without fatigue, appetite without intemperance, enjoyment without pall!

SIR HENRY BISHOP.

This celebrated musical composer, who has just died, is said to have been the greatest musical composer England has produced, excepting Henry Purcell. He was Director of the Concert of Ancient Music, Director of the Philharmonic Society, Professor of Music in the Universities of Edinburgh and Oxford, Member of the Royal Academy of Music, and was knighted by the Queen in 1842. He married, about 1836, the lady who is now widely known here as Madame Anna Bishop. The union did not prove a happy one, and a separation soon ensued. Madame Bishop was a fine vocalist, and had been educated at the Academy. It was said that she desired to appear in public, which Sir Henry opposed. Two children, a son and daughter, who are both living, were the issue of this marriage.—*Musical World*.

SUMMER.

BY MARY DELL.

Summer is here, the air is mild,
The leaves are on the tree;
The flowers are gay upon the bank
And o'er the freshened lea.

The busy bee, the wandering bird,
Are passing to and fro;
But where are they, our dearest friends?
Cold, silent, death-laid low.

Can we bid welcome to the time,
As gaily as of old,
When life was young, and every hour
Of love and friendship told?

Ah no! we cannot greet the hour
With gladsome melodies,
When bird, and flower, and sunny sky,
Call up sad memories.

THE GIPSEY GIRL.

BY M. M. BALLOU.

At the date our story commences, about the year seventeen hundred and forty, there resided in the west riding of Yorkshire, England, a family of ancient pedigree and great wealth. This was the family of Sir George Pasely, a gentleman of the old English school—proud but kind to his numerous retainers, hospitable and liberal to the fullest extent of charity, but as a justice he was also austere and rigid, imbued with those strict notions that actuated the early puritans, our own parents, who were descendants of the same stock as Sir George himself. Justice Pasely, as the peasantry were accustomed to call him, lived in the old family mansion of his ancestors, of whose long and honorable line he was the only living representative.

Sir George was married, but not until he was already a bachelor, but his wife was a young and lovely being, of tender age compared with his own, for when she became Lady Pasely she was but nineteen years of age. Sir George doted on her, and indeed she was worthy his fondest regard, being everything in person and in mind that the heart could wish. But alas! the destroyer death came, and the same hour that made him a father, took the gentle mother and fond wife to her long home. Sir George was a philosopher, but what does cold, methodical theory weigh when the heart is touched? He wept over his bereavement like a child, and while he pressed his infant daughter to his breast, swore to love it with a redoubled affection, and thus make up in part for the want of a mother's en-

dearing care. Time rolled on, and the sweet child grew daily more and more like to what her mother was, while Sir George loved her with a deep and absorbing affection.

There was a young man, a wild and reckless spirit, that claimed to be next of kin to the Pasely family with Sir George, and who would, doubtless, from some peculiar causes known to law, be able to establish his right to the estates now holden by Sir George, provided he should die without issue. Therefore the birth and future growth of the little Louise Pasely was watched with jealous care by Earnest Renwood, who hoped one day to possess the broad Pasely estates for his own. The child presented an insurmountable barrier to this expectation, and each day that added strength and fresh life to the bright-eyed and lovely Louise, rendered the dark-spirited Renwood more desperate. And yet to cover the feelings that prompted him, he was in the daily habit of communion with the family and household of Sir George, and the little Louise even had no warmer friend, apparently, than the dark and wicked souled Renwood.

Four years had passed since the birth of Louise, who proved to be a sturdy and beautiful child, when Renwood saw that he must bring his designs to an issue, nor leave any longer his hopes to chance. He therefore formed the resolution of adopting some expedient to rid himself of her, for, as we have seen, she stood between him and the rich lands he so much coveted. He was not naturally a hardened villain, but that powerful incentive to evil, that most thriving agent of the evil spirit, avarice, was goading him on to the brink of perdition; and he had no power whereby to resist, for he was an orphan, and had been reared, lacking the fostering care and goodly counsel that forewarns and forearms youth against the temptations of manhood.

It was late one mild summer's night, when he came to this conclusion; he recalled to his mind that at a wild and secluded spot, some two miles from the immediate neighborhood of Sir George's estate, there were encamped at that very hour a band of gipseys, who he at once conjectured might be of service to him in the plan he proposed to execute: viz., to rid himself of the little Louise Pasely, heiress to the estates that he was determined to possess. Renwood had wrought himself up to a pitch of desperate determination, and he scouted at the means by which he was to gain his purpose, so that he might but succeed in his grand object. Step by step he had come to this, as we always progress in evil, for there never was a hardened villain who became so at a single move. Therefore is

it that we should guard the first advancement. Earnest Renwood was soon at the gipsy camp, and ere long in close conversation with the leader of the troop, a man who had villany engraven on his forehead, and rascality looking out from every expression of his wrinkled and weather-beaten countenance. It is singular how thoroughly a man's calling will mould his physical system into its express image. This man was the chief of the gipseys, and his form and every look said the same. He seemed to have been formed by nature to fit the space he filled; and yet no mortal could tell the untoward circumstances that had made him that which he now was. Circumstance had moulded him to its purpose, not birth, for I could point you to signs there that bespeak intelligence above the class in which he now moves: but we wander.

Renwood explained his business at once; which was that of the child's destruction. He knew his man, and made it a plain business transaction, offering the gipsy a reward that might have tempted a more honest man. All was arranged to his satisfaction. The gipsy contracted that on the following night the child should be stolen from her own room while sleeping, the doors being left unlocked through the agency of Renwood (who, as we have seen, had free access to the house), and its life sacrificed before another day should dawn upon them; and for this the gipsy was to receive five hundred pounds sterling. This fixed upon, Earnest Renwood turned to seek his home, moving with the stealthy tread that cleaves to the feet of the guilty. It was a fearful night to him, though the elements seemed all to slumber, for he had contracted for the murder of a human being!

The gipsy was faithful to his contract; the little Louise disappeared on the subsequent night, and on the following morning, when her absence was discovered, consternation filled the hearts of all. The father, Sir George, was almost delirious with anguish. No means were left untried to explain the mystery, but in vain was all search. The gipsy band were examined but no intelligence was gleaned from them. They appeared to be all at their encampment as before, and all search seemed only deeper to envelope the whole affair in mystery. A sadly dark cloud then settled over the household of Sir George, for even the domestics fully participated in his grief, so great a favorite had the bright-eyed and beautiful child been with all.

Time never lags, let whatever contingency occur; and still it passed on, but it healed not this second wound in the heart of Sir George Pasely, and all the attempts instituted by his

friends to divert his mind were in vain. He joined in the politics of the times, became a member of Parliament, contested the palm with some of the most powerful minds of the day, and with success, too, for he was a man of brilliant talents and general acquirements; but all the while did the festering sore of grief canker in his heart, wrinkling his brow and dimming the light of his eye. In the sweet little Louise, he seemed to have lost everything that was dear to him in life. She still held the same place in his heart, and he daily pictured her gentle little form to his imagination and wept over the remembrance.

Twelve years, with all the changes that so long a portion of time brings, have passed since the loss that had so wrung the heart of Sir George. He had grown gray, and many a wrinkle crossed his manly brow. Fatigued and disgusted with an employment in which he felt no interest, he determined upon a partial retirement from the political arena, as a course more congenial with his feelings; therefore it was at the expiration of the time referred to, that he was again at his home in Yorkshire, where he resumed his seat as a justice of the county. Leaving Sir George Pasely with a heart softened from its native sternness by the sorrow it had so intimately known, we will turn to another part of our tale, begging the reader's patience.

Turn with us then, so please you, to the south of sunny France; it is the vineyard season, and the racy grapes, bloated with over ripeness, are being gathered. A gay time this among the French peasantry, and these gipseys know it well, for see, in this little post town, it is nightfall, and the laborers of both sexes, each with a richly loaded basket of the generous product of the vine, are coming in from the neighboring fields. Here before the small post house and tavern on the little green, the laborers pause to witness the dance of the gipsy tribe. While the rest throw themselves lazily upon the greensward, forming a wild and picturesque group, to whose countenances the twilight and reflections of the western sky lent additional interest, by clothing them in strangely vivid hues, two of the gipsy tribe, a male and female, commenced the dance together upon the greensward.

The girl coupled her light and graceful movements with the notes of the merry castanets, while the young man accompanied her upon the gay ringing tambourine. The girl might have been sixteen years of age, and her companion perhaps a couple of years her senior, both evincing the healthful vigor that the gipsy's life, so near to nature, is sure to induce. The fostered and delicate child of wealth could only envy such

charms as the gipsy girl exhibited, she could not possess them. Art may imitate, but it cannot equal nature. Minnitti, the danseuse of the gipsy tribe, was a queen in beauty, and many a queen would have envied her.

What brilliancy in those eyes of black, and how round and beautiful the outline of that form and face. How thrillingly lovely the expression of her speaking countenance, how graceful her light and airy step. The dance over, she advances to the crowd, who have stood mute and entranced with the scene, and holding the tambourine taken from her companion, solicits in eloquent silence a few francs in payment for the exhibition. And stay, even the crabbed old post keeper thrusts his hand into his pocket. It must be enchantment that can move him. The gipsy danseuse has all the ruddy complexion that her exposed life induces, but still there is a delicacy in her skin, a native refinement in her manner, that seem to announce her as being above the rude companions who surround her. Her dress resembles the Castilian style, and her companion wears the costume of a Spanish mountaineer. Had fate ever placed two beings more appropriately together? Each seemed the counterpart of the other, and grace and beauty the share of both.

"Friend," said the landlord of the little inn referred to, addressing the leader of the gipseys, a dark, tall man, with a most forbidding countenance: "Friend, whither do you travel?"

"We are bound for merry England."

"And from whence, master?"

"Here, there, and everywhere," replied the gipsy, vacantly; and then as if arousing, said: "We have travelled these many years upon the continent, and are now about to try English ground."

"Where do you stay for the night?" asked the landlord, eyeing the beautiful person of the danseuse, who had evidently warmed into life what little soul the old man had left in his bosom.

"In the outskirts of the village, where our tents are pitched."

"Does the danseuse sleep under a tent with the rest of you?"

"Where else should she sleep, monsieur?" asked the leader, now turning his shrewd and suspicious eye upon the speaker.

"I would fain give her lodgings free in my house for the night; she seems too delicate to lodge without better shelter."

"There is no better shelter than the heavens," said the gipsy, turning coolly away, and making a signal for the band to follow.

A month subsequent to this scene upon the greensward in France, the gipsy band were in the west riding of Yorkshire, England, and the beautiful danseuse Minnitti, with her handsome companion, were performing to the delighted villagers of the country. It does not escape the inquisitive eyes of the spectators, that her companion, Fernando, watches with a loving eye each motion of Minnitti. Both seem to be all in all to each other, while they danced day after day, apparently happy and content, until at last trouble beset their path, and of which we must tell you, gentle reader.

The little town in the environs of which the gipsy band were encamped, was one day thrown into commotion by one of the inhabitants declaring that an article of considerable value had been stolen from his house. The article stolen was a valuable jewel, and as a matter of course the gipseys, who had now been in the neighborhood for some days, were charged with the theft. One of the inhabitants even remembered to have seen a female of the tribe near the door of the house from whence the jewel was missing, on the day of its loss; while another, thus aided and prompted by the declaration of the first, was ready to make oath that he had also observed the person, and moreover that it was none other than Minnitti, the danseuse of the band!

This was quite sufficient, and upon such strong circumstantial evidence, the beautiful girl was seized and rudely carried before the justice of the county, for examination. Poor Minnitti! How she drooped under the rough charge and consequent mortification, even as a budding flower withers under the influence of an untimely frost. She hid her face in her hands, and wept like a child, while the gaping crowd wondered how a gipsy could cry at all. The justice listened with official dignity to the charge brought against the gipsy girl, and after hearing the evidence that was also given, he was forced to send her to prison. In vain was all the proof offered by the tribe as to her innocence—no court would heed a gipsy's evidence,—and the justice was forced, though compassion was in his heart—ay, and beamed broadly from his countenance, too—to commit the girl.

Immediately after the justice had pronounced the sentence, and the weeping girl was about to be borne away by the officers of the court, a young man stepped suddenly forward from the crowd, and said, while he thrust aside the rough hands that were extended to seize Minnitti:

"Stand back, if you would not have me take your lives! The girl is innocent! I stole the jewel! Why should you charge this upon that

gentle being, innocent and pure—ay, purer than the best of ye? It is I who am guilty!”

“Thou?” cried the gipsy girl. “Impossible Fernando!” for it was her companion of the dance. And the gentle girl, rejoicing to find one friend so near her in this fearful moment, threw her arms about his neck, and wept upon his breast.

“Even so, dear Minnitti,” he replied; “but fear not for me, I shall soon be released again. Keep up a brave heart, dear girl.”

As he said these words, the justice directed the officers to release the girl, and commit the young man to prison, glad of an opportunity to clear one whom he could not find it in his heart to commit. With anguish speaking in every line of her beautiful face, the gipsy girl bid Fernando farewell, and turned, weeping, towards the encampment.

“My good girl,” said the justice, calling after her, “come hither; I would speak with you.”

Minnitti obeyed mechanically.

“What is thy name, child?” asked the justice, in a gentle tone, intended to soothe her wounded feelings.

“They call me Minnitti,” she replied, sadly.

The justice looked kindly upon her, and conferred in a low tone with the clerk at his side for a moment, then asked:

“And this young man, who is he?”

“His name is Fernando, and he is one of our people.”

“Though he was guilty, it seems he was too honest to let thee suffer for him,” continued the justice.

“Sir,” said the gipsy girl, a virtuous indignation beaming from her bright eyes, “he is not guilty.”

“Not guilty, girl? Why, he acknowledges the charge freely.”

“Still he is innocent.”

“What is his object, then?” asked the justice, more interested than ever in the conversation, and the subject of it.

“To save me from prison, sir,” said Minnitti, while her bosom heaved with sobs that well nigh choked her.

“Do you know this to be true?”

“What other purpose could he have in view?”

“True, true—if he be not guilty in fact. Say, is this Fernando thy lover, girl? Speak!”

The gipsy blushed (another wonder to those around, that a gipsy could show the color of virtue) and hid her face.

“Well, well, child,” said the justice, kindly, moved even to tears by the scene before him, “I will think over this matter, and, perhaps, if

neither of you is guilty, it may be made so to appear;” and signifying to the gipsy that she might depart, the court-room was soon cleared, and the crowd dispersed.

The justice was Sir George Pasely, and that same night, while he sat alone in his study, musing upon the examination of the gipsy, and the singular circumstances relating to it, a servant announced that a stranger desired to see him. He was admitted, and the tall, gaunt person of the gipsy leader was before him. Sir George motioned him to a seat.

“Judge,” said he, at once, “I am a man of few words. I have come here on a matter of business, and, with your permission, will speak at once to the point.”

“Go on, sir!”

“Twelve years ago,” continued the gipsy, “you lost a child!”

The old man sprang like an infuriated animal upon the person of the gipsy, and seizing him by the throat, had nearly thrown him upon the floor before the gipsy sufficiently recovered himself to release his neck from Sir George’s grasp.

“Stay!” said the gipsy, casting off the justice with an ease that showed at once his superior physical power, and with a degree of composure that proved him to be no stranger to scenes of personal conflict. “No power on earth can make me speak unless I choose. Now deal with me like a man, and I will do so; resort to force, and I am dumb forever.”

“Speak, then!” said the old man, trembling in every limb. “Speak! What of my child?”

“As I said before, this is purely a matter of business on my part,” continued the gipsy. “Will you give me five hundred pounds if I will return your daughter to you?”

“I will have you confined until you do speak!” said Sir George, reaching towards a bell to summon a servant.

“Stop!” said the gipsy. “If you resort to force, I tell you again, this secret shall die in my breast. Deal honestly with me, and I will keep my word to the very letter, and your child shall be restored.”

Sir George sunk back in his chair, overcome by the exertion he had involuntarily made, bidding him go on.

“The check, sir,” said the gipsy. “Draw me the bill for five hundred pounds, and I will then go on.”

Without a word further, Sir George drew a bill upon his banker for the amount specified, saying to the gipsy, as he exhibited the draft honestly drawn and filled up:

“Now, sir, speak; and if you give me fair

ful intelligence, upon my honor, the draft and money shall be yours."

"Enough; I am satisfied. Now, Sir George, the girl that was tried before you to-day, charged with theft, is thy daughter!"

"My God!" exclaimed the agitated parent, scarcely able to contain himself; "bring her to me at once."

"Stay, sir," continued the gipse. "First let me explain to you my own agency in the affair."

"No matter, no matter—I forgive you. Bring me my child!"

"But I ask no forgiveness; first let me explain. I learned this secret in a distant land, from a man who had been paid to destroy your child, but who, taking a fancy to her, preferred to save her life, and adopted her. When I learned this from him, he was on his death-bed. I promised him to bring her to you. I have done so, and now only demand payment for my expenses."

Saying which, he coolly placed the draft in his pocket, saying that the girl should be sent at once to her father.

Part of the gipse's story was true. He, who had stolen Louise from her home, was dead. The present leader of the tribe did not come to Sir George, however, until he ascertained that Renwood was deceased, and that nothing was to be made by keeping the secret. So had he in part spoken truly.

At the expiration of an hour, during which Sir George could hardly conquer his impatience, Minnitti, the lovely danseuse, entered the justice's apartment, and was at once clasped in his arms, with barely a word, that told her all.

"O, Heaven!" said the father, while he alternately pressed her to his heart, and held her from him, that he might see more clearly her womanly perfections, "I thank thee for at last returning her to me, so beautiful, so gentle, so loving—ay, and so pure; there can be no guile or deceit in that face."

And Sir George was almost beside himself with joy and delight."

"Louise," said he, the tears streaming from his eyes, "dear, dear Louise!"

"I do remember that name," said she, musing. "It comes over me like a dream, long, long forgotten!"

"Ah, my child," said Sir George, "nothing on earth shall again separate us from each other!"

"But father—dear father," said Louise, bewildered and over-happy, "will you release Fernando?"

"Ay, at once! The brave fellow who would

have saved thee at the expense of his own liberty, shall be suitably rewarded."

As he spoke, he wrote an order for his immediate release, which was despatched forthwith by a servant, with directions to bring the gipse to Sir George's apartment. In the meantime, Louise's early history was crowded upon her astonished ears, almost in a single breath, while Sir George wondered that he had not at first discovered the likeness of Louise to her mother, which was now so apparent at a glance. Rarely is there such a quantum of joy crowded into one single hour, as filled the one we have cited. It was no longer mere time, but swift-winged seconds.

Fernando came at last, little dreaming of the denouement that was awaiting him. He was surprised to find Minnitti in the company of Sir George, and at once rightly conjectured that his release was owing to her intercession; but his astonishment was beyond description when the true position of the matter was explained to him. Suddenly he became sad, and a tear even trembled in his handsome eye, when the justice asked:

"What grieves you, my friend?"

"To realize, sir, that Minnitti's finding a father must be the cause of our separation."

"How so, sir?"

"Would one of your blood and standing in the world, marry a child to one of the proscribed race?"

"Ay," said the justice, "Louise should be yours if you were the—the—I wont exactly say what, after the proofs of affection you have shown her. Why, she tells me that for a year, ever since you first joined the band in Spain, you have been like a brother to her, having a care for all her wants, protecting her from insult and injury, in more than one instance, at the peril of your life. Here, sir," said Sir George, "the world may call me a fool if it chooses, but give me your hand, and yours, too, Louise. There," placing them together, "you have a father's blessing; may you be happy."

Fernando pressed the tearful girl to his breast, saying:

"Dear Louise, blessed be the power that overrides us all!"

"Dear Fernando, how happy we shall be now, with every opportunity for improvement. And all the fine things you have taught me, to read, to write, and everything, I can improve them all, and we will be very happy together; shall we not?"

"We will, indeed," replied Fernando. Then turning to the justice, he said: "The trial is

passed, and now I, too, will speak. One year since, I made a vow, on quitting my studies, that I would seek a wife who should love me for myself alone. Being of noble birth—nay, start not, it is true—I assumed these rustic garments and determined to wear them until I found a heart, and proved it worthy of my love. I saw Louise as a gipsy. I loved her at once; yet I determined to keep my oath. I tested her affection in every reasonable way, and learned to love her for her purity of mind, as well as her extraordinary beauty of person; travelled with her, danced by her side, slept in the same camp, and when the time had nearly come for me to take my gipsy wife to my bosom, lo! I find her of gentle birth like myself, while each has truly proved the other's love."

"And such faithful love Heaven must surely bless," said the father, wiping the big tears away from his furrowed cheeks. "O, spare me from any further disclosures!" said Sir George, "lest I find the next shall awake me, and prove all this joy but a dream."

"It is too tangible for mere fancy," said Fernando, again embracing Louise, "for see, I hold thee, dearest, to my heart."

"God is great," said the justice, raising his hands to heaven; and while they knelt there, the gray-haired old man poured forth a prayer which was redolent of the overflowing of a heart filled with gratitude and joy.

Fernando de Cortez was indeed born of the blood-royal of Spain, and in this romantic way had he chosen himself a wife. We might make our tale more complete by adding to it, but still we could only show that happiness was the future lot of **THE GIPSEY GIRL**.

MAY BE MISTAKEN.

The Boston Evening Gazette, illustrating the text, "judge not, lest ye be judged," tells an anecdote of a lady residing in a boarding house, who sympathized most deeply with a poor little woman, who occupied the room above her, on account of the late hours her husband kept. She heard him come in at all hours of the night, rarely before midnight, and was surprised to see the injured wife wearing so pleasant a smile. The worm however, she concluded, was gnawing at her heart. The husband she classed among the fiends of society, who, forgetful of their marriage vows, indulge in dissipation and licentiousness. The couple, however, appeared very happy, and on Saturdays were rarely separated. On inquiry, she found that the husband was a sub-editor on a daily paper, and that his late hours were to be attributed altogether to his duties, especially on steamer nights.

Imitations please, not because they are mistaken for realities; but because they bring realities to mind.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE CZAR.

An incident has been related, which is highly creditable to Nicholas. Passing, on a winter's evening, by one of the guard houses in St. Petersburg, he had a curiosity to see what was going on in the interior. The officer on duty was seated near a table, tranquilly sleeping, but with helmet on, sword at his side, and accoutrements irreproachable. The Emperor made a sign to the sentinel to let him enter, and, approaching the table, he perceived on it a paper, on which the following memorandum was written:

State of my expenses and of my receipts.

DEBT.

Lodging, maintenance, fuel, etc.,	2000 roubles.
Dress and pocket-money,	2500 "
Debts,	3000 "
Alimentary pension to my mother,	500 "
Total,	8000 "

CREDIT.

Pay and other receipts,	4000 "
Deficit,	4000 "

"Who will pay this sum?" This question terminated the account, and the officer, unable to find any answer, had fallen asleep with the pen in his hand. The Emperor approached him, and having recognized him as one of the best-conducted amongst his guards, took the pen gently and wrote beneath the appalling question the significant name of "Nicholas;" he then quietly withdrew, without awakening the officer, or having been seen by any other of the soldiers on guard. The surprise of the guardsman may be imagined, who, on waking, found the Emperor's signature on the paper before him, and learned the mysterious visit with which he had been favored. The next morning, to his further surprise and delight, he was presented, by an orderly, with a letter from Nicholas, in which he was admonished to choose for the future a better time and place to sleep, but to continue, as in the past, to serve his Emperor, and to take care of his mother.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

INGENIOUS.

Our landlords are getting mighty particular about their tenants, as well as their rents. If a body has half-a-dozen children, and of course more need of a house than if he had none at all, he is very coolly told he cannot have the premises.

"Have you children, madam?" inquired one of these sharpers, of a lady in modest black, who was looking at one of his houses, just finished and in perfect order.

"Yes," said the gentle mother, "I have seven, sir, but they are all in the church yard." A sigh and the dew of a tear gave impressiveness to the painful remark, and without farther parley the bargain was closed. Her little flock were waiting for her in the church yard, round the corner, and were delighted to hear that she had found a snug house so speedily. The landlord says he shall never trust a woman in black after this.—*Portland Transcript.*

WHY THUS SAD?

BY R. GRIFFIN STAPLES.

O, why thus sad to-night, my love,
Am I bot by thy side?
And do I not for thee alone
Stem life's tempestuous tide?
Does not thy every smile, love,
Awaken in my breast
A pride to know thou art my own—
And I am ever blest?

O, why thus sad, when all around
Are joyous, wild and gay?
The zephyrs sport among thy locks,
And with thy tresses play.
Sweet perfumes from the scented bowers
Are wafted on the breeze,
Yet thou art sad to-night, my love,
And seeming ill at ease.

O, why thus sad?—can sorrow find
Its dwelling-place in thee?—
Or, does some memory of the past
Bespeak thy misery?
The stars their silent vigils keep,
The silent moon gleams bright;
All, all is mirth and gladness, love—
Still thou art sad to-night.

O, yes, I'm sad to-night, my love,
For joys can't always last;
And though I'm thoughtful now, 'tis not
From memory of the past.
These zephyrs sporting with the leaves,
Whisper a tale of woe—
Of death, which bids me to prepare
Far hence from thee to go.

THE TAILOR'S WISH.

A TALE OF THE ORIENT.

BY MARTIN S. WING.

ONCE upon a time, in those good old days when genii roamed unrestricted over the earth, meddling with the affairs of men and influencing their deeds for good or evil as humor or passion dictated, there lived in the renowned city of Bagdad a certain Haroun Kadoran. A quiet man was he—a tailor by trade—and respected by his neighbors for his correct and amiable deportment and his devout performance of the daily duties required by the Prophet.

As we have said, he was a quiet man and contented. Being very industrious, he earned a comfortable living for himself and family, and he wished for nothing more—not even another wife, although he had but half the usual number allowed by the Mussulman faith. They were as beautiful as he could afford to buy, and he believed them virtuous. He had two children, a

boy and a girl. What more could he wish for? One evening as he was rambling through the city, he fell in with one whom he judged by his dress and conversation to be a merchant from Damascus. With a courtesy peculiar to the East, and especially distinguished in Haroun Kadoran, he invited the stranger to his humble dwelling and entertained him hospitably.

On the following morning, as the stranger opened the door to depart, he accidentally stumbled against an artisan who was carrying with great care a large porcelain vase, causing the man to drop the article, which was dashed in a thousand pieces on the pavement. The man by his loud outcries soon drew a large number of his neighbors to the spot, who seized upon the stranger and took him before the Cadi. That personage, after hearing the case, decided that the stranger should pay to the artisan thirty pieces of silver, which was the value of the vase, or otherwise be imprisoned for several months. "Alas! your highness," said the stranger, "I am a poor man, and have not so much money in the world. My caravan was robbed on my way hither, and I have now but these five pieces of silver wherewith to return home." But the Cadi declared that he must go to prison.

Haroun Kadoran had been much edified by the wise conversation of the Damascene while at his house the night before, and was now exceedingly moved by his misfortunes; and accordingly he himself paid the thirty pieces of silver, although he was obliged to sell part of his stock in trade to obtain the means to do so. The stranger on being released publicly thanked him and walked home with him. When they arrived at the shop of the tailor, the stranger, taking a seat, after a few moments spoke as follows:

"Haroun Kadoran, you think me to be a merchant of Damascus, such as I appear. You are deceived, as are other mortals, by my appearance. I am one of a large band of genii who are continually wandering over the earth, habited in the guise of mortals, seeking amusement and profit by observing the whims and intrigues of mankind. Possessed of the great powers of our race, we seek out the benevolent and amiable, as well as the wicked and intriguing of your kind, and reward or punish them as they deserve. I observed with delight your generosity to day, and will now reward you by granting any request you may make of me—but first here are the thirty pieces of silver you loaned me; I return them as a matter of justice. I will give you a week to decide what you most wish for. Farewell!" And before the tailor could recover from his astonishment the spirit had vanished he knew not

whither. He was almost inclined to believe it a dream, but there lay the thirty pieces of silver, and although neither door nor window had been opened, his guest was invisible. He was forced to believe his senses.

That night he slept but little. Like a prudent man, as he was, he had confided his good fortune to neither of his wives, and consequently was not disturbed in his cogitations. By morning he had decided that he would wish for great riches—wealth that would exceed the brightest visions of the Sultan—and for almost three hours of the next day he was impatient for the week to pass away. Then he began to think where he should keep his treasure when it was in his possession, and he could not decide upon any plan that exactly suited him. At first he thought he would bury his money, but then he remembered how one of his friends who had saved a small sum had lost it all—thieves having discovered and made way with it after it was hidden in the earth. Investing his money in goods was next thought of, but with it came the dread of robbers and of various mishaps by sea and land. Many other thoughts by turns occupied his mind during the day, but at night he retired dissatisfied, and dreamed of persons murdering him for his wealth. In the morning he awoke unrefreshed, but with a good resolution half formed in his mind. “Away,” said he, “with all these dreams of wealth. If the very thought of riches renders me so unhappy, how could I live in possession of them?” So the object of his supreme wishes was yet to be found.

For many days he wandered about in a state of uncomfortable indecision. Various indeed were the visions which appeared to him of pomp, and power, and glory—of beautiful women who acknowledged him as their lord, and of brave men who called Haroun Kadoran their leader—which might be realized simply by wishing for them. But he weighed and considered them all in his mind, and imagined they would not add to his happiness. At length it was the evening previous to which the genie was to re-appear, and he was still undecided. He lay awake, endeavoring to fix his mind, when it occurred to him, what a fine thing it would be if he could know the *thoughts* of every one. The more he considered the suggestion the more it pleased him, and he at length resolved that *that* should be his wish.

The genie re-appeared and demanded of him what he would ask for. The tailor fell on his knees and said, “O most mighty spirit, I pray that power may be given to me to read the hearts

of mankind. That they may be unto me as the written pages of the Koran.”

The spirit replied not for several minutes, but at length said, “Be it so, but it is a strange wish, and a dangerous power I grant to thee. Unless wielded with more than human discretion, it will bring upon thee much trouble. Should you ever desire to recall your wish, you have simply to swallow the contents of this vial and I will appear to you and withdraw my dangerous gift.” So saying, he departed, leaving a small vial filled with a red liquid upon the couch on which he had been reclining.

In a few moments a rich merchant of Bagdad came to the shop of the tailor to purchase some cloth, and Haroun Kadoran was delighted to find that all the thoughts of his customer were revealed to him. While they were engaged in trade the daughter of the tailor, more beautiful than the day, passed through the shop. The tailor perceived that the merchant was bewildered by the charms of the maiden, and was even then thinking how he might obtain possession of her and make her his slave. Greatly enraged, he seized the merchant by the hair and beating him severely thrust him from the shop. The merchant raised a great outcry, and the tailor was borne before the Caliph, where a complaint was made against him and at the same time several pieces of gold were slipped into the hand of the Caliph by the merchant, which so influenced him that before hearing the defence of the defendant he resolved to decide against him. Haroun Kadoran, perceiving what was passing in his mind, tore his hair and exclaimed, “O, most unworthy Caliph! whose mind is corrupted by gold, and whose heart is filled with deceit. Even now hast thou decided against me in thy mind, and art thinking not of justice but of gold.” Then was the Caliph greatly enraged, and he ordered his slaves to strip the tailor naked and drive him from the city with whips; all of which was done, and the poor tailor wandered naked and bruised beyond the walls. At last he came to the house of a rich man, who clothed and fed him and sent him from the house with his pockets lined with gold. But the wanderer looked into his heart and found it was not charity that dictated the kindness but the desire of displaying his generosity before his friends. But this time the tailor wisely kept silence. He journeyed on, and at length came to a grand and beautiful city. It was a holiday in honor of the birthday of the Sultan, and a magnificent procession paraded the streets. There was the Caliph seated on a beautiful horse and surrounded by numerous guards, and his Vizier was by his side. The tailor read

the heart of the latter, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "O, most base and unworthy servant of the Prophet.. Thou ridest beside his highness the governor of the city, with smiles on thy face and sweet words flowing from thy tongue, but thy heart is filled with corrupt and wicked designs, and lies without end pour from thy mouth. Even now thou art plotting against the Caliph and thinking how thou mayest best injure him with the Sultan. Thy greatest pleasure would be to wait upon him with the bow-string, that thou mightest take his place."

The crowd looked upon the man and wondered at his boldness. The Caliph looked suspiciously upon his minister, and believed the accusation. The Vizier turned red and white by turns, and in a voice of thunder commanded the guards to seize the defamer and cast him in prison, and then endeavored to allay the suspicions of the Caliph. Haroun Kadoran was thrown into a dungeon. The Caliph was satisfied of the innocence of his Vizier, and that night the latter respected gentleman died very unexpectedly. His funeral was not largely attended. The tailor lay in the prison for several weeks before he was liberated; indeed, every one seemed to have forgotten him. He made some remarkably good resolutions respecting the propriety and advisability of keeping a more strict watch over his tongue. Hardly was he once more free, when seeing a rich man riding on a magnificent horse and preceded and followed by numerous slaves, and reading his thoughts—struck with horror and forgetting his recent mishaps, he cried out, "O citizens, behold in your midst a vile robber—a base villain—a perjured ingrate—who now wishes to add to his other successful crimes the destruction of a poor man by accusing him of theft before the Caliph. He wishes, O citizens! to add the small piece of ground belonging to the poor man to his vast possessions. He intends—" but he was allowed to proceed no further, for the rich man, greatly enraged, ordered his servants to beat him severely, and the citizens joining in the work, he was driven, followed by a hooting mob, in disgrace from the city. He was so sore that he could proceed no further than a little grove, where laying himself down, enraged at himself, and cursing his ill fortune, he resolved to rid himself of his unfortunate gift as quick as possible. Just as he was about to swallow the contents of the vial he perceived two men quarrelling violently. Wishing to know the cause of their disagreement, he almost involuntarily looked into the heart of the person nearest him and saw that the subject of the dispute was an ass which each claimed, and without reflection he said

aloud, "O man! thou who standest next to me; why dost thou wish to disturb that person in the possession of his property, when thou knowest that thine own ass fell dead on the road at the distance of three hours' journey from here, and that thou hast no more claim to that animal than have I?" Then was the man he addressed greatly enraged, and cursing him for a villain and a liar, threatened to beat him to death with his club. But the other man, who was greatly pleased at this unexpected assistance, interfered and swore that the tailor should not be molested, but that he would take him home on his ass and clothe and feed him. But Haroun Kadoran grown suspicious, looked into the heart of the man to see if sincerity was there, and found that he was but a common thief, who had stolen the ass, and would rob him of what small possessions he had about him; and in a voice of passion he said, "O most miserable robber! To you no more than the other man does the ass belong, but to the widow in the city which you see yonder, from whom thou hast stolen it!" Then the robber, enraged, joined the other man in beating him and they left him on the ground senseless. But they acknowledged to each other that what he had said was true, and agreed to sell the ass at the next town and divide the money equally.

On recovering his senses the first act of the tailor was to swallow the contents of the vial, and the genie immediately appearing to him, he exclaimed, "O most potent spirit, I beseech you to deprive me of that mischievous power you have bestowed upon me. Already has it brought upon me three beatings and an imprisonment. I perceive that it is a dangerous gift in the hands of an ignorant man; therefore I pray you to recall it." The genie granted his prayer, and told him that if he wished for any other power or acquisition in place of that he had so willingly resigned, he had but to name it and it was his. But Haroun Kadoran, inspired by a holy horror of supernatural gifts, replied that he wished for nothing but restoration to his former mode of life, and from that time forward the tailor was noted as the most contented man in Bagdad.

A justice of the peace, in Ohio, has adopted a novel mode of putting the test to all persons who are brought before him under charge of having taken too much stimulus. He has procured a long narrow plank, which is elevated from the ground by means of a brick at each end. This the accused is made to walk—or rather to attempt to walk. If he succeeds, he is at once discharged, and the constable saddled with the costs; but if he falls off, it is taken as *prima facie* evidence against him, and the sentence of the law is forthwith pronounced.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Home of my youth! still fondly I love thee,
 Though years may elapse ere I see thee again!
 The dear ones I loved may all be departed,
 And the last link be broken in friendship's sweet chain.

O, why am I left, a lone exile to wander,
 Away from my country and all I hold dear?—
 With memory forever upholding before me
 The scenes of the past, and the last parting tear.

Sadly I wander from city to country,
 And strive in their changes to banish the past;
 'Tis useless, 'tis vain—it will be with me ever,
 And cling to my heart while a life throb shall last.

THE RUSSIAN SERF.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTIRE.

ONE of the villages in Kostroma was mostly owned by a man, named Soltikof. This Soltikof was very wealthy, and, like most of the Russian gentry, looked upon gold as the chief good of earth, and to fill his coffers he hesitated at nothing which the laws of custom would allow him. Not far from Soltikof's principal estate, was one of those small schools which had been established for the children of the free peasants, and which was well attended and well governed. When Nicholas ascended the imperial throne, he found that these schools, which had been established by Alexander, had gone into almost entire disuse. Most of the school-houses were closed, and the grass grew rank and tall in the threshold paths. But the new czar took hold of the work with a will, and ere long the teachers were again at work, and education began to flourish in the empire. Of course that education was far below our common school standard, but still it was a vast improvement for Russia, and the people found it so.

Among the serfs upon Soltikof's estate, was an old peasant, named Faudof. This Faudof had a daughter, seventeen years old, named Anne, and it made his heart ache to see her grow up in ignorance, while the children of other peasants were attending school. So he went to his master, and begged that his child might attend school one third of the time; but Soltikof said no.

"I will work for you harder," said Faudof. "Let my child go to school, and I will put more money into your purse than you can make by keeping her out."

"How?" asked the master, ever ready to lis-

ten to any project that promised to put a few additional roubles into his purse.

"Let Anne attend school, and I will give you all my work for the six days of the week which she goes."*

Anne was employed as a servant in Soltikof's own dwelling, and he liked not to give her up; but he soon convinced himself that he should make more money from the stout peasant's three days' work than from the maiden's six, and he finally consented that the girl should go to school.

Anne was one of the most beautiful girls in the town,—of medium size, with brown, curly hair, deep blue eyes, a very fair skin, features not only regular, but lovely in their mould, and dimples upon her rosy cheeks and chin, which helped her eyes wondrously in giving charm to her warm smiles. She fairly cried for joy when she learned that she was going to school, and in the fulness of her heart she kissed her master's hand, as though he had been most magnanimous in this grant. She donned her best attire, and when she entered the school, with downcast eyes and trembling step, not one of the scholars felt vexed to see her there; for, serf though she was, all loved her for her beauty and gentleness.

Olga was the teacher's name. He was the son of a wealthy merchant of Veluga, and only two-and-twenty years of age. Of course he had taken the school more from the love of teaching than from the desire of pay; for the scanty pitance allowed him for his services was as nothing to him, since his father was willing to supply his every want. But Olga liked to teach, and it was a source of recreation, as well as a means of information; for he had much opportunity to study human nature in his little school.

Anne stood in the middle of the floor, and she wondered if the teacher would receive her. Olga saw her standing there, and he approached her and asked what she wanted. She raised her large blue eyes to the speaker's face, and they were filled with tears.

"You will not reject me, sir," she uttered, in a sweet, tremulous tone. "I am a serf, but my master has granted that I may come here and study."

"You are Soltikof's serf?"

"Yes, sir."

* By the laws of Russia, those serfs who support themselves on land allotted to them for that purpose, have to work for their masters only three days in the week, and such serfs cannot be sold away from the land thus occupied. If the master causes the serf to work for him all the time, which he is at liberty to do, he must feed and clothe him. In manufactories this is done, and also in the case of body servants, etc.

Olga seemed surprised, for he knew the character of the avaricious burgher, and he wondered that he should thus give away the time of one of his servants. Anne's quick eye detected the look, and she knew its meaning.

"My father works all the time, sir, while I am here," she said.

Olga smiled upon his new pupil, and assured her that he should teach her with pleasure, and then gave her a seat. The poor bond-maiden was happy now, and she took hold of her studies in earnest.

One month passed away, and during that time Anne had made such progress as caused both teacher and scholars surprise. Olga devoted much time to her, and he seemed never to tire in hearing her sweet voice, and in noting the bright sparkle of her eye as idea after idea became developed to her mind. And during that month the beautiful serf had exhibited her character fully, and Olga was not surprised to find that all her mates loved her fondly. Only one thing annoyed him. Among his scholars was a youth, not far from nineteen years of age, the son of a free peasant, and this youth was very intimate with Anne, and his eye would sparkle, and the warm blood mount more freely to his face, when she smiled upon him. Olga saw this; for his vision had become very keen in watching Anne's movements, and it troubled him. Strange that the son of the rich merchant should have felt thus!

One day in autumn, when the weather had grown cold, and the foliage of the earth had become sear and crisp with the frost-touch, Anne sat in her seat, and her face wore a sorrowful look. Ever and anon a bright tear would start from her eyes, and glisten a moment upon her long lashes, and then fall upon her book. Olga saw it, and his own countenance seemed troubled.

That night, after all the rest of the scholars had gone, Olga bade the bond-maiden remain.

"Anne," he said, when they were alone, "you have been sad to-day. Why is it?"

There was something so kind in the speech of the noble young teacher, that the girl burst into tears.

"Why is it?" repeated Olga, softly, taking her hand in his own. "Tell me, for you may surely trust me."

"The time draws nigh when the school will close," she said, "and I may never come again."

"But there will be another school."

"I know it, sir; but I am not—"

"Speak on."

"I meant that I am not free to come and go as I will."

"And you would like to be free?"

"Free?" uttered the maiden, while the rich blood mounted to her temples, and her whole frame quivered. "No, sir," she whispered; "I think not of it, for 'twould make me very miserable."

Olga drew the fair girl nearer to him, and now his own voice was sunk to a whisper.

"But you would like to be free?"

"How could I help it?"

"And would you live with me if I could make you free?"

Quickly the maiden withdrew her hand, and with a shudder she started back. For an instant the blood rushed wildly to her face, and then it all fell back to her heart, and she was pale as death.

"What ails you?" Olga asked, with alarm.

"Let me go, sir," she murmured, half turning away.

"But stop. Have I offended you?"

"I am not offended, sir. I am but a poor serf, but—but—I am not so poor as to sell my soul for the liberty of my body!"

Olga gazed a moment into the fair girl's pale face, and then he comprehended her meaning. Kindly he reached forth and took her hand again, and when she was once more drawn to him, he said:

"I will not be offended that you know me so slightly as to misunderstand my meaning; for I know the things you have seen among the burghers who have power. But listen to me now. I have seen enough of life to know that true worth belongs to no particular station of life, and in searching for a companion who should share with me the joys and trials of life, I must find a soul pure and elevated, a heart true and faithful, and a disposition kind and forbearing. I have found it all in you, for I have watched you well. Now will you come and live with me, and be my own true and lawful wife?"

Anne would have sank down senseless had not the teacher supported her, for the strange words she had heard, with their startling import, sent such a thrill to her heart that its motion was, for the while, stopped. But she soon revived, and Olga repeated his question. It was sometime before she answered, and when she did, she bade him to do what he liked in honor and truth.

On the next day a rich old merchant came from Veluga to visit the school. He was a kind, benevolent-looking old gentleman, and Olga introduced him as his father. The visitor called Anne up, and examined her carefully; and then he called up others; but none of the rest did he examine as he had Anne. That evening the teach-

er smiled, as he walked a short distance by the maiden's side, and he told her that his father had granted his request.

Olga sought old Faudof's cot that very night, and when he had told his wish in plain language, the poor peasant wept with joy. In the fulness of his gratitude, he caught the youth's hand and sank down upon his knees.

"God bless you, sir!" he ejaculated. "O, she is mine only child, and she will be free! Her children will be free,—and so shall my descendants on earth not weep that I gave their mother to life from my loins!"

And yet Olga wished not to buy his own wife. He bade Faudof go and ask of Soltikof his price for Anne. The old peasant did so, and the master wondered much at the servant's question.

"Why do you ask me that?" he said.

"Because I hope to see my daughter free."

"And have you the money to buy her?"

"I hope I can raise it."

The avaricious man pondered for a while, and he suspected near the truth; and he named ten thousand roubles as his price. Faudof returned in despair, for he feared the youth would not pay so exorbitant a sum. But he was mistaken. On the very next day Olga brought eleven hundred gold imperials, which was considerable more than the sum demanded.

"Here," he said, as he handed it to the old man, "this is yours. Go, now, and buy your daughter, and you shall give her to me free."

Faudof knew how delicate was the feeling which prompted this gift, and he wept anew with joy.

Soltikof was in his dwelling when his serf, Faudof, came with a bag of gold. The master took it, and poured it out upon the table, and his eyes sparkled admiringly as he saw the bright yellow pieces.

"Is this all yours, Faudof?"

"Yes, my master. You may count out the ten thousand roubles, and let me have the rest."

"Never mind the counting. I'll keep the whole."

"But there are more—"

"I'll keep it safe for thee, Faudof."

"Then give me a receipt. Give me some bond for my child," uttered the old man, not daring to dispute about the money.

"In time I will. Go to your cot now, and I will confer with Anne. Go!"

"But—"

The master raised his staff, and the old peasant went away.

The sordid wretch now resolved that he would keep both the maiden and the money, for they

both were his; and on the next day he went to seek Anne, but she had gone to school. He had learned that 'twas Olga who wanted her, and he feared the youth would take her away; so he hastened off to the school house to bring her home, for he meant to keep her for himself!

Just as the school master came in sight of the school-house, he saw Faudof entering, and before he could get there, the peasant had told Olga all that had happened. But Soltikof came boldly in, nevertheless, and ordered Anne to accompany him home.

"But, sir," said Olga, "her father has bought her of you."

"Her father has had no money to buy her, sir," returned the master.

"He did, for I gave it to him, and I know he gave it to you."

"You forget, young sir," retorted the wretch, with a demoniac look, "that all Faudof's earnings belong to me. If he earns money more than he needs to support life, it is mine, and I have it safe. I do not think you will deny that Anne is mine!"

Olga saw that his money was lost, for Soltikof spoke the truth. But before he could make any reply, some one knocked at the door, and in a moment more, two strangers entered the school-room. The one in advance was a tall, powerfully built man, in the vigor of life, and with a modest, frank bearing. He wore a long pelisse of fine fur, fastened about the waist by a girdle of silk, and his boots and bonnet were of the same kind of fur. His companion was dressed in the same manner.

"I have come," said the stranger, "only to see how your school appeared, for I feel a deep interest in education. I suppose you admit visitors."

"Of course," returned Olga, striving to check his wild emotions, which had been called up by the scene just opened.

Poor Anne had striven to control her feelings when the strangers entered, but she could not. The hot tears would burst forth, and her sobs were low and deep. The stranger—he who had entered first—noticed this; and he noticed other things, too. He could not but see Faudof's agony, and the young tutor's distress. And in a polite, careful manner, he asked what it all meant.

"I'll tell you, sir," answered Olga, after a moment's hesitation. "This weeping maiden is this old man's child; and they are serfs of John Soltikof, whom you see before you. This old man asked his master for what price he would sell Anne's freedom, and the master told him ten

thousand roubles. I gave Faudof eleven hundred double imperials, meaning that he should have a hundred of them for himself, and that with the rest he should buy his child. He accordingly carried the whole sum to his master, and asked him to count out the sum required for his child, and return the rest. But Soltikof kept all the money, and now swears that he will keep the maiden."

"A most strange case, truly," said the stranger; "but I suppose the master thinks the law is on his side."

"Of course it is," responded Soltikoff, quickly.

"And yet," added the other, "I should hardly think your course an honorable one."

"How, sir! Do you dare to call my honor in question?" cried the master, in a rage.

"Do not get angry," said the stranger, with something like a smile upon his lips, but yet such a smile as few liked to see, who knew its import. "You received eleven thousand roubles from your serf?"

"I did not count it."

"But 'twas a large sum in gold?"

"Yes."

"And you had told him that he should have his child for ten thousand?"

"No, sir! I merely told him that was my price."

"Ah! a very nice difference, I must confess. But," continued the stranger, turning to the teacher, "why did you not buy the girl yourself? All this difficulty would have been avoided, then."

"I will tell you, sir," frankly replied Olga, moved to the confession by a strange confidence he felt in his unknown visitor. "I meant to make the noble girl my wife, and I chose to relieve her from her father's hands."

"That is laudable, at any rate. But have you a father?"

"Yes, sir; and he came here to see the maiden, and he was so well pleased with her that he placed the money in my hands at once. She is a—"

"Enough!" interrupted Soltikof. "The maiden will go back with me, and when she is gone, you, sir,—to the visitor—" can examine the school to your heart's content."

The stranger raised the heavy staff he carried, and with a quick blow, he felled the sordid wretch to the floor. His dark eyes flashed fire, and his whole face was for a moment black with intense passion. But in the next moment he was calm.

"Young man," he said, turning to the teacher, "I admire your frankness, and I honor you

for the noble choice you have made for a wife. She is yours, sir, and I only hope that you will ever honor and respect her, for, be assured that the love and honor bestowed upon a faithful wife, will be returned to you in peace and joy ten fold."

At this juncture, while the scholars, the teacher, and the old peasant were lost in astonishment, Soltikof arose to his feet.

"Now, dog!" uttered the stranger, turning towards him, "you shall retain ten thousand roubles, and one thousand you shall give back to this old man, together with his freedom. I shall pass this way in three days from this, and if you have neglected to do my bidding, then you shall suffer."

"Tell me, sir, who you are," tremblingly uttered Olga, while Soltikof fell back.

"Only Nicholas Paulowitsch," returned the man, with a smile.

"THE EMPEROR!" cried Olga, sinking upon his knees.

"The Emperor!" gasped Soltikof, turning pale as death, while his knees refused to support him.

"Yes, sir," returned Nicholas, looking the wretch in the face. "And you have heard my orders. I shall see you on the third day from this."

Thus speaking, the Emperor turned and left the school-room, but before he closed the door behind him, he turned towards the young teacher, and said:

"I will visit your school when I return."

He was not fond of such scenes after the climax had passed, so he got away as soon as possible.

Shortly afterwards, Soltikoff crawled away from the school like a whipped cur, and on the next day both Faudof and his daughter received their freedom. At the appointed time, Nicholas returned and examined the school, and when he learned that Olga had kept it only out of love for the task, he praised him highly. But the czar did not visit the master, as he had promised. He found that his orders had been complied with, and he only sent an officer to demand of Soltikof the ten thousand roubles which he had received for the girl. He took them from him, as punishment for the base crime he would have committed, and bestowed them upon Anne for a dowry. All this was done while Nicholas was in the school, and when the officer had returned with the money, and the same had been passed over to Anne, he left to visit other schools in the circle.

Soltikof was informed by the officer who

came with the Emperor's order that he could seek such redress at law as he saw fit; but he knew full well that Nicholas was at the head of all law, and he wisely hid his shame in his silence.

And Olga and Anne became man and wife, while the kind and grateful old peasant came to spend the evening of his life with them. The older Olga grows, the more does he love the gentle being who has become his partner of life; and they both, with their growing children, judge of Nicholas only by the bright spots in his character.

A LUXURIOUS AUTHOR.

In this broiling month of July, I use every method in my power to guard against the heat: four servants constantly fan my apartments—they raise wind enough to make a tempestuous sea. My wine is plunged in snow and ice till the moment I drink it; I pass half my time in the cold bath, and divide the other half between an orange grove, cooled by a refreshing fountain, and my sofa; I do not venture to cross the street but in a coach. Other people are content with smelling flowers, I have hit on the method of eating and drinking them; I protest that my chamber smells stronger of perfume than Arabia Felix; and I am so lavish of rose-water and essence of jessamine that I actually swim in it. While my neighbors, at this sultry season, are overloading their stomachs with solid food, I subsist almost entirely on birds fed with sugar; these, with jellies and fruit, are the whole of my diet. My house is neither so elegant nor so costly as Fontainebleau; but it has a charming wood behind it, which the solitary ray cannot penetrate, and is admirably calculated for an invalid with weak eyes, or to make an ordinary woman tolerably handsome. The trees, covered with foliage to their very roots, are crowded with turtle-doves and pheasants; wherever I walk I tread on tulips and anemones, which I have ordered my gardener to plant among the other flowers, to prove that the French strangers do not suffer by a comparison with their Italian friends.—*Balsac.*

HORRORS OF WAR.

What a fearful glimpse of the horrors of war do we get in this brief description of night in a Balacava hospital: "A singular feature is the extent to which the patients rave. During the day little of this is heard, but when all is silent, and sleep has settled down upon the occupants of each ward and corridor, then rise at intervals upon the ear sounds which go straight to the heart of the listener. Now it is a wasted skeleton of a man who fancies himself in the trenches or on the blood-stained ridges of Inkermann valley, contending for dear life and the honor of his country. That ceases, and through the stillness comes the heavy moaning of another sufferer, at grips with death. By-and-by a patient in deep consumption has a fit of coughing; and thus through the dreary hours the ear is arrested by expressions of suffering, which, heard in these huge establishments, have an awful significance."

FINALE TO A COURTSHIP.

"Flora—ah! dearest Flora—I am come—to—O, you can decide my fate—I am come, my Flora."

"I see you, Malcolm, perfectly. You are come, you tell me; interesting intelligence, certainly."

"O, Flora, I come to—to—"

"To offer me your heart and hand, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, do it like a man, if you can, and not like a monkey!"

"Plague take your self-possession," exclaimed I, suddenly starting from my knee, upon which I had fallen in an attitude that might have won the approval of Madame de Maillard Fraser; "you make me ashamed of myself."

"Proceed, sir."

"You like brevity, it would seem?"

"Yes," said Flora.

"Then—will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"Will you give me a kiss?"

"You may take it."

I took the proffered kiss.

"Now, this is going to work rationally," said Flora; "when a thing is to be said, why may it not be said in two seconds, instead of stammering and stammering two hours about it? O, how cordially do I hate all *naiserie*," exclaimed the merry maiden, clapping her hands energetically.

"Well, then," said I, "humbug apart, what day shall we fix for our marriage?"—*New York Dutchman.*

THE LAWYER'S RUSE.

This story is related of a lawyer, who has since attained eminence in his profession. A case in which he was engaged as counsel for the defendant came on a certain day. As he was insufficiently prepared, he was anxious to have the case postponed for a few days, that he might have further time for his purpose. Unfortunately, there was a great press of business, and he knew that his motion would be over-ruled, unless some extraordinary reason was alleged. Under these circumstances, he bethought himself of an expedient. Rising, with his handkerchief to his face, he addressed the judge in accents of emotion:

"May it please your honor, I have just been informed that my mother is at the point of death. My emotions are too great for me to proceed in this case. I move that it be postponed until day after to-morrow."

This request would have been granted by the court, whose sympathies were strongly excited in his behalf, but at this moment, to the discomfiture of the lawyer and the amusement of the audience, the shrill voice of his mother was heard issuing from the gallery:

"Ichabod! Ichabod! how often have I whipped you for lying!"—*Transcript.*

"'Tis strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I've been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I'm a tumbler myself."

LOVE.

The human heart—it is a fearful thing,
 And we must touch it tenderly. If you
 Have friends who are true and tried, and you would cling
 To them forever, remember that they, too,
 Have hearts. The storm sweeps swiftly o'er the flower—
 'Tis stronger when the sunbeam comes again,
 And for the drooping ead a brighter hour.
 Life should not be all joy and smiles, for then
 We should not know the contrasts of our being,
 We should not know the depth of human hearts.
 We know of love by hate; and 'tis by seeing
 Sorrow, laughter-loving joy imparts
 A smile and dimple to the cheek, when wild
 Exultant pleasures move us as the child.

CURING A JOKER.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

Nor a thousand miles from where I live dwelt a man named Sam Peabody—or at least, so I shall call him—for he is a good man now, and might not like to have the evil deeds of his youth made known among strangers. Sam was an inveterate joker—what is denominated a “practical joker,” and though he never meant any real harm, yet he often caused much mischief by his pranks. On one occasion, when he had gone out at night enveloped in a white sheet to frighten some girls, he started to the roadside at the approach of a chaise, and frightened the horse so that the chaise was smashed up, and one of the occupants severely injured.

Sam had been talked with, and argued with, but to no purpose. He could not be made to see the wickedness of his pranks. Sometimes he would fasten lines across the sidewalk and thus trip up pedestrians; he would ring folks up in the night, and ask them if they had plenty of bedding. Once he called the doctor out at midnight to come and attend a man who had very bad fits. The good old doctor arose and followed Sam till they came to Adam Snip's little domicile, and here the joker called up the little bow-legged tailor, and the moment Snip poked his head out at the window, Sam cried: “There, doctor, is a man who makes the *worst fits* you ever saw!” and with this he ran away and left the doctor and tailor to settle the matter. This was serious business in one sense, but it set the whole town in a laugh, and Sam was delighted.

But Sam's last practical joke was near at hand. At the edge of the village lived a man named Jerry Smith. He was a stone worker by trade, and as strong as an ox. One evening Jerry's wife had been to see a neighbor, and in returning she had to pass over a place where the road was built along upon a sort of morass,

with willow trees upon each side. When she entered her house she was pale and trembling, and sank into a chair almost out of breath.

“What's the matter?” asked her husband.

• “I've been frightened,” gasped the woman, as soon as she could command her speech.

“But how? Where?”

“Out by the willow trees. An ox, with great horns and fiery eyes, came out at us walking on his hind legs!”

“By thunder, it's Sam Peabody!” exclaimed Jerry. “He killed an ox this morning.”

“I knew it was Sam as soon as I had time to think,” returned the wife, “for his voice was plain; but I was so frightened at first that I liked to have fainted.”

Jerry was angry. It did not suit his fancy to see a defenceless woman thus treated. He took his hat at once and went over to a small house on the opposite side of the street where lived his partner in business, another stout, iron-corded man, named George Tyler.

“Look here, Tyler,” cried Jerry. “Sam Peabody is out in the willows, rigged up in his ox-skin, frightening poor women. Come with me, and we'll punish him.”

Tyler hesitated not a moment, but taking his hat he followed Jerry over to the other house. In the first place Jerry took a fireboard, and with some marking paint he painted out a flaming placard, with letters large and distinct. Then he got some of his wife's dresses, and bade Tyler put one of them on. “For,” said he, “if he sees two men coming he may run.”

The dresses were thrown on after a fashion and pinned to the other clothing, and then the men donned each one a bonnet. They then procured a lot of stout cord, and taking the fireboard they sallied forth. As they approached the willows, they began to giggle and twitter in squeaking tones, and ere long the fearful non-descript made its appearance. With a low, deep bellowing it walked into the road, and stood directly in front of the two pedestrians.

“Oo-oo oo-oo!” bellowed Sam.

“Mercy!” screamed Jerry.

“Ah-oua oo-oo!”

“Save me!” squeaked Tyler.

The ox-hide approached another step, and Jerry leaped forward and seized it, and on the next moment Tyler was by his side.

“Now, Mr. Peabody, I reckon you're safe,” uttered Jerry, giving him a grip like a vice.

“Don't—don't!” cried Sam.

“Don't what?”

“Don't hurt me!”

“We won't hurt you if you keep quiet, but if

you make any resistance you'll run the risk of getting your head broken."

Sam knew that it was Jerry Smith's wife whom he had frightened, and he knew that Jerry could handle him as a child. He begged and prayed, but to no purpose. The two stone-cutters backed up against one of the willows, and then proceeded to bind him to the trunk of the tree. They lashed his hands behind him, then lashed his ankles together, and then they bound him to the tree at the shoulders, waist, knees, and feet, and they did it securely, too. After this they took the fire-board and placed it against the tree above his head, securing it by nails which they had brought for that purpose.

"Mercy!" shrieked Sam, "you aren't a goin' to leave me here?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jerry, "You have had your share of joking long enough, and now we'll have ours. I would rather had you tie my wife as you are tied than to have had her frightened as you came near frightening her. Mind you, Sam, we only mean this for a joke."

And with this, the two men went away, taking no heed of the joker's cries and protestations. But they did not go far away until they were sure there would be no more passing on that road for the night.

On the following morning, Jerry set the news a going of Sam's present situation, and in half an hour after sunrise, a hundred people were collected around the willow tree. There stood Sam just as he had been left the night before, shaking and shivering with cold. The ox-skin had been fixed so as to fit him nicely, and he did really look like an ox fastened up there. He had sewed up the hide so that his legs and arms fitted into the skin of the ox's legs, and his own head was where the original caput had been, while the horns arose majestically above the whole. Just above him appeared the broad fire-board, and it bore the following announcement, in characters which could be read with ease even at a great distance:

"This is Sam Peabody, the great joker. And this is one of his own jokes in which he got trapped himself."

Jerry took down the board and let Sam read it, and then put it up again.

"Ha, ha, ha! 'Vot a joke," cried one.

"He came out here in that rig, to frighten poor women!" said Tyler.

"Sam, how's beef?"

"I say, Sam, can't you give us a horn?"

"What a long tail!"

"Who ever seed a hox year boots afore?"

These, and like exclamations issued from the

crowd, and all the while poor Sam was begging for some one to come and take him down.

"In the name of mercy," he groaned, "wont somebody let me go?"

"Can't think of it yet," returned Jerry Smith. "Your joke is too good to be lost. You must have taken a good deal of pains to make that dress fit so nicely, and I should think you'd want folks to see it."

"By jingo," screamed little Adam Snip, going close up to the victim, "you have a worse fit now than I ever had! Shan't I send for the doctor?"

At this the crowd laughed uproarously. They would have had pity for any one else in town, to have seen him in such a situation, but for Sam they had none, for they knew that for years he had been annoying all whom he could; and now, since he was caught in a trap of his own setting, they thought it best to punish him. At nine o'clock nearly all the inhabitants of the village were out there, and by this time Sam began to cry. Even Jerry was touched now, and going up to the victim, he said:

"Now, Sam, I'll let you down on one condition: Promise that you'll never attempt to perpetrate a practical joke again?"

"I never will."

"Of any kind or description. You'll never annoy a human being again, if you can help it?"

"Never—never. I never will, so help me God!"

So Jerry untied the cords, and in a few moments Sam was free. He was too stiff to run, and for a while he could walk but with difficulty. But Jerry gave him his arm and helped him to his own house, and there let him remain until the crowd had dispersed.

Towards noon Sam went home, and for over a month he stuck closely to his shop, never appearing in the street save when absolute necessity required it. He kept his promise faithfully, for to this day he has not attempted to perpetrate another of his practical jokes. And people love him now, for he is one of the jolliest old men in the country, and his presence is sure to dispel anything like the sulks or blues. And among all his stories, there is not one over which he laughs more merrily than over the one wherein is contained an account of that practical joke which was so summarily turned back upon himself.

It often happens that the best persons in a community are most virulently assailed by scribblers, as boys will throw stones at the best apples on the trees.